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EDITED BY

EDWARD I. SEARS, A. M., LL. D.

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The said Bonds will bear interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, on the 1st day of May and November, in each year, and the principal will be redeemed November 1, 1875.

The proposals will state the amount of bonds desired, and the price per one hundred dollars thereof, and the persons whose proposals are accepted will thereupon be required to deposit with the Chamberlain of the City (at the Broadway Bank) the sums awarded to them respectively.

On presenting to the Comptroller the receipts of the Chamberlain for such deposits, the parties will be entitled to receive bonds for equal amounts of the par value thereof, bearing interest from the dates of payments.

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The right is reserved to reject any or all of the bids, if the interests of the Corporation require it.

MATTHEW T. BRENNAN,

Comptroller.

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COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, }
November 29, 1864. }

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THE
NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XIX.

DECEMBER, 1864.

- ART. I.—1. *Vita Periclis ex ipsis fontibus, maxime Plutarcho, petita.* Utrecht, 1835.
2. *Disputatio historico-literaria de Pericle ejusque reipublicæ Atheniensium administratione.* CLARISSE. Leyde, 1837.
3. *The Life of Pericles.* By PLUTARCH.
4. *History of Greece.* By GROTE. Vols. v. vi.
5. *Pericles der Olympier, biographische Darstellung.* KUFFNER. Vienna, 1809.
6. *The History of the Peloponnesian War.* By THUCYDIDES.
7. *Économie politique des Athéniens.* Par M. BOECKH.

THE ancient Greeks were undoubtedly a wonderful people. The more we study their history the more astonishing it seems; indeed, were it less fully attested than it is, it would be difficult to believe that it is not fabulous. Nor need we explain why. A hundred reasons will readily suggest themselves to every intelligent reader. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to remember that there is no intellectual effort, of which the human mind is capable, in which the Greeks did not excel. This is the unanimous estimate of all nations. No one having any pretensions to taste or culture would venture to deny that poetry, philosophy, oratory, statesmanship, history, the drama, and the fine arts attained their highest perfection in Greece. Those who have excelled in these various departments, and whom,

for nearly three thousand years, the world has regarded as models for imitation, are so familiar to every cultivated mind that it is almost superfluous to mention their names.

It matters little in what enlightened country it is asked, Where are we to seek the greatest poet, the greatest orator, the greatest reasoner, in short the highest order of human intellect? The Greeks whose works have reached us cannot be forgotten; their fame is more imperishable than any monument ever raised by the hand of man. But there are those, of whose productions we have no specimens, whom we know only by the reports of others that are scarcely less illustrious, or that have less claim on our admiration and gratitude, than the great authors who are an inexhaustible source of instruction and delight to millions; men, for example, like Socrates, Anaxagoras, Pericles, &c.

It is not strange that geniuses of the latter class receive less attention than those of the former, since it is much easier to examine the life and character of those whose works we possess than those of persons whose renown among their contemporaries is all pertaining to them that has reached us. But we turn our attention to them all the more readily on this account; for we hold that it is the duty of a periodical writer, if not indeed of every writer, to entertain his readers rather with what they do not know, or have only a vague knowledge of, than with what is already comparatively familiar to them. And since Greece presents us representative men in every department that has ever exercised the human intellect, what can be more appropriate at the present crisis than to select for discussion the life and character of her greatest statesman? We do not, indeed, mean to draw any parallel between Pericles and any ruler or public official we know at the present day; we should as soon think of drawing a parallel between Homer and one of our fourth-rate poets, when we did not feel disposed, as we do not now, to mock at the latter and exhibit him to public scorn. What we undertake on the present occasion is, to show what Pericles was, what he did, what means he used to accomplish his objects, and what was the secret of his power. We take up the subject all the more cheerfully because we think it is one which could not be discussed, however imperfectly, without deducing from it some useful lessons.

Pericles belonged to one of the first families in Athens. His father, Xanthippus, defeated the King of Persia's best generals, and was as much esteemed for his integrity as he

was renowned for his valor and patriotism. Nor was his father-in-law, Clisthenes, less celebrated, for it was he who expelled the family of Pisistratus the tyrant, and established a form of government which was famous throughout Greece for its wisdom and liberality. The most illustrious philosophers of his time were his instructors. His preceptor in the natural sciences was Anaxagoras; he received lessons on the harp from Damon; from Pythoclydes he received lessons on other instruments, and he attended the lectures of Zeno of Elea.* Each of these was at the head of his profession, and all acknowledged that they had no more brilliant pupil than Pericles. Nor have we any reason to think that they were unduly partial in their estimate; on the contrary, the testimony of Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, and Xenophon prove the contrary, and be it remembered that all these illustrious thinkers were his contemporaries.

We have evidence of his wisdom and sagacity in a thousand forms. It seems that anterior to his time the Athenians regarded eclipses as indications of the Divine displeasure. There were, indeed, philosophers who knew better; but they knew also how dangerous it was to put forward views which conflicted with the tenets of the popular religion, while the people had all power in their own hands. Thus it was that Anaxagoras taught Pericles that not only eclipses, but all other phenomena which were wont to create terror, were the results of natural causes; whereas, had he made the same statements directly to the people, it was more than probable that he would have had to pay the penalty with his life.

Even Pericles, unbounded as was his influence over the masses, found it necessary to wait for a suitable opportunity before he attempted to question the truth of their faith. The best he could have desired for this purpose occurred at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. Plutarch tells us that he manned a hundred and fifty ships, on which he embarked great numbers of select horse and foot, and was preparing to set sail. The Athenians conceived good hopes, and the enemy no less dreaded so great an armament. The whole fleet was in readiness, and Pericles on board of his own galley, when there appeared an eclipse of the sun. The

* The Zeno alluded to here is not the founder of the sect of stoics, but quite as great a philosopher, and probably a greater man. He it was who sacrificed his life in the cause of liberty, by attempting to rid the world of a tyrant—Periander of Corinth—who caused him to be pounded to death in a mortar.

sudden darkness was looked upon as an unfavorable omen, and threw them into the greatest consternation. Pericles observing that the pilot was astonished and perplexed, took his cloak, and having covered his eyes with it, asked him, "If he found anything terrible in that, or considered it as a sad presage." Upon his answering in the negative, he added, "Where is the difference between this and the other, except that something bigger than a cloak causes the eclipse?" This simple explanation, because given at the proper time and place, had the desired effect.

Other superstitions of an equally serious character were disposed of in a manner not less simple or less effectual. One instance more will be sufficient for our present purpose. We are told that a ram's head with only one horn was brought to Pericles from one of his farms; those who took it regarding it as a fearful prognostic. They had Lampo the soothsayer immediately sent for. We are informed that when he saw that the horn grew thick and strong out of the middle of the forehead, he declared that the two parties in the state, namely, those of Thucydides and Pericles, would unite, and invest the whole power in him with whom the prodigy was found. Pericles had no faith in any such presage, but as it was made to apply to himself, he preferred to have it explained by another.*

All capable of judging had implicit confidence in the opinion of Anaxagoras, the naturalist and philosopher, who was accordingly called upon to examine the monster. His course was to dissect the head and show that the brain did not fill the whole cavity, but had contracted itself into an oval form, and pointed directly to that part of the skull whence the horn took its rise.

At first view it might not seem, even at the present day, that superstitions like those we have mentioned could be productive of much harm, but the intelligent student of history knows the reverse. Although the Greeks were beyond question the most enlightened people of their time, none suffered more from attributing natural phenomena to supernatural agency. As an example, we may mention what happened to the Athenian fleet in the harbor of Syracuse. It was ready

*The course subsequently pursued towards Pericles and his friends shows how dangerous it was to meddle with the prejudices or traditional faith of the people. Towards the close of his long, honorable, and active life, Diopithes procured a decree that *those who introduced new opinions about celestial appearances*, should be tried before an assembly of the people. This charge was levelled, as Plutarch tells us, first at Anaxagoras, and through him at Pericles.

to sail in order to retire, but General Nicias, the commander, seeing that the moon was eclipsed, resolved not to put to sea until it was over. This he thought a wise precaution, but it proved the ruin of his fleet. "Nicias and all the rest were struck with a great panic, either through ignorance or superstition," says Plutarch. "As for an eclipse of the sun, which happens at the conjunction, even the common people had some idea of its being caused by the interposition of the moon; but they could not easily form a conception by the interposition of what body the moon, when at the full, should suddenly lose her light and assume such a variety of colors. They looked upon it, therefore, as a strange and preternatural phenomenon—a sign by which the gods announced some great calamity."*

It may well seem strange, almost incredible, that an Athenian general in the time of Pericles should be prevented from setting sail by an eclipse of the moon; but be it remembered, that it was the people who conferred all public offices, and that the people in any country seldom reason—still more seldom do they elect men for public offices according to their qualifications. There are none of our readers who do not remember to have seen illustrations of this in their own time. How often have the worst men been elected in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, in preference to the best, the most ignorant in preference to the most intelligent? If it be urged that the masses of the present day are intelligent enough to understand that there is nothing frightful in an eclipse either of the sun or moon, it may as forcibly be replied that we of the present day have the benefit of the printing press. The Athenians had no daily or weekly journals filled with news from all parts of the world, or containing accounts of discoveries and inventions.

No man ever lived that understood the people in this respect better than Pericles. All his contemporaries who give any account of his character, concur in the statement that he carefully concealed his talents as well as his learning from the people; and their views have been adopted by the most careful and reliable of his more recent biographers. We are told by Plutarch that in his youth he stood in great fear of the people, because he knew how badly they are apt to reason when they do so at all. It seems that his countenance had some resemblance to that of Pisistratus the tyrant, and

* Life of Nicias.

"he perceived that old men were much struck by a further resemblance in the sweetness of his voice, the volubility of his tongue, and the roundness of his periods. As he was moreover of a noble family and opulent fortune, and his friends were the most considerable men in the state, he dreaded the ban of ostracism, and therefore intermeddled not with state affairs, *but behaved with great courage and intrepidity in the field.*"*

He knew that courage was pleasing to all classes; that it became the statesman and the orator no less than the soldier, and accordingly, far from concealing it, he allowed no suitable opportunity to pass without displaying it; although in no boastful spirit, for he was far too great a man to be a braggart.

Pericles was still more distinguished, if possible, for his eloquence than for his courage. He was universally regarded as the most powerful orator of his time. The most competent of all human judges have awarded him this distinction. We shall presently see what was the estimate of Plato, which, however, was not higher than that of Aristotle and Xenophon. But how did he deserve the applause of such illustrious judges? Let no one think that that magical power of his eloquence which has led Quintilian and others to say that the goddess of persuasion rested on his lips,† was solely the gift of nature; it was, to a great extent, the result of hard study and research, commenced in early youth and continued through life. First he made himself acquainted, as far as it was possible, with all that was great and noble in science and art; then, as we are told by Plutarch, "desiring to make his language a proper vehicle for his sublime sentiments, and to speak in a manner that became the dignity of his life, he availed himself greatly of what he had learned from Anaxagoras, adorning his eloquence with the rich colors of philosophy. Hence he is said to have gained the surname

* Plutarch in Vita.

† "Why need I dwell on the sweetness of Xenophon, sweetness which is unaffected, but which no affectation can attain? so that even the Graces themselves are said to have formed his style, and the testimony of the old comedy concerning Pericles, may justly be applied to him, that the goddess of persuasion was seated on his lips." (L. x. c. 1.) Pliny quotes the passage of Eupolis here alluded to, in the twentieth epistle of his first book; and as the Greek student may be curious to see it, we subjoin it in the original, premising, for the satisfaction of those unacquainted with that language, that the sense of it is contained in the extract just quoted from Quintilian:

Πρὸς δὲ γ' αὐ τοῦτω τάχ' ἡ
Πειθὼ τις ἐπὶ καὶ ἥτο τοῖσι χεῖλεσιν.
Οὕτως ἐχρήλει καὶ μόνος των βητόρων,
Τὸ χέντρον ἐγκατέλιπε τοῖς ἀχρωμένους.

of Olympius, though some will have it to have been from the edifices with which he adorned the city, and others from his high authority in peace and war."

Need we say that any of the three reasons assigned would have proved him a great man; for neither his eloquence nor his statesmanship contributed more to his renown, or gave him a higher claim to the gratitude of posterity, than those wonderful structures to which Plutarch alludes, and which, even in their ruined state at the present day, still continue to command universal admiration as the most perfect specimens of sculpture that any age, ancient or modern, has produced? But none of the many noble gifts with which nature and education had adorned his mind, is better attested than his eloquence. "They tell us," says Plutarch, "that in his harangues he thundered and lightened, and that his tongue was armed with thunder. Thucydides, the son of Milesius, is said to have given a pleasant account of the force of his eloquence. Thucydides was a great and respectable man, who for a long time opposed the measures of Pericles; and when Archidamus, one of the kings of Lacedæmon, asked him, "Which was the best wrestler, Pericles or he," he answered, "When I throw him, he says he was never down, and he *persuades the very spectators to believe so.*"

There are none who give any account of his oratory, who do not pay him a similar tribute. In all the sublime pages of Plato there is scarcely a finer passage than that in which he gives Socrates' estimate of the eloquence of Pericles, and from which we extract a sentence or two: "All the great arts," says Socrates, "require a subtle and speculative research into the law of nature, for that loftiness of thought and perfect mastery over every subject seems to be derived from some such source as this, which Pericles possessed in addition to a great natural genius. For meeting, I think, with Anaxagoras, who was a person of this kind, and being filled with speculative research and having arrived at the nature of intelligence and want of intelligence, about which Anaxagoras made that long discourse, he drew from thence to the art of speaking whatever would contribute to its advantage."*

Thucydides tells us that whenever the Athenians evinced a disposition to be rash and violent, he excited in their minds wholesome fears, and that whenever, on the contrary, they were inclined to be timid, his magic eloquence inspired them with the

* Plato in Phædrus.

highest courage.* To this, however, the historian adds, that we are not to consider the eloquence of Pericles, extraordinary as it was, as conveying the whole secret of his astonishing influence over the Athenians for nearly half a century. "This alone," he says, "was not sufficient, but the orator was a man of probity and unblemished reputation. Money could not bribe him; he was so much above the desire of it, that though he added greatly to the opulence of the state, which he found not inconsiderable, and though his power exceeded that of many kings and tyrants, some of whom bequeathed to their posterity the sovereignty they had obtained, yet he added not one drachma to his paternal estate." Be it remembered that this is the testimony of one whose whole family was opposed to Pericles. Valerius Maximus regards his wonderful power over the Athenians as something more than human. He tells us that by the force of persuasion he put a yoke on the free necks of the Athenians, which they did not know how, or probably did not wish, to remove. The historian adds, that even when hespoke against their wishes and intentions, such was the force of his eloquence that they accepted his opposition with pleasure; that, in short, so complete was his mastery over all who heard him that they could not help being convinced by him against the evidence of their senses.† This will enable us to understand in its true sense what is often quoted from the same historian against Pericles, namely, that there was no other difference between Pisistratus and him than that the former exercised tyranny by force of arms, while the latter did so without arms.‡ Still higher is the estimate of Cicero, than whom no one has discussed the whole subject more fully, or was better competent to do so. Throughout his admirable work on oratory,§ we find allusions to Pericles as a model—as an orator scarcely second

* Οποτε γυν αἰδοῦντο τι αὐτοῦς παρὰ χαιρὸν ὕβρει θαροῦντας λέγων χατέπλειον ἐπ' τὸ φαῖεῖσθαι. καὶ δεδιώτας, αὐ ἀλογῶς, ἀντιχρῖσιν πᾶσι ἐπὶ τὸ θαροῦν, ἐγίγνετο τε λόγῳ μὲν, δημοκρατία, ἐργῳ δὲ ὑπὸ τοῦ πρώτου ἀνδρός ἀρχή.—*Thucy. lib. II.*

† Pericles felicissimus natura incrementis, sub Anaxagora præceptore summo studio perpolitus et instructus, liberis Athenarum cervicibus jugum servitutis imposuit egit enim ille urbem, et versavit arbitrio suo. Cumque adversus voluntatem populi loqueretur, jucunda nihilominus et popularis ejus vox erat. Itaque veteris comedie maledica lingua, quamvis potentiam viri perstringere cupiebat, tamen in labris ejus hominis melle dulciorem leporem fatabatur habitare: inque animis eorum, qui illum audierant, quasi aculeos quosdam relinqui prædicabat.—*Valerius Maximus, lib. VIII., cap. IX.*

‡ Quid enim inter Pisistratum et Periclem interfuit, nisi quod ille armatus, hic sine armis tyrannidem gessit?—*Id.*

§ De Oratore.

even to Demosthenes. In one place he tells us that he charmed by his sweetness, he excited admiration by his copiousness, and that he inspired terror by his strength.* He informs us elsewhere that it was Athens that produced the first orator; "and that orator," he says, "was Pericles. Before his time, and that of his contemporary Thucydides, nothing is to be found which resembles true eloquence. It is believed, however, that a long time previously, old Solon, Pisistratus, and Clisthenes possessed merit for their age. Subsequently, Themistocles seemed superior to the others by his talents and his language, as well as by his enlightened intelligence as a politician. Finally, Pericles, renowned by so many other qualities, was so particularly by that of the great orator."† There were some orations extant in the time of Quintilian, which were generally attributed to Pericles, but that judicious critic found, on examination, that they were entirely disproportioned to his reputation. Thucydides, it is true, professes to give us in his history‡ his famous funeral oration over those who fell in the first battles of the Peloponnesian war, but few believe at the present day that this is the genuine address of Pericles; it seems much more probable, from various circumstances, that it is the fabrication of the historian. This was the opinion both of Livy and Sallust, each of whom adopted what they regarded as the plan of Thucydides, namely, that of fabricating speeches for their great men—such as were in accordance with their character, and gave some idea of their style, and might, therefore, be received without any great violence to truth or justice as the genuine efforts of those to whom they were attributed. That the oration referred to was emphatically a great one, is beyond dispute. It is that in which the orator made use of the beautiful and striking comparison of the destruction of youth with the loss of spring to the year. Another famous oration by Pericles is that pronounced in memory of those Athenians who fell in the Samian war. A passage reproduced by Stesimbrotus, and copied by Plutarch, is as fol-

* Hujus suavitate maxime hilaratæ sunt Athenæ hujus ubertatem et copiam admiratæ, ejusdem vim dicendi terroremque timuerunt.—*Cicero in Bruto*.

† Quintilian quotes Cicero as an authority on the same subject, as follows:—Cicero in Bruto negat ante Periclem scriptum quicquam quod ornatum oratorium habeat: ejus aliqua ferri. Equidem non reperio quicquam tanta eloquentiæ fama dignum: ideoque minus miror esse qui nihil ab eo scriptum putent hæc autem quæ feruntur, ab aliis esse composita.—*Quintil. Inst. Orator, Lib. III., Cap. I.*

‡ Lib. ii. 35.

lows: "They are become immortal like the gods; for the gods themselves are not visible to us; but from the honors they receive, and the happiness they enjoy, we conclude they are immortal; and such should those brave men be who die for their country."*

Nothing is more common at the present day than to allege that superior culture, even when combined with superior natural gifts, has a tendency to render its possessor vain, arrogant, and scornful; but a more modest man never lived than Pericles; never had the common people a truer friend, or one who sympathized more sincerely with them in their afflictions. Cimon, who was altogether a different man, though of respectable talents and attainments, was in favor of the aristocracy, and opposed to the influence of the people. Pericles was illustrious by his birth, illustrious by his learning, illustrious by his genius; he was, besides, one of the wealthiest men in Greece, having inherited a princely fortune from his father; but the humblest magistrate, who had himself belonged to the people, could not listen more attentively to the complaint or appeal of the poor man, or take more pains to do him justice.

Great and good as he was, he was not spared by the satirists of his time. We shall see as we proceed that they did not content themselves with assailing his private character, even in those points which are held to be sacred in every civilized society; the female members of his family were attacked with equal virulence and malignity; in short, all, whether male or female, who had any friendly relations with him; but although he was all-powerful in Athens for more than forty years—more powerful than most sovereigns whose governments are despotic, he never deprived any one of his liberty on personal grounds. Even those who abused and threatened him in the streets had no officer of the law sent after them. He reasoned with them as a generous parent would with a froward child; and it is pleasant to add that in doing so he seldom failed to turn their hatred into good will. In illustration of this noble trait, we are told that "when a vile and abandoned fellow loaded him a whole day with reproaches and abuse, he bore it with patience and silence, and continued in public for the despatch of some urgent affairs. In the evening he walked slowly home, this impudent wretch following and insulting him all the way with the most scurri-

* Plutarch in *Vita Per.*

lous language. And as it was dark when he came to his own door, he ordered one of his servants to take a torch and light the man home."*

How differently would one "of the people," suddenly placed in a position for which he was not qualified, have acted! The sublime studies to which he had devoted his life taught him to make allowance for the frailties of human nature, especially in its rude and uncultivated state. He might have consigned the man who treated him as described to a dungeon, and ruined the prospects of his family as well as himself. Instead of this he made his assailant ashamed of his conduct, and what was more, he made him as much attached to him as a friend as he had previously been opposed to him as an enemy.

This incident would show by itself that he was a man of superior mind; for how few do we find in the world's history that have given proof of similar greatness of soul. There have been some, however, who treated their assailants after the manner of Pericles. We are told that when Julius Cæsar was lampooned by Catullus, he invited him to supper, and treated him with such generous civility that he made the poet his friend. The only modern example worthy of note we remember at the present moment, is that of Cardinal Mazarine, who gave the kindest treatment to the learned Quillet, who had severely reflected on his eminence in a famous Latin poem. The cardinal sent for him, and after some kind expostulations upon what he had written, assured him of his esteem, and dismissed him with a promise of the next good abbey that should become vacant, which he accordingly conferred on him in a few months. It cannot be alleged that Pericles would not have been as ready to forgive a poet or satirist as he was to forgive the common, illiterate person who attacked him in the manner described; for we have abundant proof to the contrary. We need only mention the poets Cratinus, Teliclides, and Aristophanes, each of whom had satirized Pericles and been kindly treated in return. Thus Cratinus, in his play entitled *Chironos*, uses the following language:

"Faction received old Time to her embraces:
Hence came a tyrant-spawn on earth called Pericles,
In heaven the head compeller."

In a similar spirit Teliclides reproaches the Athenians for

* Plutarch in Vita Per.

having given him too much power. It was fortunate for the poet's fame that he did so; for it is only by his attack on so illustrious a statesman and orator, that he has saved himself from oblivion. The following lines, quoted by all the biographers of Pericles, from the time of Plutarch to the present, have immortalized the author; although none believe now—indeed, few, if any, capable of judging, ever believed—that they did any justice either to the Athenians or their favorite chief:

"The tributes of the states, the states themselves
To bind, to loose; to build and to destroy;
In peace, in war to govern; nay, to rule
Their very fate like some superior thing."

It was not alone as a public man that Pericles was modest instead of being arrogant or overbearing. It might be said that policy would induce him to treat even his enemies with forbearance in a republic of which he was himself the chief; but that he despised in private or at heart those whose minds were not cultivated like his own. Indeed, that charge was openly made against him by the poet Ion, who alleged that he was proud and supercilious in conversation.* But Ion being a person of but little culture himself and no learning, and at the same time very ambitious of popularity, was desirous at once of reconciling the people to their ignorance, and at the same time of showing that there may be such a thing as a surfeit of knowledge, and that where it exists it is productive of more evil than good. In short, Ion would reverse the precept of Pope, namely, that a *little* learning is a dangerous thing. Nor can we wonder at this. Are there not similar poets at the present day? Are there not others, too, than poets who think that even statesmen do not require more than a moderate amount of learning, especially in a republic? Are we not told that the man who suits the people is not one who has much learning, or even much talent, but one who understands them; one who knows their wants and is disposed to supply them.† But let us see what the

* Plutarch in Vita.

† More than once we have heard Mr. Everett objected to on this ground as a candidate for the presidency, while we have heard others commended for their vulgarity and want of culture. What would Plato, Quintilian, Grotius, even Machiavelli, or any other writer on statesmanship, have said to this? As a reply, we quote a sentence or two from the Roman critic. After enumerating the various acquirements and qualifications necessary for a statesman, Quintilian asks: "Will not the orator (statesman) frequently have to treat of such subjects as these? Will he not have to speak of auguries, oracles, and of everything pertaining to religion, on which the most important deliberations in the senate often

illustrious contemporaries of Pericles say in regard to the effect of learning on him. It matters little to which we turn; but as we have quoted nothing yet from Xenophon, let us see whether his account of Pericles bears out any such charge as that the great statesman was arrogant or overbearing. "Alcibiades," he says, "before he was twenty years of age, held the following discourse with Pericles, who was his guardian, and chief ruler of the state about laws. 'Tell me,' said he, 'Pericles, can you tell me what a law is?' 'Certainly,' replied Pericles. 'Teach me, then, in the name of the gods,' said Alcibiades, 'for I, hearing some persons praised as being obedient to the laws, consider that no one can fairly obtain such praise who does not know what a law is.' 'You desire no very difficult matter, Alcibiades,' says Pericles, 'when you wish to know what a law is; for all those regulations are laws which the people on meeting together and approving them, have enacted, directing what we should do and what we should not do.' 'And whether do they direct that we should do good things, or that we should do bad things?' 'Good, by Jupiter, my child, but bad by no means.' 'And if it should not be the whole people, but a few, as where there is an oligarchy, that should meet together and enact what we are to do, what are such enactments?' 'Everything,' replied Pericles, 'which the supreme power in the state, on determining what the people ought to do, has enacted, is called a law.' 'And if a tyrant, holding rule over the state, prescribes to the citizens what they must do, is such prescription called a law?' 'Whatever a tyrant in authority prescribes,' returned Pericles, 'is also called a law.' 'What, then, Pericles,' asked Alcibiades, 'is force and lawlessness? Is it not when the stronger obliges the weaker, not by persuasion, but by compulsion, to do what he pleases?' 'So it appears to me,' replied Pericles. 'Whatever, then, a tyrant compels the people to do by enacting it without gaining their consent, is that an act of lawlessness?' 'Yes,' said Pericles, 'it appears

depend—at least, if he is to be, as I think he ought to be, a well-qualified statesman (*vir civilis*)? What sort of *do-quence* can be imagined, indeed, to proceed from a man who is ignorant of the noblest subjects of human contemplation?" (*An hæc non frequenter tradabit orator? Jam de auguriis, responsis, religione denique omni, de quibus maxima sæpe in senatu consilia versata sunt, non erit ei disserendum si quidem, ut nobis placet, futurus est vir civilis idem? Quæ denique intelligi saltem potest eloquentia hæc munis optima nescientis* ") Alas! to how many politicians of the present day, who wish to be regarded as statesmen, and who draw large salaries and larger perquisites, as such, does the latter query apply! Yet we boast of the wonderful progress we have made since the time of Pericles!

to me that it is, for I retract my admission that what a tyrant prescribes to his people *without persuading them*, is a law.' 'But what the few enact, not from gaining the consent of the many, but from having superior power, should we say that that is force, or that it is not?' '*Everything*,' said Pericles, '*which one man obliges another to do without gaining his consent, whether he enact it in writing or not, seems to me to be force rather than law.*' 'Whatever, then, the whole people, when they are stronger than the wealthier class, enact, without their consent, would be an act of force rather than a law.' 'Certainly, Alcibiades,' said Pericles, 'and I, when I was of your age, was very acute at such disquisitions; for we used to meditate and argue about such subjects as you appear now to meditate.' 'Would, therefore,' said Alcibiades, 'that I had conversed with you, Pericles, at the time when you were most acute in discussing such topics.'"*

The conduct of Pericles throughout this dialogue is that of a philosopher, who knows that, let one study as long and as carefully as he will, there are still many things of which he must necessarily be ignorant; not that of a pedant or braggart, who because he has learned a few things imagines, or pretends, that he knows everything. There is good reason to believe that Sir Isaac Newton had Pericles in his mind when he modestly observed, in reply to the encomiums of some friends, that he regarded himself only as a child gathering pebbles on the sea-shore, who, let him exert himself as he might, could never expect to secure more than a very small proportion of the immense whole. That Pericles was proud may indeed be admitted, but his was a sublime pride or grandeur of soul never surpassed, if equalled, by mortal man. His pride was in the greatness and glory of his country. His highest ambition was to see Athens tower above all other cities in whatever reflected honor on the human mind; and who that is acquainted with the history of the world will deny that it was fully realized?

What he accomplished for the Athenians might well seem fabulous if it were not attested by numerous witnesses whose testimony is beyond dispute. But supposing he had done nothing but to build such structures as he did, and give such encouragement to the fine arts, who could deny him a proud niche in the temple of fame? Be it remembered that no sooner did the people decide in his favor

against his rival, Thucydides, than he commenced to realize his great project of conferring undying renown on Athens. His first work was to convert the suburb of the Piræus into a regular and beautiful city. He built a new wall nearly parallel to that built by Themistocles, in order to complete the system of defence which joined Athens to the sea. In a short time the Acropolis was covered with edifices that have never been equalled in magnificence. The famous Parthenon, the Odeon (a theatre for musical and poetical representations), and the Propylæa, were but the work of a few years.

These were scarcely finished when he commenced the restoration of the Temple of Erectheus. All were under the direction of the most eminent architects and sculptors, namely, Ictinus, Callicrates, Coraeus, Mnesicles, and others, all of whom were under the superintendence of Phidias. These various edifices, constructed within a space of twelve years, cost upwards of 3,000 talents, a sum equal to about \$17,000,000. At first sight this might seem a large sum, but how small must it be considered when compared with the wonderful results it accomplished! However, no Athenian had to be taxed for it; the revenue alone, as managed by Pericles, was sufficient to meet all expenses, and leave a considerable surplus besides. The revenue, comprising the tribute of 600 talents paid by the allies of Athens, amounted to 1,000 talents (nearly \$5,000,000). After deducting from this sum all that was necessary for the state, including the expense of building a large fleet for the Ægean Sea, the celebration of public fêtes, and the various embellishments of the city, already referred to, the annual surplus was such that, at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, it had amounted to 6,000 talents, a sum equal to about \$30,000,000.*

Having thus briefly glanced at the character of Pericles as an orator, a philosopher, and a man of taste, we now proceed to consider him as a statesman; but let us premise before doing so, that in order to do him justice in any one of these capacities, especially in that of a statesman, a much

* In order to comprehend these figures, it will be necessary to bear in mind that the whole population of Attica at this time was only as follows: Athenians, 300,000; Strangers, 45,000; Slaves, 365,000. Add to this the fact that the precious metals were nearly three times as valuable in the time of Pericles as they are at present; then some adequate idea may be formed of the public spirit of the Athenians.

larger space would be required than we can devote on the present occasion to all.

The Athenians had a very different idea of a statesman from that entertained by most persons at the present day. They made a very broad distinction between a statesman and politician. While they regarded the former as one whose mind was richly stored with multifarious knowledge, they regarded the latter as not necessarily possessed of anything worthy the name of knowledge. This is happily and amusingly illustrated in the plays of Aristophanes.

That the Romans entertained similar views in the golden age of their literature and mental activity, is everywhere obvious in their writings. For a proof of the fact we need only refer to Quintilian, one of the most reliable and judicious of writers. Quintilian considered oratory as essential to statesmanship, and held that, in order to be a perfect orator, one must combine the most extensive learning and culture with the strictest probity and integrity. If the mere forensic orator should possess the various qualifications, what should we expect from the statesman, who is supposed to be eloquent on every subject that has any relation to the welfare of the state, or the happiness of the people? Hence it is that the most eminent philosophers and jurists of all ages are of opinion that neither poet, nor astronomer, nor mathematician, nor chemist requires so much accurate knowledge, or so many natural gifts, as a statesman.

We have already shown that Pericles possessed all the necessary qualifications according to the severest standard. But how did he use those qualifications? We have said in general terms that he proved a wise and good ruler to the Athenians. Now let us glance at some of the evidences of his statesmanship; let us see whether his conduct and acts were in general statesman-like. Towards the year 468 B. C., Pericles aided by Ephialtes commenced to oppose the existing oligarchy, at the head of which was Cimon, on the ground that the people were overtaxed, and that much more expense was incurred than the legitimate administration of the government required. The effect of his eloquence was such that Cimon was brought to trial; but the oligarchy having still a majority, he was acquitted. Soon after they voted in favor of sending an army, commanded by their chief, to aid the Spartans against their revolted helots. Pericles advised the ruling party against the imprudence of such a step, telling them that the Spartans would not thank them for their pains, but, on the

contrary, would be more likely to regard the act as an offensive interference in their domestic affairs. Cimon and his supporters were of the opposite opinion; and their chief argument was, that so friendly a manifestation on the part of Athens would have the effect of uniting the two cities more intimately to each other than they had ever been before. But the result proved still worse than Pericles had predicted. The Spartans sent back the auxiliaries, informing them, in language by no means complimentary, that their services were not required, and that they should have stayed at home until they were sent for. This annoyed and mortified the Athenians to such a degree that they immediately voted to ostracise Cimon. This virtually put an end to the oligarchy for the time; but those who most regretted the loss of their power, could not help admiring the wisdom and foresight of Pericles. All admitted that in giving his advice he was actuated by the noblest motives. Now (461), however, the popular party had a decided majority, and no sooner did Pericles get into power than he began to carry into execution his various projects of reform.

One of the first of these reforms was the establishment of trial by jury. We call attention to this the more particularly, because there is no opinion more generally entertained at the present day, both in this country and in England, than that the world owes the idea of trial by jury to our Saxon ancestors. No one, indeed, acquainted with history, would venture to make such an assertion; but it has been the boast of a certain class of newspapers, for twenty years past, that not only trial by jury, but almost every other political or judicial idea of any value, which we possess, had its origin in the woods of Scandinavia; whereas both Plato and Aristotle, as well as Thucydides, tell us about the Athenian juries. Plato would have jurymen in his Model Republic, for he remarks in Book XII., chap. 4, of his Laws: "Let it therefore be laid down as a law, that he who is about to *act as a jurymen* shall take an *oath as a jurymen*." In the third book of his Politics, and first chapter, Aristotle mentions the right of serving on a jury as one of the privileges of citizenship.*

* "Our former description of a citizen," he says, "will admit of correction; for in some governments the offer of *deed* and of a member of the general assembly is not an intermediate one; but there are particular persons appointed for these purposes; some or all of the citizens being appointed *jurymen* or members of the assembly."

Hitherto the Areopagus and the Council of Five Hundred exercised both the political and judicial power of the state. Pericles deprived them of the latter, and confided it to the juries, except in cases of homicide, which was still retained by the Areopagus. This he regarded as of the greatest importance, as it rendered all public functionaries liable to be tried by their fellow-citizens. The next important act of Pericles was to appoint two commissions: one consisting of seven magistrates, whose duty it was to oppose every proposition or measure which they deemed contrary to the existing laws; the other consisting of a much larger number, whose duty it was to propose to the people the revision of such laws as they thought defective.

The oligarchical party were so exasperated at seeing the power taken out of their own hands in this manner that they assassinated Ephialtes, the colleague of Pericles. The latter was not in the least intimidated by so outrageous an act. Finding himself now the sole chief of the democratic party, he persevered in the same policy which had already led to such important results. The first years of his administration were distinguished by the acquisition of Megara as an ally of Athens, and a successful war against Corinth and Ægina. The Spartans looked on these successes with jealousy, foreseeing that if they were not checked in time, Athens would soon exercise her domination over the whole of continental Greece; and, accordingly, they did not conceal their intention of attacking the rival city as soon as they could suppress the insurrection of their slaves.

Not doubting but the Spartans would do all the mischief they could, Pericles resolved to be prepared for them in time. With this view, he proposed to join the city to the sea by two ramparts, one forty stadia in length, the other thirty. This he knew would render Athens, the Piræus, and the Phalerum but one fortification, which, by land, would be capable of resisting all the armies of the Peloponnesus, while by sea it could maintain complete liberty of action. The Spartans, taking offence at these preparations, crossed the Isthmus of Corinth with a considerable army, and gained a victory over the Athenians at Tanagra, which, however, was nearly as bad for themselves as a defeat, and proved an advantage rather than a loss to the Athenians by uniting them to each other.

Taking advantage of the good feeling thus promoted between the different parties, Pericles generously proposed to recal Cimon, his former antagonist. Among the results of

the unanimity of feeling thus produced was the decisive victory gained by the Athenians over the Bœotians at Œenophyta,* which gave them an uncontested supremacy over the whole country comprehended between the Isthmus of Corinth and the Pass of Thermopylæ. The next important step of Pericles was to remove the seat of the Ionian confederation from Delos to Athens, causing all the cities that formed that confederation to pay tribute to the sovereign city.

The Athenians were now undisputed masters of the sea, and among their tributary allies they numbered the Megarians, the Locrians, the Phocians, and the Achæians. The Bœotians, however, soon became discontented under the Athenian rule, and revolted. The friends of Cimon being still secretly opposed to Pericles, he was able to send only a small army against the insurgents. It was in vain he warned them against the consequences, telling them that they had better send no army than a weak one; and accordingly the Athenians were defeated at Coroneia by the Bœotians. The other allies, encouraged by the success of the latter, revolted in turn. Even Attica was invaded by the victorious allies, and the most reliable historians are of opinion that owing to the divisions caused among the Athenians by the oligarchists, the city might have been taken had not Pericles given the enemy money as an inducement to retire, as he had no other means of saving it. Yet, Thucydides, the son of Milesius, now at the head of the oligarchist party, accused Pericles of having brought all these misfortunes on the country. Plutarch tells us that "he was charged with having brought the greatest disgrace upon the Athenians by removing the public treasures of Greece from Delos, and taking them into his own custody; that he had not left himself even the specious apology of having caused the money to be brought to Athens for its greater security, and to keep it from being seized by the barbarians; that Greece must needs consider it as the highest insult, and an act of open tyranny, when she saw the money she had been obliged to contribute towards the war lavished by the Athenians in *gilding their city and ornamenting it with statues and temples* that cost a thousand talents, as a proud and vain woman decks herself out with jewels." The reply of Pericles was, "That they were *not obliged* to give the allies any account of the sums they had received, since they had kept the barbarians at a distance, and effectually defended the allies

* Now Inia.

who had not furnished either horses, ships, or men, but only contributed money, which is no longer the property of the giver, but of the receiver, if he performs the conditions on which it is received. That as the state was provided with all the necessities of war, *its superfluous wealth should be laid out on such works as when well executed would be eternal monuments of its glory, and which during their continuance would diffuse a universal plenty*; for as so many kinds of labor, and such a variety of instruments and materials were requisite to these undertakings, every art would be exerted, every hand employed, almost the whole of the city would be in pay, and be, at the same time, both adorned and supported by itself.*

No person of taste or culture, however well versed in the art of government, will deny that the reasons assigned by Pericles for constructing the immortal works alluded to were just and fair, and such as might be expected from a true statesman, one who was capable of appreciating the beautiful as well as the useful. It may well be asked, What other use could he have made of the superfluous wealth of the republic, that could have redounded more to its glory? Nor did the people fail to admit the fact when taught to view it in its proper light; although it could not be expected that even the Athenians, enlightened as they undoubtedly were, could estimate the value of such masterpieces both of architecture and sculpture as those which adorned the Acropolis of Athens. Accordingly, when he asked the people "Whether they thought he had expended too much?" they answered in the affirmative; but when he remarked, "Then be it charged to my account, not yours; only let the new edifices be inscribed with my name, not that of the people of Athens," they cried out that he might spend as much as he pleased of the public treasures, without sparing them in the least.†

This, perhaps, showed his influence over the people more than their appreciation of his sublime works. Be this as it may, the opposition of the oligarchic party still continued. In order to put an end to a struggle which if permitted to continue could hardly fail to end disastrously, the usual resource of the ostracism was had recourse to. The people being called upon to decide between Pericles and Thucydides, voted the exile of the latter (442 B. C.), and left the former once more sole ruler of Athens, who, as on former

* Plutarch in Vita.

† Ibid.

occasions, made the best possible use of his power. He could not please all, however.

Two years after the exile of Thucydides, the Samians, although exempt from tribute, revolted against the domination of Athens, and formally refused to obey it any longer. Pericles reasoned with them in his usual forcible style, telling them that it was very painful to the Athenian people, as well as to himself personally, to have recourse to force, but that if they persisted in their disobedience force could not be avoided. They returned a defiant reply. Pericles immediately fitted out a fleet of twenty ships, which were commanded by six stratages, including the great chief himself, and the poet Sophocles, and in a few weeks laid siege to Samos. The Samians made a gallant resistance, but after holding out for nine months, were obliged to capitulate, although they soon learned that had they only delayed one month longer, the whole confederation of the Peloponnesus would have declared in their favor.

On the return of Pericles to Athens he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. This was the occasion on which he delivered one of his great orations, that on the death of those who had fallen at the siege of Samos. Plutarch tells us that when he came down from the rostrum, the women paid their respects to him and presented him with crowns and chaplets, like a champion just returned victorious from the lists. Only Elpinice addressed him in terms quite different: "Are these actions, then, Pericles, worthy of crowns and garlands which have deprived us of many brave citizens, not in a war with Phœnicians and Medes such as my brother Cimon waged, but in destroying a city united to us both in blood and friendship?"

For five years after this Athens enjoyed profound tranquillity; in the meantime Pericles continued to introduce reforms whenever they seemed needed, and did all in his power to encourage literature and the fine arts. But an event took place in the island of Coreyra* in 434 B.C. which was the indirect cause of one of the most terrible wars that had yet desolated Greece. That island was an emancipated colony of Corinth, which entered into a conflict with the metropolis for the possession of the city of Epidamnus. The Coreyrians were first successful; but on reflection they came to the conclusion that it would be impossible for them to contend alone

* Corfu.

with so powerful a city as Corinth. Resolving, however, not to part with the disputed city, they offered themselves as allies to the Athenians, on condition that the latter would aid them against Corinth. Their geographical position would render them highly important to the Athenians as allies, and they sent ambassadors to Athens, who discussed the whole question before an assembly of the people. In doing so they took occasion to urge that a war between Athens and the league of Peloponnesus was inevitable; that by means of concessions the Athenians might be able to retard, but not prevent it; that it was therefore better to take the first step, and that when the fleet of Athens was joined to that of Corcyra, Corinth would be careful not to undertake a war against both.

The Corinthians were quite aware of the efforts thus made by their late colonists; nor did they fail to oppose them as best they could. Their argument was, that they had evinced friendly feelings towards the Athenians in not taking any part against them during their war with the Samians. But a much more forcible argument was, that as long as the Athenians were on terms of friendship with Corinth, they were sure of peace; but that a rupture with that city would be regarded as a declaration of war against the whole confederation of the Peloponnesus.

With his usual generosity, Pericles was in favor of protecting the weak from the strong, and the people readily voted what he advised.* The Corinthians did not hesitate to carry out their threat against Coreyra; but they were completely repulsed by an Athenian squadron. In order to avenge themselves for this, they caused

* All his contemporaries agree in assigning the noblest traits of character to Pericles. It has been justly said of him, that with the highest degree of manly courage he combined the tenderness and generosity of a woman. In illustration of this we will note an incident in his conduct towards Anaxagoras. The gifted and learned have in all ages been remarkable for their sensitiveness; nor did Anaxagoras, wise as he was in other respects, form an exception to the rule. Although he knew that Pericles would not have him want any of the comforts of life that money could purchase, he would rather die than call on him for aid; whereas, his friend was so absorbed in public affairs that he found no time to think of those who would not think of themselves. The incident is related as follows by Plutarch, and needs no further comment: "Nay, for want of such prudential regards, this very Anaxagoras lay neglected and unprovided for, inasmuch that the poor old man had covered up his head, and was going to starve himself. But an account of it being brought to Pericles, *he was extremely moved at it, ran immediately to him, expostulated, entreated; bewailing not so much the fate of his friend as his own if his administration should lose so valuable a counsellor.* Anaxagoras uncovering his face, replied, 'Ah, Pericles, those that have need of a lamp, take care to supply it with oil.'"

the revolt of Potidæa,* one of the allies of Athens. The Megarians withdrew their allegiance at the same time, although only a brief period had elapsed since they themselves had solicited an alliance with Athens. The Athenians were so much irritated against them on this account, that they passed a law rendering it a capital offence, punishable with death, for a Megarian to carry on any commerce either with Athens or any of her allies. It would be foreign to our purpose to enter into details as to the causes of these various acts: all we undertake in this branch of our subject is simply to give a general idea, as briefly as we can, of the nature of the conflict which culminated at the breaking out of the Peloponnesian war. On the complaints of the Corinthians and Megarians, the Spartans resolved to vindicate by force of arms the rights of their allies. They convoked a general congress of the Ionian states in November, 432 B.C., which voted in January following, by a large majority, to deliver the Greeks from what they called the Athenian despotism.

Pericles was now in his sixty-ninth year. At the present day there are not many who have held the highest position in the state for nearly forty years that are able to maintain their influence. Pericles did so better than any other chief of a republic that has ever lived, although it may be doubted whether any public man, in any position, had more powerful or more uncompromising enemies to deal with. He had seen two generations of opponents pass away, or fall into obscurity, without their being able to do him any harm—the first headed by Cimon, the second by Thucydides. Now several new opponents had entered the field against him, and were vying with each other in trying to do him all the harm in their power, including Cleon, Simmias, and Lacroitidas. These did not hesitate to accuse Pericles of being the cause of the war now declared, and which threatened the very existence of Athens. Nor did they do so in vain. The people, too often fickle as well as ungrateful, began to pay attention to the charges of his enemies. The friends known to be dearest to him, including Phidias, Anaxagoras, and even Aspasia, were one after another accused of grave offences against the state—the object of his enemies being to prepare the way for a more serious accusation against himself than they had ever before ventured to make.

* Now Pinaka.

The shrewd Spartans were doing their best at the same time to bring disgrace upon Pericles, for, old as he was, and now grown feeble in health, they knew that he was a more formidable enemy than all his opponents put together. Accordingly, their first demand on the Athenians was for the expulsion of their well-trying and faithful chief from the city, under the singular pretext that he belonged, by his mother's side, to the family of the Alcmaeonides, who, more than a century previously, had been pronounced guilty of sacrilege in relation to the goddess Athena. To this strange demand the Athenians replied, "that the Spartans had much more recently been guilty of two acts analogous to the one of the Alcmaeonides, and that before seeking among foreigners a violation of the right of asylum, they had better commence at home. In addition to this they were informed that the Athenians were ready to oppose force by force."

The Spartans failing in regard to Pericles, made several other claims of a much more serious nature, including the withdrawal of the decree against Megara, the freedom of Ægina, and the raising of the blockade of Potidaea. These various propositions were submitted to an assembly of the people. Pericles advised them, in one of his noblest orations (February, 431), to resist, and they obeyed him as promptly and implicitly as ever. The war was commenced by the Thebans, for all the surrounding republics were so jealous of the greatness and glory of Athens that there was nothing they yearned for more than to crush it. The first attempt was not successful, but nearly all the other states of Greece having joined the Spartans, Pericles knew that it was necessary to adopt every precaution in order to save the Athenians from annihilation. Knowing that it was impossible for them to protect even so small a territory as Attica against the whole confederation of the Peloponnesus, he advised all to shut themselves up with all their movable riches, within the walls of the city, and abandon their territory to the ravages of the invaders.

At first sight this might seem unworthy of a general and a statesman, but Pericles knew that as the Athenians were masters of the sea, they need have no fear of famine, and that it were better to see Attica ravaged than Athens taken for want of sufficient men to defend it. Through the energy of Pericles, one hundred ships were ready to sail in two weeks; and these were joined by a considerable fleet from Corcyra and other places. The principal event of the first campaign was

the destruction of all the towns and property on the eastern coast of Attica, the invaders meeting with no opposition for the reason already assigned. With their combined fleets the Athenians sailed round Peloponnesus and laid waste much of its western coast. They also took possession of Astacus, Arcania, expelled its tyrant, and established a democracy; and the people of Cephalonia seeing how successful they had thus been, surrendered to them without resistance, and became their allies.

Meantime Archidamus, King of Sparta, who had command of all the armies of the Peloponnesian league, did his best to induce the Athenians to give him battle; but this was contrary to the advice of Pericles, whose policy it was to avoid a general engagement with an army of at least sixty thousand men—an army celebrated both in Europe and Asia for its superior discipline and bravery. It was soon proved that the great chief was right, for the Spartan king, finding it impossible to maintain his troops, returned home by forced marches by way of Bœotia. The Athenians were now successful both by sea and land; and they had every reason to believe that, notwithstanding the vast numerical superiority of the enemy, they would soon put down the war. But just as the prospect seemed brightest—while Pericles was inspiring the most timid with the courage and daring of heroes by the irresistible force of his eloquence, a plague broke out in the city which decimated the inhabitants.

It was but natural that this should discourage even the bravest. Accordingly, Pericles exerted himself more than ever. Nor were his exertions confined to his orations, spirit-stirring and valuable as the latter were; while the plague raged with the greatest intensity, he fitted out a fleet of one hundred vessels, and sailed with it himself on an expedition against the Peloponnesus. But his brave and manly efforts were of no avail; for the plague broke out with such fatal virulence among both crews and troops, that he was obliged to return to the Piræa without attempting to inflict any injury on the enemy. Short a time was he as absent from the city, he found the people much changed in every respect. The combined scourges of pestilence and war had broken their spirit. In this state of mind they were easily induced by the chiefs of the oligarchy to attribute their misfortunes to Pericles; all of a sudden they became so much incensed against him that they not only refused to reelect him, but also inflicted a heavy fine on him on pretence that he had devoted a portion of the public treasures to

his own use. Conscious as he was of having served his country to the utmost of his power, and of having never sought to make the slightest addition to his private estate, it is almost needless to say that distinguished as he was for his fortitude, and always ready to find an excuse for the thoughtlessness of the people, he felt not a little grieved at this evidence of their ingratitude.

At the same time he lost several of his dearest friends by the pestilence, including his two legitimate sons, and he began to feel the first pangs of the disease of which he died soon after. He uttered no reproaches against the people whom he had served so well, and who had sought to reward him only with disgrace. But justice and truth, though sometimes trampled under foot, will in general be pretty sure to prevail and vindicate themselves. It was so in the case of Pericles; for while suffering most acutely both in body and mind, the intelligence was brought him that the people repented the wrong they had done him, and that in proof of their sincerity they had re-elected him strategas, and expressed their regret in the most solemn manner for the iniquitous judgment they had passed upon him. In short, they left nothing undone that seemed calculated in any manner to make amends to their illustrious and faithful chief for having done him so cruel an injustice. Although there was no Athenian law more strictly executed than that which excluded illegitimate children from the rights of citizenship, in order to console Pericles an exception was made in favor of his son by Aspasia, so that the latter might inherit the name as well as the fortune of one who conferred such glory on Athens.

He survived the shock of the unrighteous judgment passed upon him about a year, during which time he took as active a part in public affairs as the nature of his malady would allow. Some think that his disease was a mild form of the plague. Such is the account given by Plutarch: "It was rather a lingering distemper," he says, "which with frequent intermissions, and by slow degrees, consumed his body, and *impaired the vigor of his mind.*" After making this observation the historian proceeds to remark that "Theophrastus has a disquisition in his ethics, whether men's characters may be changed with their fortune, and the soul so affected with the disorders of the body as to lose her vigor; and there he relates that Pericles showed to a friend who came to visit him in his sickness an amulet which the women had hung about his

neck, intimating that he must be sick indeed, since he submitted to so ridiculous a piece of superstition."

On account of this passage there are some who think that Pericles had lost the use of his reason some months before his death. But we have no proof of any such fact; on the contrary, all the evidence that has come down to us bearing on the subject, tends to show that he retained all the powers of his intellect to the last day of his life. Even the testimony of Plutarch leads to this conclusion; although he is the only respectable authority which those entertaining the opposite view can adduce. He tells us that "when he was at the point of death, his surviving friends and the principal citizens sitting about his bed discoursed together concerning his extraordinary virtue and the great authority he had enjoyed, and enumerated his various exploits and the number of his victories; for while he was commander-in-chief he had erected no fewer than nine trophies to the honor of Athens. These things they spoke of supposing that he attended not to what they said, but that his senses were gone. He took notice, however, *of every word they had spoken*, and thereupon delivered himself audibly as follows: "I am surprised that while you dwell upon and extol these acts of mine, though fortune had her share in them, and many other generals have performed the like, you take no notice of the greatest and most honorable part of my character, *that no Athenian through my means ever put on mourning*." One whose intellect had become weak could not have reasoned in this manner, or evinced such excellent sense, or so clear a judgment. Never had even Pericles spoken more like a true philosopher. It was not his brilliant exploits he wished to hear extolled, or those deeds of his that were most likely to render his name immortal; but his skill and foresight as a statesman, and the solicitude which he always felt for the welfare of the Athenian people. In other words, he wished to be spoken of as a good, rather than as a great man. But we have, if possible, still stronger evidence of his perfect sanity during the last years of his life, in the almost universal admission, even of his enemies, that his death at that crisis was an irreparable loss to Athens. "The state of public affairs soon showed the want of Pericles," says Plutarch, "and the Athenians openly expressed their regret for his loss. Even those who in his lifetime could but ill brook his superior power, as thinking themselves eclipsed by it, yet, upon a trial of other orators and demagogues, after he was gone,

soon acknowledged that where severity was required, no man was ever more moderate; or if mildness was necessary, no man kept up his dignity better than Pericles. And his so much envied authority, to which they had given the name of monarchy and tyranny, then appeared to have been the bulwark of the state—so much corruption and such a rage of wickedness broke out upon the commonwealth after his death, which he, by proper restraints, had palliated and kept from dangerous and destructive extremes.”*

This is the testimony of all the great men who were contemporaries of Pericles—that is, of the greatest thinkers and reasoners that have ever lived; whereas none worthy of credence prefer any serious charge against him. We have already alluded to certain accusations made against him at different times by those who were jealous of his power and anxious to obtain it for themselves; we have also seen that any of them that were capable of being investigated were found to be erroneous and set aside as such. Thus foiled in various efforts, his enemies had but one means left to injure his character; they could only pretend that he led a vicious life, and that so far as he could he made the most beautiful of the wives and daughters of the Athenians as vicious as himself. Had he been what they represented him, they would not have attempted to libel him in this base manner; but they knew that he never had any one prosecuted or deprived of his liberty for anything however false or slanderous he might say of himself. This was one of the reasons why he was able to congratulate himself as he did at the close of a long life, that he had never caused an Athenian to put on mourning.

We will now see what was the nature of the slanders alluded to—not because we believe they have any reasonable foundation, but in order to show how much philosophy, fortitude, and forbearance it required to allow their authors to escape unpunished. “*La debauché des femmes,*” says Bayle, “*fut l’un des vices qu’on lui reprocha plus.*” Not content with vilifying him in private, the lower grade of poets represented the female members of his family on the stage as guilty of the grossest excesses, making himself, however, more licentious and more shameless than all. That he had some intrigues with women, and did not confine his amours within the bounds prescribed by the Athen-

* Plutarch in Vita.

ian laws, cannot be denied. It may be added that conduct like his in this respect would be severely censured at the present day; but what he was known to have really done was exaggerated beyond all reasonable bounds; or rather, it was made the pretext of accusing him with every species of depravity which lust in its worst form could suggest.

His first wife was a relative of his own. She had previously been married to Hipponicus, by whom she had one son. We are informed that Pericles had two sons by her; that he then became disgusted with her and gave her to another man; and that she was quite as willing for the change as he. Soon after he became attached to Aspasia, one of the most beautiful and most accomplished women of her time, but whose reputation, whether justly or unjustly, has been much sullied. In short, her character has come down to us as that of a courtesan; although Plutarch and others tell us that Socrates was in the habit of visiting her regularly and taking his friends with him in order to discuss questions in rhetoric and politics with her. The real motive of the philosopher in visiting her might be doubted, however, were it not that some of the first citizens of Athens visited her in company with their wives, in order that the latter might profit by the charms of her conversation.

This would show that whatever indiscretions she may have been guilty of, she was by no means a degraded woman; at least that she was not regarded as such. Speaking of Pericles' first wife, Plutarch says: "She was married to another, and he took Aspasia, for whom he had the tenderest regard; inso-much that he never went out upon business or returned without saluting her." Now, does it follow that because he was thus attached to Aspasia, whether it be true that he was married to her or not, he must have been a libertine who used all his influence to debauch the wives and daughters of the Athenians? Still less logical is it to suppose that it was to gratify her whims he declared war against the Samians, Megarians, and others, and thus gave rise to the Peloponnesian war. Yet his enemies made both charges against him, and several others on no better grounds. Even his friendship for great artists was made a basis of accusation against him, as, for example, in the case of Phidias, the most renowned sculptor of all antiquity, who was said to invite the Athenian ladies to see his sculptures, only in order that they might gratify the lust of Pericles. Pyrilampes, another friend, was said to keep a large collection of curious and beautiful birds,

for no other purpose than to make presents of them to such women as granted favors to Pericles. Lest all this might not seem sufficiently odious, particular cases of seduction were alleged against him ; and finally, his detractors proceeded so far in their villany as to accuse him of having debauched his son's wife. In recording this fact, Plutarch remarks, with his usual candor and love of justice : " But what wonder is it, if men of a satirical turn daily sacrificed the characters of the great to that malevolent demon, the envy of the multitude, when Stesembrotus of Thasos has dared to lodge against Pericles that horrid and groundless accusation of corrupting his son's wife ?"

We need only notice one charge more of this kind, that respecting Elpinice, the sister of Cimon, whom he is accused of having corrupted while she was trying to gain his sympathy in favor of her brother, when it was generally believed that he would be sentenced to death. What the lady had said to him on his return from the conquest of the Samians, while other ladies were enthusiastic in their praise of his bravery and generalship, and the reply which he is said to have made to her, would be almost sufficient, without any further evidence, to show that there was no truth in the allegation. The version of Plutarch is that " Elpinice before this had softened the resentment of Pericles against Cimon, and procured her brother a milder sentence than that of death. Pericles was one of those appointed by the people to manage the impeachment ; and when Elpinice addressed him as a suppliant, he smiled and said, ' You are old, Elpinice ; much too old to solicit in so weighty an affair.' However," adds the historian, " he rose up but once to speak, barely to acquit himself of his trust, and did not bear so hard upon Cimon as the rest of his accusers." But as we have said, the chief, if not the only foundation for all these charges is his admitted intimacy with Aspasia. Now, if she had been the infamous woman she is represented by his enemies, is it likely that the Athenians would have bestowed on her son the rights of citizenship, and allowed him to assume the name of Pericles, and inherit his estate ?

It is still more unlikely that Pericles himself would have taken the pains he did to save her when she was prosecuted for impiety, had her character been such as it has been represented by her enemies ; for Æschinas tells us that he not only defended her before her accusers with all the power of his wonderful eloquence, but that he shed many tears in im-

ploring mercy for her, begging those who thirsted for her blood to remember that whatever might be said of her conduct in early life, when even the wisest of men are thoughtless, he had ever found her faithful and devoted to him. He succeeded in saving her; but he did not expect the same indulgence for Anaxagoras, who was accused of the same crime—that of speaking disrespectfully of the popular religion, and “introducing new opinions about celestial appearances.” He therefore caused his old friend to leave the city, accompanying him a part of the way, giving him all the money he required, and bidding him an affectionate adieu. If we must assume that Aspasia was a bad woman because she was accused in this manner by the Athenians, must we not also assume that Anaxagoras was a bad man? Nay, we must pass a similar judgment on Phidias, for he, too, was prosecuted, and died in prison for no other crime than that he was patronized by Pericles, and was a believer in his philosophy. But we have more satisfactory evidence than even this in her favor, namely, the language of respect and esteem in which the greatest philosophers and severest moralists of the day speak of her son. A passage from Xenophon will sufficiently illustrate this. The following extract will give an idea of the opinions entertained of both father and son by those best qualified to estimate their worth:

Conversing, on one occasion, with Pericles, the son of the great Pericles, Socrates said, “I have hopes, Pericles, that under your leadership the city will become more eminent and famous in military affairs, and will get the better of her enemies.” “I wish, Socrates,” said Pericles, “that what you say may happen; but how such effects are to be produced, I cannot understand.” “Are you willing, then,” asked Socrates, “that we should have some conversation on these points, and consider how far there is a possibility of effecting what we desire?” “I am quite willing,” replied Pericles. “Are you aware, then,” said Socrates, “that the Athenians are not at all inferior in number to the Boeotians?” “I am,” said Pericles. “And whether do you think that a greater number of efficient and well-formed men could be selected from the Boeotians, or from the Athenians?” “The Athenians do not appear to me to be inferior in this respect.” “And which of the people do you consider to be more united among themselves?” “I think that the Athenians are; for many of the Boeotians, being oppressed by the Thebans, entertain hostile feelings towards them. But at Athens I see nothing of the kind.” “But the Athenians are, moreover, of all people, most eager for honor, and most friendly in disposition; qualities which most effectually impel men to face danger in the cause of glory, and of their country.” “The Athenians are certainly not to be found fault with in these respects.” “And assuredly there is no people that can boast of greater or more numerous exploits of their ancestors than the Athenians; a circumstance by which many are prompted and stimulated to cultivate manly

courage, and to become brave." "All that you say is true, Socrates, but you see that since the slaughter of the thousand occurred at Lebedeia, under Tolmides, and that at Delium, under Hippocrates, the reputation of the Athenians has suffered as far as regards the Bœotians, and the spirit of the Bœotians has been raised as far as regards the Athenians, so that the Bœotians, indeed, who formerly did not dare, even on their own soil, to meet the Athenians in the field, without the aid of the Spartans and other Peloponnesians, now threaten to invade Attica single-handed; while the Athenians, who formerly, when the Bœotians were unsupported, ravaged Bœotia, are afraid lest the Bœotians should lay waste Attica." "I perceive, indeed," said Socrates, "that such is the case; but the city seems to me now to be more favorably disposed for any good general; for confidence produces in men carelessness, indolence, and disobedience, but fear renders them more attentive, obedient, and orderly. You may form a notion of this from people in a ship; for as long as they fear nothing they are all in disorder, but as soon as they begin to dread a storm, or the approach of an enemy, they not only do everything that they are told to do, but are hushed in silence, waiting for the directions to be given, like a band of dancers." "Well, then," said Pericles, "if they would now, assuredly, obey, it would be time for us to discuss how we might incite them to struggle to regain their ancient spirit, glory, and happiness." "If, then," said Socrates, "we wished them to claim property of which others were in possession, we should most effectively urge them to lay claim to it if we proved that it belonged to their fathers, and was their rightful inheritance; and since we wish that they should strive for pre-eminence in valor, we must show them that such pre-eminence was indisputably theirs of old; and that if they now exert themselves to recover it, they will be the most powerful of all people." "How, then, can we convince them of this?" "I think that we may do so if we remind them that they have heard that their most ancient forefathers, of whom we have any knowledge, were the bravest of men."*

It seems to us that no one capable of forming an unprejudiced opinion can examine all the facts bearing on the subject which have any claim to be regarded as testimony, and come to the conclusion that Pericles was more vicious or licentious than most prominent men of his time—nay, most public men of the present day. But even those who accept the statements of his enemies, and regard him as a libertine who had no respect for female virtue, must admit that if he was guilty of this, no other misconduct can fairly be laid to his charge. By the universal voice of historians, biographers, and critics, he stands wholly exculpated from any other accusation that has ever been made against him. His character as a statesman and ruler is wholly unsullied by the slightest blemish; it is a model worthy of imitation for all future ages. The one who has made the nearest approach to him in modern times in the most prominent features of his character as a public man, is Lorenzo de Medici,

* *Memorabilia* of Socrates, Book III., Chap. V.

who, however, was vastly inferior to him in knowledge, in intellect, and in statesmanlike grasp of mind, not to mention eloquence; while the only modern chief who has equalled him in integrity and genuine patriotism, without the least alloy of ambition or selfishness, is our own great Washington.

ART. II.—1. *History of Civilization in Europe.* By M. GUIZOT. London.

2. *History of Civilization in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. New York.

3. *The Man of the North and the Man of the South.* By CHARLES VICTOR DE BONSTILLEN. New York.

THE range of our knowledge of the physical sciences is wide, and is continually becoming wider. There is nothing in nature but has engaged the earnest attention of the human mind. The telescope has been directed to the distant heavens, and the microscope to the minutest atom; compounds have been analyzed, and the qualities of simples ascertained and described; the mechanical structure of the universe, and the chemical composition of the elements, have been carefully studied and lucidly explained; and the periodical recurrence of phenomena calculated with unerring certainty; yet with all the array of knowledge of physics before him, man remains a comparative stranger to himself, his being presenting an obstacle which meets him at the threshold of investigation; a problem the elements of which he has not yet ascertained.

Nor is this surprising. Physical phenomena return with a regularity which is not slow to suggest that they are the result of immutable laws, and this conceded, the work of investigation into their nature commences. But what of regularity is perceptible in the phenomena of mind? Are the passions—those volumes of apparent inconsistencies and irreconcilable contradictions—subject to external control? Do the impulses which impel one to love to-day and hate the same object to-morrow, which converts the devoted friend into the stealthy assassin, which drives man into a labyrinth of extremes of every conceivable nature—do they owe allegiance to a controlling energy which shapes and directs them? Or is mind an independent fountain of

power and action, and subject to no rules, obedient to no control, modified by no influences, save such as are inherent in itself?

If mind is governed by laws, and subject to influences, it is not wonderful that these have to this day remained measurably a mystery. The phenomena presented were too varied, and too irregularly developed, to admit a solution with that readiness which attends problems relating to the physical universe. Preparatory to reaching even the simplest truths, varied data were required; and even at this time, these are meagre indeed. Nor was mathematical accuracy attainable under any circumstances; but men were compelled at every step of their progress to rest satisfied with approximate conclusions and rational presumptions, which might all be overthrown by some new and unexpected facts.

The laws of the solar system were not discovered in a day, nor a generation; but astronomy had attracted the attention, and engaged the minds, of thinkers, at least four thousand years before Newton explained the principles of gravitation, and demonstrated that it was the force which drew all things to a common centre, thereby retaining the planets in their course, and giving a nearly circular form to their orbits; and more time will be required to explain the forces which give direction to society, and impel it forward; which have already raised the human race far above its infancy of barbarism, and pushed it well on the road towards a legitimate civilization.

But it must not be supposed from what we have said, that the problem of humanity was neglected by the ancients. It was natural for man, with his aspirations, with the certainty of death before him, and his longing for immortality, to enquire into the destiny that awaited him. The Egyptian priests, the Persian Magi, the Indian Brahmins, asked, like the Hebrew prophet, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" True, many of their theories of mind and immortality were imperfect, and some would create a smile on the face of the modern philosopher; but they give evidence of a careful study of the whole subject, and a thorough digestion of all the facts then known, which show that they were not the capricious imaginings of unbalanced intellects, but constituted, on the other hand, a system of philosophy so intricate and so carefully arranged, and withal containing so

many truths, that they must, as a whole, forever command respect, while those who framed them will receive the consideration to which their great learning entitled them. They were the master minds of their day, the great contributors to the civilization of their age.

The civilizing forces are manifestly four: the physical, the intellectual, the religious, and the moral. All changes in the condition of society are wrought by one of these; and it is the province of the student of mankind to investigate the relative power of each, and the manner in which each operates upon the other. The subject will admit of no positive conclusions. Mind is self-acting, as far as it knows how to control the laws of nature; it is subject to physical influences, in proportion as it is ignorant of these laws, and of the manner in which they are susceptible of control.

Mind is a power within itself; matter is inert and passive, and must be acted upon. To act thus is within the power of mind; but to accomplish anything, the laws of matter itself must be carefully observed. The will cannot check the surge upon the beach; but through the laws of mechanics, those same waves can be met, and rolled back, by piers and walls; and geological discovery proves this through the application of the laws of matter. The Divine Mind checked and placed bounds to the waves, when he said, "Thus far, &c." The strongest will could not give motion to an atom by arbitrary determination; but apply the forces which govern matter, and mountains can be removed.

The Divine Mind does nothing arbitrarily; and the universe is controlled and governed because that great Central Intellect has perfect command of those laws, in all their operations alike in the greatest and minutest particulars; by the chemical and mechanical forces the substance which constitutes our globe was consolidated and arranged; by gravitation and centripetal power, the planets perform their evolutions; and the wider our acquaintance with science, the more numerous are the evidences which accumulate to prove this fact; to prove that the Creator accomplishes his work only by the application of the laws of matter. Certainly, man can effect nothing by any other means.

Accepting this to be true, then the sum of any particular civilization is the result of: 1st, the action of nature upon mind; and 2d, of the action of mind upon nature. Every region will produce a civilization suitable to its climate, soil,

productions, location, scenery, etc., just as it produces certain habits in the lower animals which roam about it; and if there were no intellectual forces, if man were not capable of studying the phenomena of nature, discovering its laws, and by his knowledge availing himself of them to react upon the physical forces, we should find him with habits as fixed as those of the brute.

The physical causes which operate are few; but they are fixed, and when not counterpoised by the mental, exercise an absolute control; and consequently their effects can be read with almost mathematical accuracy, by studying the habits of tribes possessing an indigenous civilization; tribes which migrated to a particular place before they had made any material advances in knowledge. On the other hand, as we survey the complicated social and political systems of the world; as we observe the vast improvements in every branch of industry; as we listen to the steam-whistle, observe the waterfall turned into a motive power, and peruse the messages conveyed by the magnetic telegraph—we read the triumphs of mind, and discover some of the things it is capable of accomplishing, if it but understand the laws of nature, and avails itself of its knowledge. By his improvements, man is enabled to counteract and modify the physical forces; by the felling of forests, the draining of lakes, the construction of dykes and levees, the climate of whole regions has been modified materially; through a knowledge of the chemical properties of certain articles, soils have been entirely changed, and a revolution wrought in the character of production; and as the science of agricultural chemistry is yet in its infancy, changes will take place greater than any that have yet occurred; by the construction of artificial harbors, or the improvement of natural ones possessing few advantages, the industrial pursuits of a whole community may be thoroughly revolutionized; and to be more general, with the application of every new discovery comes a change in the current civilization—that change always according in magnitude to the importance of the discovery itself.

Man at his creation was evidently in the lowest conceivable condition, so far as intellectual acquirements were concerned; therefore the physical forces operated, with almost unmodified sway, in controlling his destinies; and in each particular locality, a civilization, adapted to itself, grew up; and peculiar characteristics, through long and constant operations of certain forces, were stamped upon the different na-

tionalities; stamped so indelibly upon some, that races disappear with any revolution in their surroundings, a phenomenon which possesses its best illustration in the aborigines of America, who found as deadly an enemy in the missionary who would civilize, as in the warrior who would slay him.

In discussing the subject of civilization, it becomes necessary to analyze each of the four forces: the effect of physical surroundings, the tendency of religious teachings, the strength of moral precepts, and the power of the intellect; for the sum of all civilization is but the product of these forces acting upon man and upon one another; and the character of society is an index of the relative strength of each as an impelling power in their operations upon any particular race or nationality.

The powers of nature are chiefly confined to these: climate, soil, production, scenery, and locality; and these naturally involve numerous permutations, each of which is productive of different results, and gives rise to a different civilization. Each element has certain absolute tendencies, but they never act singly; and these tendencies are the same, whether operating upon a savage or a cultivated man; but the effect upon the latter is comparatively trifling, because the force is met by another, the intellectual, which wards it off if deleterious, or adds to its strength if advantageous; while the former is little else than an automaton, moving as he is moved.

One of the first and most prominent effects of a torrid climate is almost universal enervation. No race in its infancy ever withstood its influence; and it is very difficult to conceive of a civilization so perfect as to counteract them, though we will not assert that such a one is impossible. There is no man, residing in a climate where there is even a brief torrid term, but has experienced the enervating influences of heat, notwithstanding that he may be braced up by months of cold and other months of delightful temperature. The influence, in this respect, is so universal, that it can be seen in its operation upon the individual, as well as on the nation or the race.

The consequences which naturally follow would not be difficult to decipher, even if we had no example, no record of past events. Feeling a natural disinclination to any species of exertion, the inhabitants of the tropics would do nothing save that which was demanded by their immediate

necessities. They would procure subsistence, and were compelled to put forth the necessary energies to procure it; but of clothing they needed little, and hence, when the food for the day was collected, they reposed beneath the palm-tree's shade, until again driven forth to seek their scanty meal. Except to shelter them from the torrents that fall in profusion during half the year, houses were not demanded; they sought coolness, not warmth; desired protection from the rays of the sun, and not against the blasts of winter; and no structures which art could rear could furnish this so perfectly as the dense tree-tops of the tropical forest.

In his primitive state, then, the amount of exertion required to procure food was the measure of that put forth by the inhabitants of the torrid climate; and as seasons did not materially change, as nature spread forth its bounty equally each day, there was no necessity for the exercise of foresight in laying up stores, and none ever characterized his career. He lived for the day, and thought not of the morrow, well knowing that it had its bounties, for which he had but to stretch forth his hand to be satisfied.

It is easy to understand how this indolence would contribute to build up, at a very early day, a society of men wedded to a particular locality, a people adverse to migration, wherever the soil was sufficiently productive to furnish all that the appetite required. In cold latitudes, the human constitution demands meat, to supply caloric to the system; and without it, in extreme northern regions, a race would soon become extinct. The fat of the whale, the seal, and the walrus, which, if taken into the stomach of the Hindoo, would create nausea, and produce death if used long as a dietetic, is essential to the very life of the Esquimaux; a single winter, with no other food than the rice and fruits upon which the inhabitants of South Asia subsist, would suffice to render the North Greenlanders extinct. The only province of food in torrid regions, is to supply fibre; this the vegetable kingdom does most bountifully; while it generates but a small amount of caloric. For that the man of the south needs only the climate—in that he finds a superabundance. Men only crave animal food when their constitutions require it; hence the inhabitant of the tropics consumes his meal of rice and fruit, and is satisfied. Nor is the quantity demanded large. Four causes operate to render him content with but a small portion of the sustenance necessary to the health of the northern man. The first is, that

already referred to; his food is necessary to perform but a single function—supply fibre; while in the north it must also form a reservoir for caloric, and hence a less quantity is demanded in one case than in the other. There are, perhaps, few, even on the borders of the northern lakes, but have noticed a decline in their appetites during the summer months; and also, that food which in winter is perfectly healthy, gives rise to bilious effects in July and August. The second cause, operating to diminish the quantity of nourishment required, is the prevailing idleness. The man of the tropic is indolent, and takes little exercise; the exhaustion which labor produces, he never experiences; the fibre supplied by his food, does not require reproduction so rapidly as in the north, where every man is a laborer; and the result is, the appetite is not ravenous, and the stomach is satisfied with a trifle of vegetable diet.

The tropical regions are divided into two classes: rich, loamy lands, and sandy or mountainous deserts. There is little surface that is not included in one of these categories—little that is a medium between them. There is either a prolific growth of vegetation, or universal destitution. Nature either bountifully supplies all, while man reposes, or it denies even to the hand of industry its legitimate reward.

With a natural distaste for any species of exertion, the primitive inhabitant of the sultry regions, bordering on water-courses, where nature is bountiful, is not long in acquiring a few fixed habits, and he soon locates in a particular spot, and is averse to roaming abroad. The region around him supplies all that his nature demands, and he has not yet learned the luxury of intellectual food. He is satisfied, and why roam at large? He cannot find a soil more prolific; therefore he throws around him a few simple comforts, and remains where his ancestors lived before him. It was in these climates; it was on the water-courses of India, Western Asia, and Northern Africa, that the earliest traces of civilization were found; and it was from these that the germ sprang which led to the regeneration of Northern and Western Europe.

It is a law of population, that it increases most rapidly where production is most abundant; and we may naturally conclude that not many centuries intervened, after the fertile regions of Southern Asia and the valley of the Nile received their first colonists, before the population became dense, and new migrations were a necessity; for none would take place

till the supply of food was exhausted, and inadequate to the sustenance of the people. This exhaustion of the capacity of the soil in its natural state, was productive of two results—migrations, and the application of art to stimulate the growth of food. It is highly probable that the former alternative was accepted first; as the exertion required was less than that demanded by agriculture in its most primitive state. Besides, many of the migrations were very gradual, until a whole region was occupied as far as its mountain or desert boundaries; and it was only then that the sacrifices demanded of the surplus population, who were compelled to migrate, were indeed great, and sometimes perilous. But even then, it is probable, long journeys across wide sandy plains were undertaken, before yet the plough penetrated the soil; for a superabundance of population naturally led to contention and war; and as long as the weaker party could find new homes, they preferred flight to servitude.

It was only when the boundaries of indigenous production had been reached on all sides, that the hand of man was applied to the stimulation of production. Nor would any willingly labor for himself; but, when contentions ensued, the vanquished, having no asylum, as his ancestors had, in other luxuriant valleys, naturally either fled to the desert or the mountain, or submitted to a life of servitude, and became the first tiller of the soil.

He who took up his abode on the sandy plain, as did the Arab, was compelled to strain every nerve to procure food. His wild, wandering life, beneath an enervating sun, was imperiously demanded. Let him reach a spot where a caravan is encamped beneath the shady trees of some fertile oasis, and beside a spring of cooling water, and he will consume the last morsel of the plunder he captures before he again sets forth in his wanderings, showing that he, too, were he on the banks of the Nile, would be as indolent as the Egyptian who now dwells there.

The primitive man does not generalize on the abstract question of freedom; he desires to be himself unrestrained, but cares not for the fate of others. Under such circumstances, the strong and the intellectual naturally enslaved the weak; and this process, once commenced, always leads to a continued diminution of the number of masters and the increase of the number of serfs. Property accumulates in the hands of those who wield the greatest amount of capital; small farms, even where men are well disposed to labor, are

speedily swallowed up in large ones; and the late freeholders are either compelled to retire elsewhere, or become paupers or slaves. Hence it was that all the early civilizations ripened into untempered despotisms.

Against the theory that the people of tropical latitudes are indisposed to exertion, it has been frequently urged that in the heated regions of Asia and Africa are indisputable records of an industry scarcely equalled anywhere; we are pointed to the pyramids of Egypt, and the colossal remains of India, Assyria, and Persia, and many regard these citations as conclusive arguments. But not so. The power of the monarch rendered him the absolute master of his subjects, and these were dragged to the public works, as they were dragged into the army. All the labor performed was compulsory; and such was the intellectual enervation, that the mass preferred to toil beneath the rod, rather than put forth the exertion and vigilance necessary to be free and to retain freedom, even though they had understood anything of the abstract question of liberty. Synonymous cases are seen daily among ourselves in this age and country. Thousands of men who could, by putting forth even moderate exertions, amass a competence, which would enable them to assume an independence, prefer always to labor, however distasteful toil may be, just enough to procure themselves the absolute necessities of life, and remain dependents during manhood, and die paupers. In tropical climates, this nerveless class embraces well-nigh the entire population; and thus the way is open for exceptions to render themselves masters and their countrymen slaves.

But to establish society on the basis which we find were those of South Asia four or five thousand years since, required a long period of time. It was not till a sparse population of fugitives had been spread abroad throughout the greater portion of the world, yet sufficiently strong to meet and drive back other fugitives, that civilization began to assume a definite form in the torrid localities of Asia and Africa.

Having migrated at a period when the people of their native regions were yet barbarous, the inhabitants of the northern sections of Asia and Europe transferred to their new abodes few of the elements of civilization; and the country being unfitted to its indigenous growth, the people continued in their primitive state, while the demands of nature were so imperious that they were compelled to be continually on the alert to provide for future contingencies,

and they necessarily became wanderers, migrating continually to new and fresh hunting-grounds, or new pastoral lands.

Wherever nature supplies an abundance from day to day, man does not take the trouble to provide for more than the passing hour. This characteristic is plainly exhibited in Southern Europe at this time. The Italian or the Spaniard has nothing in his house at evening to supply his coming morning's meal. This is true, as the traveller well knows, even in the largest hotels of Naples and Cadiz; and anything which intervenes to shut off the diurnal bounty of nature is the signal for a general fast, and perhaps a general famine.

Tropical heat having the effect, at all times, to produce laxity and aversion to exertion, no man, as has been previously remarked, ever labors, either mentally or physically, more than is necessary to meet absolute present wants. Therefore, the inhabitants of heated climates are seldom reasoners—they only occasionally think. On the other hand, everything around them is well calculated to stimulate the imagination. The scenery is gorgeous, the flora is on the grandest scale; their own blood is always heated, and hence they are given to continued outbursts of passion; they are poets by nature, and their language, the outgrowth of their character, is replete with superlatives, and they illustrate only by figures of speech—they are captivated solely by grand displays. The architecture of all the higher civilizations, in a torrid climate, is on a towering scale; their religion consists not in sermons upon abstract theology or practical morals, but in processions, colossal churches, mosques, and pagodas.

An acute observer and learned traveller, in speaking of eastern exaggeration and sublimity, said, that one naturally became a poet on learning Arabic; and the same remark will apply to all of the refined tropical languages. Words are employed to express ideas, and as language is the creation of a principle, it naturally assumes a character best calculated to meet their demands. In heated latitudes, all nature is a volume of poetry, and inspires in the observer ideas of grandeur which are strange to the stolid reasoner of the north, and as were the impressions received, so was the growth of the language through which ideas were expressed.

But the very circumstances which rendered the civilization of the tropics the first, also made it the most imperfect of all, and prevented it from assuming that progressive type which is characteristic of that of the North. It is the work of outer impressions almost exclusively.

These being physical, were naturally limited and unchanging, and whenever society reached a certain point, it necessarily became stationary. The imagination is flighty, but only the reason possesses solid resources; it alone builds up a structure which is progressive and enduring; the civilization which is the result of thought, is the only one that possesses a secure basis.

Every individual member constitutes an element of society; and as the civilization of a people is merely the measure of the aggregate intelligence, so whenever knowledge is denied the masses, society must become stationary. There may be a few learned men, but they are dragged down by the ignorant populace, as by a mill-stone; and where an unmitigated despotism prevails, the oppressed have reached their maximum of intelligence the moment the yoke has become firmly fastened and all progress ceases; and this is true, whether the servants be of the same race with, or a different one from their masters. Society in the tropics grew until civilization was adapted to the climate, the soil, and the production, and in that condition it has since remained. On the Ganges habitations were fixed, and cities constructed; while on the desert plains every man was a robber and a wanderer.

When, afterwards, an increase in population demanded a migration of the more civilized Asiatics, the arts which lead to fixed habits were transferred to southern, but semi-tropical Europe; and after a few centuries, were again carried to the Rhine, the North Sea, and the Scottish Highlands by the Romans, and to Novgorod by the Greeks. Before this era, the wandering Celts of the various branches of that widespread family, the trans-Rhinic Germans, and the Slaves, who lived beyond the Elba, retained their savage natures; were as little removed from a primitive condition, as were their fathers who first abandoned the valleys and plains of Northern Hindoostan, where, it is generally conceded, they had their origin. Their soil and climate were not calculated to produce an indigenous civilization, but adapted in a high degree to the growth of an imported one.

The reason for this is obvious. A portion of the year, varying from one to two-thirds, produced nothing; the summer, even, did not provide for itself spontaneously; therefore, having no knowledge of agriculture, the inhabitants became wanderers, driving their herds from place to place, or seeking out new hunting-grounds. The climate incited to action; and as the only occupation of the people was

pasturage, war, and the chase, they had no fixed habitations. Men acquire everything by degrees. When an obstacle presents itself, if it is but trifling, the mind sets about to overcome it; and having done so, it is not daunted by one a shade greater. But let the first be such as only the higher order of civilization can overcome, and the savage mind never permits himself to encounter it. In the tropics, where agriculture was needed, the most simple labor would be productive of results; but in Britain, Germany, Poland, and the north of France, a comparatively high order of agricultural knowledge was demanded before any return could be realized by the laborer; and as a consequence, indigenous civilization was next to impossible. The step from the hunter to the agriculturist was too long to be taken, unless instruction came from abroad.

Population, too, which usually keeps pace with production, did not increase rapidly; it might, possibly, in time, have forced a civilization; but centuries must have intervened before the inhabitants would have made any very material progress towards a stable society.

But that which rendered the people incapable of making rapid advances in the direction of civilization, without some extraneous influences, was highly favorable to its growth when once the seed was planted. The long winters had rendered provision for the future necessary to the very existence of man. The heat had not unnerved him as it had the Arab of the desert; and instead of action being distasteful, aversion to it was a subject of scorn. The activity was not only physical, but likewise necessarily mental, though the imaginations were not excited, and the passions were cooled. While the southern man surrounded himself with a seraglio, and indulged in all the luxuries supplied by bounteous nature, and found only happiness in the gratification of his appetites and propensities, the mind of the man of the north was occupied with providing for the long winter which confronted him. He could have made no provision for a score of wives, and being mental, rather than animal, he naturally reasoned that, as the sexes were nearly equal in number, polygamy and *cicisbeism* were contrary to nature; and whether or not positively prohibited by law from doing so, the inhabitant of the temperate zones seldom practised them. Female virtue, too, which is almost unknown in the tropics, was respected; and one who was unchaste, was infamous.

The people of temperate climates, then, being athletic,

active, cool, virtuous, and mental, were eminently prepared to advance to a higher and far more perfect civilization than that of those who had been impelled to abandon a savage life by physical influences merely, and whose only intellectual efforts were those spontaneous outbursts of imagination which may produce the gigantic and the grand, but which seldom achieve much that is practical and useful. Were the entire population of the globe swept away, and a new race substituted, its antiquaries, in searching among the works which would survive their constructors, would find in Europe and America remains of railroads, docks, and factories; in Egypt, the pyramids; and in Asia grand temples and gigantic pillars.

The savage of the temperate latitudes, then, possessed all the inherent forces necessary for rapid progress; his mind was already active, and only needed direction; and that came from mingling with the Romans and Greeks, both as vanquished and victors. As soon as the man of the north had assumed the habits of civilized life, and possessed fixed habitations, his active mind impelled him to study the means of improving his condition. That which made him, as a wandering marauder, the terror of the man of the south, now rendered him the energetic tiller of the soil, or the adventurous mariner. He had once been the conqueror of man; he now became the subduer of nature, and his conquests are shown in every branch of industry, and have been carried to every portion of the habitable globe.

The active man is self-reliant; therefore each individual member of society struggled with every other for precedence. No man, consequently, would yield his liberty without a powerful necessity; and then would yield only so far as was imperatively demanded, and would struggle to regain what he had lost, the moment it was possible to do so.

The feudal system grew up in Europe from the unsettled state of society, but it passed away with a removal of the causes which produced it; and the agitation in behalf of liberty is continuous, and will only close when man is permitted to enjoy all the rights to which he is entitled by the gift of his Creator. These revolutions are the work of centuries; but the tendency of the physical forces is always visible, though their operations may be aided or retarded by the mental forces.

Nor was this all which favored the development of an intellectual civilization. There was little in northern scenery

to inspire awe, and comparatively little in the phenomena of nature to create terror. Men usually ascribe everything out of the usual routine, to the immediate and direct intervention of Providence; if advantageous, to its beneficence; if otherwise, to its anger. There is scarcely a year, or even a month, but the tropics are visited by calamities, by tornadoes, floods, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, &c., while in temperate latitudes these are almost unknown. The seasons pass merging almost imperceptibly each into the succeeding; and, whether the laws are understood or not, man surrounded by such routine naturally forms a conception of the attributes of Deity, entirely different from that of the inhabitant of the tropics.

It is impossible for a mind that has made any advances in knowledge to witness long the continued recurrence of a certain class of events, without attributing their regularity to fixed laws, and his attention is immediately directed to their nature, and the manner of their operation. Some of the sciences, it is true, flourished early in the nations of tropical Asia; but they were few, and the investigations were confined to those phenomena which were of a regular character. When Alexander the Great entered Babylon, he found astronomical calculations dating back as far as 1903 years before Christ; but they only referred to the movements of the heavenly bodies, which are readily perceived to be periodical, and which early attracted the attention of the shepherds, on the plains, while watching their flocks; comets, meteors, and the like, were looked upon as exceptions—as occasional ebullitions of Divine anger.

When once it is established that one thing is the result of fixed laws, the mind naturally enquires if other phenomena, not so entirely regular, are not also governed by similar principles, and not the result of caprice; and thus, from one point to another, men are led to reason, until they cannot other than conclude, that while Mind is the governing power of the universe, it never operates save through fixed and immutable laws.

Thus it was that the man of the north was the first to carry investigations into every department of nature; to reject the idea that storms and floods, and volcanoes and earthquakes, were evidences of Divine wrath; but to ascribe them to certain causes, or to a combination of causes, that ever must produce like results. His mind was not continually terrified by the presence of these convulsions of nature, and he viewed

them, as a disinterested party views the quarrels of nations, from a philosophical stand-point.

Another circumstance which is calculated to cherish the growth of an intellectual civilization in the north, whenever fixed habits have been attained by a people, is the fact that all the labor for the year, among agriculturalists, must be performed within the period of a few months; and hence the ingenuity is taxed to the utmost to provide for the long and dreary winters. This is productive of perpetual activity during the summer months, when the heat might incline one to relax his exertions; while the inclemency of the frigid season will not permit him, during that period, to become effeminate, though he can perform no physical labor in the open air. Boreal breezes are too inspiring to tolerate indolence; and half the year the man of the north is solely given over to his family, and to his thoughts; and while his attachments to those around him are less intense than those of the passionate man of the tropics, they are more enduring, because regulated by reason and a sense of duty. He corrects his child in his calmer moments, and for its benefit; while the southerner beats his when in a passion, until the sufferer is exhausted, and then repents, and as a recompense, allows it a license which is at once destructive of all the respect which is due the parent.

The southern man, controlled by his imagination and stimulated passions, loves, hates, and acts without reason; the northern man, cold as the atmosphere he breathes, is ever moderate, and can smother his resentment. The stiletto is an instrument peculiar to heated climates; assassinations for revenge are rare in the north; in the south they are a delightful pastime.

All schemes for the gradual amelioration of society are of northern origin. The southern man can, it is true, be so oppressed as to be aroused to resistance; but, as in all things else, his movements are without system; he acts with a terrible energy, and visits a fearful retribution upon his oppressors. The dagger, the guillotine, and the rack are his weapons; the innocent and the guilty are alike his victims; but possessing no self-control, when his resentment has been sated he sits down again, the worshipper and the instrument of a tyrant as cruel as the one overthrown. Revolutions in the south are more frequent than in the north; but they result in the end only in a change of masters, while in the north every convulsion benefits democracy and liberty.

The long winters of the north are the parents of its mechanics, its inventors, its artists, its literati, and its philosophers. With time in abundance to devote to thought, with a mind energized by the cold winds, with the activity inspired by the demands made upon the ingenuity during the summer in order that complete protection against the effects of winter might be secured, and with no opportunity to consume the time in frivolous out-door amusements, each intellect was engaged in active labor. The mass of men devoted their attention to devising plans for their material comforts, which they put in execution in the summer months, and thus gave rise to material prosperity; while not a few directed their minds to the cultivation of literature, art, science, and philosophy; and thus an intellectual civilization was developed, of a character entirely different from that which resulted in the south, from almost purely physical agencies; and which is, we believe, destined to be permanent, and to yet regenerate and intellectualize society within the tropics. If the development of mind is sufficiently great to enable it to control the forces of nature, by counteracting the deleterious, and stimulating the beneficial forces, then we may yet expect the regeneration of the countries which were seats of ancient civilization, and may confidently look to such a reorganization of the social system of the people, as will give them, if not their former splendor, far more than their former usefulness and solidity.

But climate and soil are not the only physical influences which aid in shaping a primitive civilization, and, of course, giving direction to the expanding intellect. The destinies of a people are often decided by locality; and between two families of the same race there exists a wide diversity, as early as the second and third generations, after a dispersion, if their new homes invite different modes of life.

To almost every pursuit there are certain peculiarities attaching themselves. Where occupations are varied and the people mingle freely these peculiarities are little marked; but, as is generally the case, yet nearly all, or a vast majority, in one particular locality, adopt a single pursuit, and these will be at once apparent and permanent; and this remark obtains greater force where we find a nation with one predominating interest. It can be observed readily even in the idiomatic language of a people, which naturally derives phrases and illustrations from the technical terms of the dominant occupations, and it is still more readily seen in the prevailing architecture, tastes, and habits.

Commercial cities, manufacturing towns, villages of fishermen, and rural districts, each possess certain characteristics not found in the others; in a word, each have a civilization of their own, and while this is in some measure the result of intellectual development, that received its direction from physical causes, from the fact that there were fine harbors, waterfalls, schools of fish, or a fertile soil, gave the original direction to the pursuits in which men were engaged.

The more primitive the race at the period of dispersion, the more rapidly will this diversity manifest itself, because the physical forces lose power as the mental are developed. The tendency of intellect is towards unity in end, but variety in means; it possesses the power, when developed, to supply deficiencies, which nature can never do; therefore, wherever it prevails, the same ultimate end, self-elevation, is sought, while it resorts to every conceivable artifice within the limits of any one particular locality. Nevertheless, the constant action of physical causes will leave many traces of their effects. This can readily be illustrated in the case of a body put in motion by a single force; if on the way it encounters another coming at an angle, it will deviate from a straight line, and the deviation will be in proportion to the relative momentum of the two bodies. The mental forces are moving in a direct line onwards, while the physical are perpetually compelling a deviation from that direct course.

History is replete with illustrations of the effect of locality upon a people. The inhabitants of all the peninsulas, and those on the shores of the Mediterranean, where there were excellent harbors, and where the interior produced a liberal supply of articles demanded at a distance, were adventurers on the sea. The Danes and the Norwegians, on the inlets of the North Sea, were pirates from time immemorial, till their profession was superseded by peaceful commerce, in which they engaged with ardor. The narrow limits which circumscribed the Dutch, sent them to the seas early, and for a long time they held a commercial supremacy. The narrow policy of British monarchs for a period kept England a purely agricultural country; but centuries have intervened since the demands of the people compelled a change, and Great Britain, possessing every advantage of locality, and all the material for carrying on manufactures successfully, became the mistress of the ocean, and the chief of commercial nations.

We have an example in our own country. The New England States abounded in harbors and waterfalls, and hence commercial cities and manufacturing towns have sprung up in quick succession, though a region whose climate is inhospitable, and whose soil is chiefly barren; and hence the civilization of New England is such as follows the pursuits indicated, in a word, obtains its direction from its physical surroundings. But the civilization of that section is preponderatingly intellectual, and therefore does not possess peculiarities so distinct as would have followed had intellectual culture been exclusively the property of the few, as is the case in the manufacturing districts of Europe.

To pursue the subject further would be to extend this article to too great a length. Yet the reader will perceive that but one branch of the subject, the effect of physical causes, has been touched. The counteraction of the mental forces, and how they have affected the destiny of man, open a still wider theme than the one here discussed; therefore it would be impossible to broach the subject in this article. We have already shown how certain climates and localities are adapted to the development of the intellectual forces; but these developments introduced a new power into the arena, which reacts on nature. Whether it will be able to ultimately overcome all the physical causes which operate deleteriously upon civilization, is a problem for the distant future.

ART. III.—*Reports of the Supreme Court, and other Public Documents, &c.* WASHINGTON, 1836-1864.

THE Supreme Court of the United States may well be proud of its chief-justices. All of them were eminent, and three were distinguished. Jay, doubtless, had less legal learning than Marshall or Taney. Coming into public life in 1774, at the age of twenty-nine, and being engaged almost constantly, from that time up to the adoption of the Constitution, in the most important public employments at home and abroad, he had less opportunity for legal studies and pursuits than the others, at the same period of their lives. Nevertheless he was unquestionably the most suitable man in the country to be the first Chief-Justice. His great abilities, his calm temper, his love of justice, his immaculate purity, and the universal confidence of the country in him—

all conspired to designate him as the fittest occupant of that high position. Ellsworth, his immediate successor, was an able and suitable man for the station; but he filled it at an early and comparatively unimportant epoch, and for a short period only. He had no opportunity of gaining any special distinction as a judge.

Next came Marshall, the very impersonation of law and logic. He was the best man who could have succeeded to that place. He laid broad and deep the foundations of our national legal system; he was the early and the greatest expounder of the Constitution. During an eventful period of thirty-four years, he reared a splendid structure of American public law. When Taney succeeded to that fabric, it was in a somewhat finished condition. If he only kept good the old homestead, he performed a memorable work. If he added anything of grace, beauty, or substance to the structure, his fame rises all the higher in the scale of greatness. No country in any period of the world's history—not France or England in their greatest days—could boast a judicial name superior to that of the great architect of our constitutional law. No country was ever more fortunate in having the mantle of a great chief fall upon a worthy successor. Marshall was clear, simple, exact, acute, comprehensive, logical, original, and profound. Taney was, perhaps, second to Marshall in some, if not in all, these points; and yet he was a great judge and a great man.

He has now gone where neither praise nor blame can reach him; yet he may properly be brought before the tribunal of public judgment for his administration of his great trust. At the bar, on the presentation of resolutions of condolence and respect, no rigorous criticism of merit or demerit is expected. It is true that good taste would recommend such treatment; but custom has established a law of eulogy in such cases, from which it is perhaps too late to expect a departure. The newspaper press indulges in unstinted laudation, or unmeasured abuse, according as party prejudice leads. Popular judgment must necessarily be somewhat divided and somewhat unsound. Professional opinion, too, partakes of the popular fever. But a calmer judgment and a more thoughtful review are demanded in these pages. A brief outline of his life, an examination of his public career—free from the taint of politics on either side—and an attempt at a critical analysis of his mental constitution, are no more than justice to the memory of the great magistrate.

Roger B. Taney was a native of Calvert county, Maryland. He was born March 17th, 1777. His ancestry need not be traced; and his life, although an active and illustrious one, affords few incidents of remarkable adventure for extensive biography. He was educated at Dickinson College, and graduated in 1795. He commenced legal practice in his native place in 1799; but in 1801 removed to Frederic. He was early a member of the lower house of the state legislature, and state senator from 1816 to 1822. In 1822 he removed to Baltimore. He was appointed State Attorney-General in 1827, and held the station until March, 1831, when he was made United States Attorney-General. This place he held until September, 1833, when he was transferred to the Treasury Department, which he held until he was created Chief-Justice, in March, 1836. He died in office on the 12th October, 1864, at the city of Washington.

As a lawyer at the bar, Taney was not eloquent, nor impassioned; but he was solid, strong, and persuasive. As long since as 1825, he was the first lawyer in his state; and the bar of that state was second to none in the country. Robert Goodloe Harper and William Pinkney had died, leaving Taney without a peer. In 1829, William Wirt, after twelve years of brilliant service as attorney-general of the United States, removed to Baltimore, and became the rival of Taney. The contest was a spirited, but a decisive one. Wirt was the more polished, eloquent, and scholarly man; but Taney brought the logic of a giant to bear upon the beautiful creations of the rhetorical artist. He more than sustained himself in the conflict; he brought out of it a reputation increased, rather than diminished.

Among the more prominent men with whom he came in contact in professional life, were Winder, Harper, Martin, Pinkney, and Wirt. He was equal to any one of them, though differing in the leading traits of his mind from each. Winder was a very superior lawyer. Taney was a man of more ability and culture than Goodloe Harper. He himself was accustomed to speak of Luther Martin as the ablest of the men of his professional days. The chief-justice was, however, so averse to speaking of himself, that he seldom, even to his most intimate friends, indulged in reminiscences of his earlier life. Pinkney was the superior of Martin in elegance, polish, and eloquence; also in knowledge of political law; but in all other respects, the chief-justice always spoke of Martin as the abler and more learned man.

In the public jurisprudence of the United States there has been established a table-land of professional eminence, occupied by such men as Pinkney, Martin, Wirt, Mason, Webster, not to mention later names of the living. Taney is, in some respects, liable to a comparison with them. Webster was certainly his superior as an orator and a judicial advocate, but it is doubtful whether he could ever have been so great a chief-justice. Pinkney was more elaborately learned in his profession, and more elegantly cultivated out of it. He had some defects which detracted from his merits as a lawyer, and which rendered it improbable that he was entirely fitted for the highest judicial station. Martin was more learned in his profession than Pinkney, but less accomplished out of it. He never had any opportunity for the exhibition of judicial ability. But there can be no question that he would have succeeded as a judge. Mason was a man of the highest order of ability as a jurist; learned, original, acute, and logical; but the most of his life was spent in local tribunals. If the credit which has been generally accorded to him is deserved, he only required the same fields of labor to have ranked as the peer of Marshall and Taney.

It is not a matter of wonder that so able a judge of merit as President Jackson should have discovered in the leader of the bar of Baltimore a man worthy of public advancement, and competent for public service. In June, 1831, he conferred upon Mr. Taney the best office in the executive department of the government for a genuine lawyer, that of attorney-general. This post Taney held until September of 1833, when he was transferred to the treasury. He held the place of law officer of the government but a little over two years; but it was long enough to establish his fame firmly among the ablest lawyers who have adorned that place. His connection with the treasury was, at the time, made a subject of political attack; but history has since vindicated him, and also the great leader with whom he served. Taney was through life incapable of doing a dishonest act for personal aggrandizement: Jackson was incapable of asking such a sacrifice of any man.

The principal event connected with his administration of the treasury, was the removal of the government deposits from the United States Bank to the state banks. At this time Taney shared with Jackson much of party obloquy. At this later day it may be conceded that the act was a somewhat high-handed one; still the motive and the con-

duct of the secretary are abundantly cleared of all intentional assumption of illegal power. His right to remove the public funds in case of their manifest peril, existed by virtue of the 16th section of the Charter of the United States Bank. Taney, in his official capacity as attorney-general, had given to the executive an opinion in favor of both the right and the expediency of a removal. When Mr. Duane refused to obey the President's order, and the executive tendered the appointment to Taney, it could not be a matter of doubt whether he should accept. It was simply a question of duty in assuming the necessary responsibility connected with his previously expressed official opinion. It is due to historical truth to state, that after all the fury of party wrath had been poured upon the head of the secretary, when his name was subsequently presented to the Senate for confirmation in the office of chief-justice, John Davis, of Massachusetts, and others voted in his favor, on the ground that he was the fittest man that was likely to be put in nomination. This sufficiently demonstrated that even his enemies had confidence in his personal and official integrity.

But distinguished as had been the previous career of Mr. Taney, its crowning epoch began when he became chief-justice. Jay and Marshall had preceded him, and made the place illustrious. His immediate predecessor had made it a dangerous place to be occupied by any man of less than the first order of judicial capacity. Chief-Justice Taney, for twenty-eight years, kept good the established fame of that great tribunal. All in this country felt that a safe, wise, learned, and honest chief was at the head of the American judiciary. England and the Continent recognised in him a worthy successor of Marshall, a more than equal associate of Story, and a magistrate worthy to rank by the side of the Hardwicks, the D'Angessans, and the Mansfields of history.

The office of chief-justice of the United States is a peculiar judicial station, and differs materially from that of chief-justice in England. It combines the functions of the chief-justice, the chancellor, and the chief-judge in admiralty in Great Britain. The office of a chief-justice here is the more important also, not only for the reason that our system of government gives rise to most important constitutional questions of power between the states and the nation, but from the further fact that both state and national governments are limited in their powers by precise written constitutions.

Marshall derived most of his fame from these great questions, and Taney's best opinions were on this class of topics, whereas, in England they have no such constitutional questions, because parliament is considered omnipotent. The courts there have, therefore, only to administer the common law, interpret and apply acts of parliament, international law, and public treaties.

Our space will not permit us elaborately to dissect Taney's mental constitution; still less to trace his intellect as displayed in the many important decisions which are recorded under his name. His mind was comprehensive, acute, and logical; not brilliant, imaginative, or impulsive. This eminently fitted him for the judicial function. In learning he was highly respectable, but he relied more upon himself than his library for correct legal conclusions. His patience in listening, his calmness in weighing, his candor, care, and independence in deciding, were the admiration of the bar. A serious and hearty love of legal truth, and a stern and unflinching devotion to legal justice, were the great moral characteristics of the man. The highest guarantee of legal justice was afforded the American people, when a great constitutional question was argued in the Supreme Court, and decided by Taney and his associates.

Great as he was, and strong as he was felt to be, he is said to have never been dictatorial or arbitrary with his associates, but the youngest man upon the bench was allowed the full weight of his opinions. In the conduct of his court he was a pattern of a dignified chief-justice. There was no pert colloquy with the bar, no hasty interruptions or rude suggestions. All was calm, deferential, and judicial. He seemed to sit upon that high bench the very embodiment of justice, its even scales severely poised.

He relied on principles, rather than on precedents. He was more of a legal philosopher than a case lawyer. His legal common sense was worth more than a library of text-books. His services to constitutional, international, commercial, and patent law will be the admiration of the future historian of the Supreme Court.

The mental constitution of the chief-justice admirably fitted him for the judicial office. The intellectual qualities appropriate to judicial greatness, are peculiar. There are forensic, oratorical, executive, and judicial greatness, each distinct in its attributes. The great judicial character, suited to such a position as American chief-justice, must

combine integrity, patience, acuteness, logical vigor, firmness without pride of opinion, comprehensive grasp, and accurate learning. A capacity to preside is also highly desirable, if not absolutely necessary. A nice judicial balance of mind is more than all needed. This enables the great judge to view both sides, to distinguish and decide impartially, rather than to assume a side and defend it. This last is forensic, rather than judicial genius.

There are certain approved standards of judicial excellence by which a great national judge is tested in the popular mind; such as great penetration, analysis, comprehension, quickness, integrity, impartiality, equanimity, learning. He who possesses these in combination, is considered a first-class magistrate; he who lacks some important one, or who lacks the combination, must take his place in a second, third, or fourth rank. In which must Taney be classed? is a natural enquiry. No one will claim that we should give to this enquiry any larger scope than whether he was a first-class man; or, rather, the first of a second class of men? Taney's reputation as a public man, is that of a jurist, rather than a legislator or statesman. His life was, for the most part, devoted to the law, either in its practice or its administration. He figures much less in official political life than either Jay or Marshall. It is, therefore, with the great jurists of the world that he must be compared.

The materials from which to portray the chief-justice, although somewhat varied, are uncertain guides. The great merit of any description of such a man must consist in its individuality and truthfulness. All marked men differ in their leading qualities; it is the business of criticism to depict those peculiarities. The means of judging him may be summed up as consisting of the books of his recorded opinions, the testimony of those who practised before him, who were on familiar terms with him, and who sat by his side.

The volumes of the reports of the Supreme Court do not afford an absolute record of Taney's merits, or any adequate conception of the extent of his labors. It was the custom of Marshall to draw up most of the more elaborate opinions on great constitutional questions. Taney, on the contrary, for some reason, exhibited no partiality whatever in that respect. There was, however, an unambitious field which he was accustomed to occupy—that of the opinions upon questions of practice. These he almost invariably drew up. The reason of this is reported to have been that, constituted as the Fed-

deral courts were, he considered it of great importance that the practice should be uniform, fixed, and correct. The reasons for his abstinence in drawing up the more elaborate opinions upon great questions, have been variously assigned. His feeble health, it is said, disabled him for those tedious investigations of authority which would be essential in writing such opinions. It has also been said, that he was surrounded by younger and more ambitious judges, who coveted the importance that attaches to the writing of opinions, and that, to secure his influence with such, he deemed it well to defer to their aspirations. Neither of these considerations could have much influenced his conduct. Nor is it probable that indolence had any connection whatever with it. It is more probable that it was either accidental, or else that his natural modesty never permitted him for a moment to think of the figure he was to make in the volumes of Court Reports during his presidency.

The record of the chief-justice, as exhibited in the decisions bearing his name in the Reports, must be pronounced meagre. His true record consists rather in a series of laborious services, from the year 1836 to 1864, in all the causes before the Supreme Court. By whomsoever delivered, the opinions bear somewhat of the impress of Taney's mind and character. He sat in consultation upon them all, and brought to bear upon them the highest order of judicial wisdom. Besides this unprinted record, an extended examination of his leading opinions in the books is essential to a correct estimate of his labors. Our space would not permit any detail of this judicial record. A more limited space would suffice for a note of the leading constitutional questions which he decided. But these pages are hardly the proper place for such a review. To enter upon any argument in support of their soundness would be a matter of supererogation; and to attempt any remarks in opposition to their soundness, would be bold indeed.

Did he possess originality? This is that subtle attribute of genius which the poet, the artist, the orator, the captain, and the statesman are, by some, supposed to inherit from nature, by others to achieve by virtue of a fixed purpose and laborious life. There is certainly such a quality as judicial genius; and originality must constitute one of its leading attributes. Intellectual courage, independence, and honesty must be its leading moral attributes.

It cannot be an overestimate of Marshall to declare that

no man in this country ever possessed judicial genius superior to his, or originality more marked and perfect. Taney must have been inferior to him in this respect, but still eminently entitled to a fair reputation for originality.

There would have been at least a plausible justification for Taney's contenting himself with servilely following the judicial oracles of Marshall. A man lacking in independence, or in original resources, would have yielded to the temptation. But we can discern in no period of his life any traces of servility, or undue yielding to his predecessor. He followed in his system, because, by political opinion, he believed in it—not because it was Marshall's. He might have acquired temporary credit for originality by overturning that system, instead of sustaining it; but it would have been at the expense of his country's interests, and his own permanent reputation. To hold fast to the true and the just, is a higher evidence of originality than is capricious change or hazardous novelty.

It has been previously remarked that the poet is born, and the orator made; and some who had no real appreciation of legal mind, have thought that the lawyer depended upon the faculty of memory, rather than of reason. In truth, all these, the poet, the orator, and the lawyer must be born, not made, if they exist at all. The poet must be born with the faculty of imagination, the orator with the faculty of persuasion, the lawyer with the logical faculty.

The bar of Baltimore aptly, and with careful discrimination, described the mental endowments and moral elevation of the chief-justice, when they resolved:

"To a grasp and comprehensiveness of intellect, which no problem of jurisprudence could embarrass, he united an acuteness and vigor of analysis, and a broad sagacity in the appreciation and application of principles, which rose to the level of genius. Though he had studied his profession until its science was ingrained in his mind, he was attracted to that learning only which illustrates right; and had a wholesome contempt for the subtleties which prevent it."

Jurisprudence, in its best sense, consists of the principles of natural justice and natural freedom applied to the relations of men and the affairs of states. As an artificial system of arbitrary rules and technical dogmas, it is a narrow study; and Burke was beyond cavil no more than just when he pronounced that it narrowed and belittled the understanding. As courts and judges make the law, a magistrate can be very respectable without a particle of original thought

or any brilliancy of intellect. He may draw upon his memory, or trust to the conclusions of the digest. He may administer law for years without advancing it, or even applying a principle, in any correct sense of that term. Precedents are multiplied until it is almost impossible to say what is law, in the conflict of cases. Under such system, he is esteemed the greatest lawyer, who knows the cases most thoroughly. Beyond, and very much elevated above, this mere repository of the opinions of others, is that legal philosopher, who, thoroughly grounded in principles, relies upon the working of a comprehensive understanding, and a quick common sense, for their application to the specific facts of cases as they are presented. This was the judicial distinction of Taney.

In so complicated a system as English and American jurisprudence, there will always be danger that mere legal learning will be estimated beyond its intrinsic value. Still authority has a value, negative as well as an affirmative; a great judge must know what has been decided or written, in order to repudiate and disown, if not to follow and endorse it. Neither Taney nor Marshall was a great legal reader; and yet they were learned men, in the best sense of that term. Judged exclusively by the extent of their libraries, they must be pronounced vastly inferior to such men as Cowen, Story, and Campbell. Their learning consisted in a thorough comprehension and accurate knowledge of legal principles. Their genius consisted in the philosophical application of those principles in judicial administration.

The moral attributes of a chief-justice are of hardly less weight in the estimate of great judicial superiority, than native ability and acquirements. Those essential qualities are independence, honesty, and courage. In the time of Jackson, Taney never exhibited a particle of what can, with any correctness of expression, be denominated servility. And while upon the bench, he was servile neither to the executive power, nor to the slave power, so called. He held the scales of legal and constitutional justice with rigid impartiality.

Did he lend his great office to politics, or at any time give up to party what belonged to his country and mankind? The politician, who can see in the government of his country and the constitution of his fathers, but one interest and but one class, will say, "Yes, he once did; and that, too, at a time when he might have struck a blow that would

have resounded through ages for the liberties of this land." To those who think so, no hasty words of ours will alter that conviction; but time, which brings all things aright, and decides, by a law more reliable than party bias, the motives of men, will sufficiently vindicate Chief-Justice Taney's opinion and conduct in the case of Scott. It was a legal, and not a political, opinion; and as such only it is to be judged. It may have been an erroneous opinion; all we care to insist upon is that it was an honest one.

The fearful events through which we are now passing, are breaking up the great deep, and perhaps upheaving the foundations of the Constitution itself, so far as slavery is concerned. What will be the future opinions of the country as to the legal or constitutional basis on which slavery has hitherto rested, we need not attempt to predict. They may be very different from those now generally received. Or it may appear, as many are now coming to believe, that it never had any legal or constitutional basis at all. Nor are we disposed to interpose any objections to such a conclusion. In any event, this much may be said in defence of Taney's opinion in the case of Dred Scott: that he held—only as did almost everybody else—that slavery had somehow or other a constitutional and legal existence in this country; and that however he may have differed from others, or even from the great majority, as to the particular legal foundation on which slavery stood, it has as yet been found impossible for any one to suggest any other ground that is intrinsically more reasonable or plausible than that given by Taney. Those, therefore, who persist in condemning that opinion, will probably some time find themselves driven to the necessity of adopting, as the only alternative, the idea that slavery has no legal existence at all. It certainly cannot with reason be suspected of Taney, either that he did not know, or was unwilling to put forth, the strongest grounds, in support of his conclusion, that the nature of the case admitted. If that ground be a weak one, so much the better for liberty; but Taney could hardly be expected either to make, or to announce, so revolutionary a discovery as the one we have suggested as the only reasonable alternative to his own opinion.

The grounds on which Taney held that persons of African descent could have no right under the Constitution, were these: that at the time the Constitution was adopted, that race was treated as property, and *that it was the general senti-*

ment of that time "that a black man had no rights which a white man was bound to respect." He does not himself, as so many have erroneously supposed, justify that sentiment; on the contrary he deplores it. But he says that it was, nevertheless, a fact; and he thence concludes that the Constitution must be interpreted in conformity with that fact. He candidly confesses that the same language as that used in the Constitution, would not, if used at this day, authorize any inference against the citizenship of the African race. This confession does honor to his frankness and courage; and the confession itself may one day be worth more than many battles for the rights of an oppressed people. Let it be treasured for what it is, and what it may yet do, rather than condemned for what it is not.

Instead of severely censuring Taney for that opinion, he ought rather to be applauded at least for this: that notwithstanding his ideas as to the right of property in man, he never adopted the Southern theory of state rights, as a means of protecting that property; on the contrary, he held to the ideas of Jay, Marshall, Story, Kent, and Webster, that our national government derived its powers by direct grant of the people themselves, as individuals, and that it was not a simple confederacy of sovereign states, each at liberty to judge for itself when the compact of union was violated, and to withdraw at its pleasure or discretion, or even on its own views of necessity.

His opinion in the *Dred Scott* case implies, too, that slavery can be imposed only upon a single race, those having African blood, and that that race can be enslaved, not because the state governments so choose, but only because, as he thinks, the Constitution itself excepts them from its protection and benefits. But he holds that all other persons are citizens of the United States, and that, as such, they cannot be enslaved by the states. Whether his opinion as to the African race be correct or not, it is, we repeat, to his credit, that he never adopted that absurd theory of states rights, which, if true, would authorize a state to enslave whomsoever it pleased, black or white, without reference to the Constitution of the United States.

Taney's opinion as to the citizenship of the African race, may be erroneous. It is, nevertheless, as a legal opinion, and as a whole, far more logical and consistent, and more favorable to liberty even, than the dissenting opinion of Mr. Justice Curtis, which was so highly lauded at the North, in

contrast with Taney's; and which was to the effect that it was for each state to determine who might, and who might not, be a citizen of the United States, within her limits, and consequently who might, and who might not, be a slave.

Neither any quasi political conduct of the late chief-justice, nor any political bearings which his judicial opinions may have had, ought ever to have brought any stigma upon his reputation. The time has elapsed when a partisan press should overabuse, or the language of eulogy should overpraise him. He had decided political opinions during the whole of his public life. He was a Federalist in early life; he was a Jackson Democrat afterwards. He was never a states rights Democrat, or a tool of Southern public men.

Chief-Justice Taney's rank, as a judicial statesman, is a topic demanding some consideration. The mutual dependence of law and statesmanship, and the reciprocal relation of the jurist and statesman, in this country, are quite obvious. The political and the judicial statesman require a different order of faculties. Active executive qualities, a nice balance of the practical and the theoretical, a power of adapting himself to men, of judging them and using them, are as essential to the political statesman, as are wisdom in counsel, fertility in resources, comprehension in plans, and originality in projects. To the judicial statesman these are less requisite; and in their place other qualities are indispensable. Independence, honesty, impartiality, freedom from party bias, patriotic purpose, and clear, systematic ideas are essential to the character of the latter.

The relation of the chief-justice of the national court to American statesmanship, is intimate. His business, as causes come before him, is to fix and settle the relations of the states and Federal government, to apply European public law to American institutions, to interpret, test, and try the legislation of Congress, and expound the national charter, so as to guard the rights of the people against congressional and executive encroachments.

Several facts must be remembered in any candid estimate of Chief-Justice Taney as a judicial statesman. Previous to his introduction to this function, he had never held judicial station, or been much in public political life. He had held public offices, but they were legal rather than political. He had been State and Federal Attorney-General, and for a very short time at the head of the fiscal depart-

ment; but he had never been a diplomatist, or a member of either branch of Congress. He also came to the bench after a constitutional system had been adopted and laid out by one of surpassing mental power. Unless a judge were to follow with a new and diametrically opposite system, he could have no opportunity to win laurels to be compared with those already achieved by Marshall.

The constitutional system of Taney was a reflex of that of Marshall. He never, so far as we recollect, differed from that magistrate on any important constitutional question that actually came before him for adjudication. It is well known, however, that before he came to the bench, he differed from Marshall as to the constitutionality of the United States Bank. And we think he would undoubtedly have adhered to his original opinion, had the question ever come before him judicially. It is also well known, that the general opinion of the country on that much vexed question, has heretofore coincided, and probably does still coincide, with that of Taney, rather than with that of Marshall. As that question is one of great practical importance, and one, too, that is likely to come again before that court, we may be excused for expressing our regret that the country cannot have the benefit of Taney's opinion upon it. Such a cause would probably have brought Taney's power of argument into more distinct contrast with that of Marshall, than it has been in any cases actually adjudicated.

As a constructive statesman and an expounder of a new system of government, Taney must be conceded to have been inferior to his great predecessor. But still it may be doubted whether, in his day, there could have been found in the country one more eminently fitted for his post in this respect. It is certain that neither Kent nor Story would have been his equal; and it is doubtful if Webster would have been his superior. Edward Livingston was the only man of his party, who could, in point of qualifications for the place, have competed with him. Marshall, as a constructive statesman and an expounder of a new constitution, has a splendid record of opinions, such as *McCulloch* and *Maryland*, *Cohens* and *Virginia*, *Gibbons* and *Ogden*, *Webster* and the *City of Charleston*, and the case of the *Cherokee nation*. But Taney was afforded no opportunity for such a constitutional record. This circumstance of itself furnishes no certain criterion of his real rank as a judicial statesman. A judge is not responsible for the success of his opinions, nor does he make occa-

sions for the expression of them. It is his proper business to decide accurately and ably what comes before him. We must therefore look beyond this record to determine his real standing as a judicial statesman in the circumstances which surrounded him. Taney has left on record many elaborate, powerfully reasoned, and well written opinions; but he has left few, if any, of what would be designated as shining ones. The entire body of his opinions indicate, what we know to be the fact, that he was clear, sound, and solid, rather than brilliant. How he would have compared with Marshall, had he been called to decide, and write the opinion of the latter, in one of his greatest constitutional questions, may be a matter upon which there would be opposite estimates.

The influence of the chief-justice upon his court was most salutary and useful. It was certainly as great as it can ever be said to be desirable that the influence of one man should be on any bench. It must be said, however, that it was always that safe and healthy influence which springs from superior mind, accredited integrity, and consummate wisdom. His influence upon the jurisprudence of the country will be long felt and appreciated.

The relations of American law to the system of English law and English precedents is a question of vast moment, and the treatment of this relation gives a test by which a chief-justice may fairly be weighed. It is his duty and his privilege to administer American, not English law. He may servilely follow in the ruts of English precedents; or he may rashly throw aside all the wisdom which may have been eliminated by centuries of able men. A wiser course is carefully to select and adapt to our American system what is applicable both in the common law and in the civil system. This Taney cautiously and judiciously did. He admired Coke, Hale, and the ancient sages of the common law; but in questions of American rights he never blindly yielded to their antiquated doctrines. He shunned precedents founded in English monarchical ideas of prerogative and arbitrary power, and wisely tempered the doctrines of governmental rights by those large and more modern doctrines of individual right and natural freedom.

A judge may be an excellent presiding officer, and an elegant, or even profound writer of legal opinions, and yet come short of a first-rate magistrate. To be wise on paper is one thing; to be safe, accurate, and wise in private reflection, and sagacious in the judicial council, is another quite different.

All testimony concurs that it was in the conference that the chief-justice shone with especial lustre. Here was the field of his special services to the country. These are labors which make little display in the Reports, but their extent and value are fully attested by his associates.

The influence of the chief-justice was, in its character, conservative of the past, rather than adventurous for the future. Discreet judicial independence is a quality without which a great chief-justice of the Supreme Court cannot exist. Its absence would cause him to degenerate into a judicial craven. An indiscreet judicial independence would have a tendency to make him a judicial despot, and a radical disorganizer. To the quality of a safe independence, reasonable self-esteem, self-possession, self-will, and self-reliance are essential. At the period in which Taney came to the Chief-Justice's seat, it was of especial moment to the interests of the Republic, that a man equally free from servility and arrogance should occupy that bench. And in Chief-Justice Taney it possessed such a man.

It is manifest that there are two general extremes, each alike unfortunate, if not detrimental to public interests, to which such a court of last appeal may have inclined at an effort like his. It might be radically bent on setting aside all that had been done by the same, and by other courts, and hold null all that Congress might do; or, on the other hand, it might pusillanimously bow to the judgments of his predecessors, and pliantly confirm whatever party politics enacted. It may be regarded as a noticeable fact, that in the last sixty years the Supreme Court has never declared more than one law of Congress unconstitutional. This may have been the result of one or another cause. It is no more than justice to Taney to declare that, in Marshall's time, more questionable legislation passed unchallenged by his court, than in Taney's day; and no one has ever intimated that Marshall lacked independence.

The excellence of the chief-justice, as a presiding officer in the Supreme Court, was of a peculiar quality. It did not depend upon majestic mien, or portly frame, or artificial grace, or even what is popularly known as judicial dignity. The chief was not a Denman or a Mausfield in personal appearance. He was a plain, feeble, unpretentious old man; but by his love of justice, his devotion to truth, his quiet respectful mien, he accomplished what others obtained through more showy qualities. The affable and winning na-

ture of the man, the calm, equable temper, the uniform impartiality, the docility and equanimity of his manner to all who appeared before him, are amply attested. These are qualities as rare as they are valuable.

With Chief-Justice Marshall the contrast is more direct from his succession to the same office. It has even been claimed that the similarity of mental constitution was so striking as to have been a marvel. This has not seemed to us entirely justified; they were both patient listeners, calm reasoners, and strong comprehensive thinkers. There was both similarity and dissimilarity; the written style of Marshall was hard, although his periods were well rounded. Taney's was more easy and flowing, yet not rotund. Marshall never employed a superfluous word; Taney was less laboriously concise and precise. But we very much question whether either ever gave much care to mere style, beyond perspicuity, directness, and terseness; yet style comes from nature, rather than from art, and every man of a decided tone of mind, much given to placing his thoughts upon paper, will come eventually to have a style of his own; this was certainly true of Marshall and Taney.

In mental power and natural capacity they were both of the first order. In quickness, Marshall must have been the superior; in keenness, perhaps, also; but in comprehension it would be hard to make the one the superior of the other. The principal means of determining comparative merits in such respects would be a life-long intimacy, and familiar personal and official relations. With regard to Marshall, few, if any, survive, who have had such advantages; with Taney, more. We have it from one of his associates, that his calmness and quietness in listening to arguments gave little or no indication as to how quick or slow he was in appreciating a point; and when it came to the conference, and an apparently new view was thrown out, so clear, comprehensive, and exhaustive had been his reflection on the cause, that it was quite impossible to determine whether the view was in reality new to him or not.

In point of reading, there was probably not so much difference between the two. It is related that the law library of Marshall consisted only of about three hundred volumes, and that of Taney is reported to have been somewhat, but not much, more extensive. Neither owed much of his usefulness or his eminence to books; each had a thorough appreciation and mastery of those principles which are the foun-

tains of natural justice, and which afforded him a fund for his aid beyond all that libraries could furnish.

In speaking of acquirements, it would be unjust to claim a very high rank for either Marshall or Taney. In mere legal reading, Story was more than the equal of both; but in judicial ability and wisdom he was not to be named with either. In the case of Taney it has sometimes been said, that his physical infirmities did not permit him to enter upon those long investigations of mere authority, which he would have otherwise undertaken. This may have been a cause, but we are satisfied it was not the main cause. The real cause was a perfectly accurate appreciation of the true value of what passes for authority in the science of jurisprudence. He was well grounded in the principles of the science, and beyond those principles he had little regard for authority, either as embodied in cases, or in elementary treatises. He was often heard to declare that he cared little for the cases which make such huge masses of law precedents. This had its advantages and its disadvantages, but the former more than counterbalanced the latter. The question whether he lacked any essential learning for his station, is one that is easily answered; and, so far as we have heard any answer, it has been uniform, that his reading was abundant for his needs.

He had some but not many drawbacks upon the standard of the highest public character. His opinions are clear, concise, and well written; but they do not indicate the elegant polish of a scholar, or the ripe culture of a man of letters. These he neither aspired to nor coveted. They were not essential to his place, and he was too busy a man to sacrifice to judicial graces, if he had had the inclination. He never was a law reformer, and, so far as we know, never said a word in favor of that so much needed work. But he certainly was never a bigoted old foggy in the law; and it must be remembered that he was called to fill a place which required him to administer and expound the law as he found it rather than to remodel or reform it. It is also no more than guarded justice to assume, as a fair inference from the liberality of some of his opinions, and the progressive tendencies of some of the views he expressed from the bench, that, had others more especially charged with such a work initiated a thorough and searching reform of the entire judicial system of the United States, they would have found in the chief-justice no unfriendly opposition. He

would have demanded, as the only condition, that the reform should be real, and the progress reconstructive and not merely destructive. If he is not entitled to the epithet of a law reformer, he certainly is entitled to be pronounced a liberal man.

Some have gone so far in depreciation of him as to consider him only as a man of quite moderate capacity and more moderate learning advanced to a high place, and, by long continuance in its routine, become accustomed to its studies and practice, and therefore enabled respectably to fulfil its duties, but never exhibiting legal genius like Marshall, or learning like Story, or industry like Shaw. This is certainly a criticism so devoid of plausible fairness as to indicate no real appreciation of the man, or acquaintance with his labors. Others, whose politics tinge all their opinions, derided him, while he lived, as the enemy of the Union, the friend of slavery, and the sympathizer with rebellion, and gladly welcomed his death as a public blessing. Such opinions are not entitled to the respect we give to candid judgments by answering them. In his constitutional opinions he was to the fullest extent committed against any right of secession or nullification, and was, through life, a staunch friend of the Union and the Constitution. The only time in which he came in contact with the executive government during the rebellion was in his opinion in the case of Merryman, which he could neither avoid nor hesitate in. It was a case of *habeas corpus*, involving the question of the lawfulness of its suspension by the executive. He decided against such a right, and ordered the writ to issue; but on the military authority refusing to obey it, he calmly delivered his judgment that such a proceeding was illegal, but inasmuch as the civil power was without authority to enforce law against military rule, he ordered a copy of his opinion to be filed on the records of the court, to the end that the law might be known if not respected. Less he could not have done consistently with self-respect; more he could not do consistently with the necessary subordination, in time of war, of the judicial to the military power.

In many respects, and in some particulars, the life of Chief-Justice Taney was supremely fortunate. He was destitute of brilliant parts, yet he early succeeded in public and professional life, not beyond his deserts, but earlier and more persistently than can always be relied upon by the most meritorious. It is not enough that a man possesses

ability and character to ensure success in life. A certain amount of energy, enterprise, and aid from others is quite as essential. In Andrew Jackson, Mr. Taney found a man quick to appreciate ability, however unpromising the exterior, and true to reward those who served him. Taney was of great use to Jackson in the two offices he held in the Cabinet; and Jackson, in turn, furnished Taney the situation for which nature exactly fitted him.

Mr. Taney was never wealthy, although his practice must have been as lucrative as that of any one at the Maryland bar, excepting, perhaps, Pinkney and Martin; and they amassed no fortunes. But Pinkney was extravagant, and engaged much in the expensive luxury of diplomatic service; Martin was of dissolute habits. Neither was a good business man in regard to money. Taney was neither of expensive tastes nor dissolute habits, and was by no means a bad manager in money matters; and was actively engaged at the bar up to the age of fifty-nine. We must therefore look for the cause of his lack of property in the small revenues which the most successful practice in Maryland in those days afforded. It is said that according to his means he was very charitable.

The entire life of the chief-justice, in late years, must have been an agreeable one. It was easy, honorable, and useful. He was a man of regular habits, abstemious life, and domestic character. He was a careful, though not an extensive, reader of solid literature. In early life he had mastered the standard elementary law works; but paid little attention to the numberless brood that compose modern elementary treatises. He had Coke, Littleton, Coke's Reports, Comyn's Digest, and such ancient fountains of the common law, by heart. This was the result of his early studies and his early contests at the bar. He possessed nothing of the restless uneasiness of unsatisfied ambition; nor was he compelled to submit to the embarrassments and distractions of conflicting and inharmonious pursuits. He loved the law, and was devoted with singleness of purpose to its studies and its thoughts. Neither elegant letters nor distracting politics kept his mind divided. He possessed that true ambition which is content to merit renown, without much solicitude as to seeing it. He found his relaxation in the charms of domestic life, and agreeable, but never ambitious conversation. His recreation he found—not like some great lawyers, in poetry, or like others, in mathematics, or others, in literary dissipation—but

in the philosophy of the law itself. When in legal practice, he had no aspiration for oratory to sustain or to lose; when upon the bench, he had no vain pride to appear anything greater than he really was. This answer of life to the demands of the man's nature, brought that happy contentment and equanimity which are a fortune to its possessor.

The life of the chief-justice in term time must have been highly agreeable. Having but few books, he relied upon reflection and the Law Library for his law. His day's work may be briefly described. He was a reasonably early riser. At eleven, he and his associates proceeded to the courtroom. Listening to arguments until the adjournment, he then went to his library, still carrying in his mind the causes to which he had listened during the session. While his memory was fresh, he would turn to such few books as he found it desirable to refer to. This was a quick and easy work. That accomplished, he would lie down for an hour's sleep. This over, he returned to his labors. It was then, when he came to digest the case, and to bring to bear upon it his capacious reflective powers, that the genius of the chief-justice shone with its highest lustre. He brought to bear upon the logic of the enquiry the vast powers of his understanding. There was no dallying with the unessential and the trifling detail; but he went directly to the main point, brushing away with a sturdy independence all besides. There was no trial of the issue by the decisions of others, or the borrowed reasoning of others. For cases he habitually cared but little, and in these supreme hours devoted to reflection, he totally eschewed them. There was no approach to a part, but a comprehensive appreciation of the whole. When this process was completed, an opinion was formed, which added something to the stock of human knowledge. The subsequent labor of committing the reasoning to paper was a quick work.

The chief-justice had few, if any, of the foibles, peculiarities, or eccentricities of old age, beyond his habit of inveterate smoking. His immaculate private character and unsullied private life are unquestioned in any quarter. The bitterest tongue of party malignity never presumed to hint a stain upon the private fame of Taney. His friendships were firm, and his affections strong. The symmetry, simplicity, directness, and intensity of his nature were the topics of familiar commendation. His faculty of fixing friends was a trait not so much spoken of, but known to his familiar com-

panions. He had few, if any, enemies. He had nothing of the pride of station; but much of the generosity of greatness, much real kindness of heart.

The death of the chief justice coming so closely upon the departure of other great judges of this country and England, a comparison with some of them is provoked; but we have no space for details. In our country, McLean, Domiell, Bronson, Gibson, and Shaw have recently passed away. In England, Denman, Parke, Campbell, Truro, and Lyndhurst have lately gone from the scenes of court to higher scenes than any courts have witnessed. If we contrast any of them, where shall we seek the superior of Taney? Nay, more: if we array beside him the long list of the illustrious dead, where, beyond a Mansfield, a Lyndhurst, or a Marshall, shall we find an equal? The most distinguished of recent state judges have been Shaw, Gibson, and Bronson; of these the latter was incomparably the greatest man, although the rank of both the others has been conclusively established first-class magistrates.

Some points of resemblance, and some marks of dissimilarity between Marshall and Taney we have already indicated. We incline to the opinion that, taking the nature of the men, and the character of the services rendered by them respectively, it must be the judgment of impartial posterity that Marshall was the greater man. But we much question whether that must be conceded in comparing the late chief justice with either Mansfield or Lyndhurst. Both were more accomplished men, and riper scholars in the mere learning of the law; but neither could have been his superior as a great magistrate. Both Lyndhurst and Mansfield were active politicians while they were judges. Both were orators and literary men. But these things add little in the estimate of a great chief justice. The pure fame of Marshall and Taney will endure as long as any record remains of American institutions.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Fama Posthuma a la vida y muerte del doctor Frey Lope Felix de Vega-Carpio.* Por MONTALVAN. Madrid, 1817.
2. *Bibliotheca Hispana Nova.* Por NICOLAS ANTONIO. Madrid, 1784.
3. *Notice sur Lope de Vega in tête de sa traduction.* Par M. LA BEAUMELLE. Paris, 1862.

4. *Some account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega-Carpio.* By HENRY RICHARD LORD HOLLAND. London, 1860.
5. *Planto fúnebre en la muerte de Lope Felix de Vega-Carpio.* Por LARRAMENDI. Madrid, 1635.
6. *History of Spanish Literature* By GEORGE TICKNOR. In three vols.; third American edition, corrected and enlarged. Boston : Ticknor & Fields, 1863.

THE intellectual decay of nations is one of the most interesting subjects that can engage the attention of the psychologist, the philosopher, or the statesman; and nowhere has it been more strikingly exemplified in modern times than in Spain. We do not make this remark in any offensive spirit, or with any disposition to disparage one of the noblest races that have shed lustre on Europe by their enterprising spirit, their intellectual vigor and activity, and their chivalric bravery. No intelligent Spaniard denies that the national intellect is not what it once was. Nor is there any sufficient reason why he should. As well might he deny that his own physical powers have failed at the age of sixty, when it is evident to all who know him that he can no longer perform the feats by which he was distinguished in early life. If he has been temperate in his habits, he is in no manner responsible for the loss of his strength, since he has become weak only in accordance with the same law of nature which ordains that the oak of the forest, though it flourish for ages, will yet one day encumber, as a blighted trunk, the earth, which its friendly branches have so long sheltered. If Spain were the only nation that has exhibited evidences of decay in a similar manner, her people would have some reason to feel sensitive on the subject; but they can point to the greatest nations of all antiquity as examples of the operation of the same law. For this purpose Greece and Rome would be sufficient.

Nor need they search long for modern examples; they need only turn to Italy, which is no more than the shadow, in intellectual vigor and activity, of what she once was. Indeed, Italy has fallen lower in this respect than Spain; but the former has been much longer oppressed by the stranger than the latter. From the time of Ferdinand and Isabella to the present, Spain has had to groan but for a very brief period under any foreign yoke, whereas during the same period Italy has not enjoyed entire freedom from foreign oppression for a single

year, and does not at the present moment. Had it been otherwise we should have wondered much more at the decay of Italy than at that of Spain, because great as Lope de Vega, Calderon, and Quevedo, undoubtedly were as thinkers, it must be admitted that they were inferior to Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and Boccaccio. It may be said that neither Italy nor any other country has produced a writer superior to Cervantes in the same field. In the department of prose fiction, or romance, the author of *Don Quixote* is not only without a rival, but absolutely inimitable; he occupies a position among novelists quite as high as that occupied by Homer among poets; still, as we have said, the former intellect of Italy surpassed that of Spain; but it was the only national intellect that did surpass it at the time.

Since the decline of both literature and science in Spain cannot, as we have seen, be attributed to foreign domination, its cause must be sought elsewhere; although it is not our purpose, just now, to make any such search. What we have proposed to ourselves is simply to give a cursory glance at the writings of Lope de Vega, making such observations as may occur to us in passing on his principal works, and on the peculiarities of his genius, alluding here and there to the character of the man, as we find it developed in his productions. But who can devote his attention to any Spanish author of the sixteenth century without contrasting that period with the present? Then the Spanish mind was all activity and vigor; now it is not only inactive, but dormant. A sort of lethargy broods upon it like that of old age. To what law is this to be attributed? What is its cause? Who can solve the problem?

We know that many have attempted its solution, and that, if we are to accept their own word, all have entirely succeeded, although each has decided much more in accordance with his own prejudices than the evidences afforded by history or ethnology. The commonest solution at the present day is to say that the Roman Catholic religion has so fettered the national intellect as to stunt and enfeeble it. Those who decide the question thus summarily and easily, think that when they have compared Spain with the Protestant countries of Germany, England, and America, any further proof would be superfluous. It is not our business or design to oppose or vindicate any sect whatever; but to discover truth when we can, and present it to those who are capable of appreciating it. Accordingly, we will give the argument just referred to, if

such it may be called, all the consideration which the most zealous of its authors can claim for it. But we would have them remember that comparisons of this kind must be general, in order to admit that any important conclusions be drawn from them. It is not sufficient to compare Spain with Germany, England, and America: it should also be compared with Denmark, Sweden, and Holland. If this were carefully and intelligently done, it would afford no evidence that religion has anything to do with the phenomenon under consideration. Still less evidence would be afforded were Spain compared with France, Belgium, and Austria. What Protestant countries exhibit more intellectual activity, or more intellectual vigor, than these?

Now, if Catholicism does not stunt the French, Belgian, or Austrian intellect, by what process of logic can it be said to stunt the Spanish intellect? But what was the religion of Spain in the golden age of its literature? Were not the Spaniards Catholics then as well as now? Its greatest writers were not only Catholics, but ecclesiastics. This is true both of Lope de Vega and Calderon; and if Cervantes was not an ecclesiastic, he was at least a monk. Nay, the most renowned Spanish authors were familiars of the Inquisition. If we make another comparison or two, we shall see still more plainly how absurd it is to make the intellectual vigor or activity of a people depend on their theological opinions. It can hardly be pretended that either the Greeks or Romans were Protestants; but what Protestant nations have produced more sublime geniuses? At no time were the Greeks more superstitious than when Homer wrote; the poet himself was not altogether free from that feeling; but that did not prevent him from surpassing all others, including our Protestant and Puritanical Milton, undoubtedly great and sublime as the author of "Paradise Lost" is.

Passing over the divine Dante, and the scarcely less divine Tasso, Angelo, and Raphael, &c., all of whom were devout Catholics, we would ask, Why did not Catholicism stunt the intellects of Luther, Calvin, and Melancthon, if it has been the cause of stunting the national intellect of Spain? The very same logicians who make Catholicism responsible for the decay of Spanish intellect, regard the founders of our religion as the greatest thinkers the modern world has produced, forgetting that all had been educated by priests and monks. Was not Luther himself a monk? had any Protestant teach-

er ever taught him a lesson? and was he anything the less vigorous in his intellect, or the less powerful in his logic on this account? Let us hear no more, then, of the silliness and fanaticism of pretending to account for the operation of a natural law which we do not understand, by seeking to cast odium on the religion of the large majority of the Christian world. Such a course is nothing less foolish than that of the ignorant Pagans of the olden times, who used to regard an eclipse of the sun or moon, or even the appearance of a comet, as a mark of the divine displeasure, and consequently as a harbinger of some frightful calamity.

— If any human agency can be said to have hastened the decay of Spanish intellect, it was the banishment of the Moors; and politics, or rather ethnological hatred, had much more to do with this than religion. In other words, the Spaniards hated the Moors much more for the oppression they had suffered from them for centuries, than for their faith in Mahomet or the Koran. Indeed, this latter was but a secondary cause, if a cause at all. Nor is the fact denied by the Arabic historians, nearly all of whom bear testimony to the constant efforts of the Catholic priests and monks to save the Moors from popular violence.

That the Moors were a highly intellectual people cannot be denied.* They have left evidences of the fact in a thousand forms, not only to Spain, but to all Europe. No conquerors ever improved the subject race, both physically and mentally, more than they did the people of Spain; for they freely intermarried with all ranks. The poetical literature of Spain is particularly indebted to the Moors—especially the poetry of love and chivalry, which is decidedly Arabic in its most beautiful and fascinating characteristics. Is it easy to understand that a people who brought so much intelligence and thought into Spain, and that exercised so powerful an intellectual influence throughout Europe for nearly three centuries, could not be expelled or exterminated, without serious loss to those with whom their best blood had mingled so freely? Alvarez, Martinez, and other historians tell us that there was Moorish blood in the veins both of Lope de Vega and Cervantes; and it must be admitted that they assign very plausible if not convincing reasons for believing the fact. Be this as it may, the decline

* See articles entitled "The Saracenic Civilization in Spain," and "The Poetical Literature of Spain," in numbers iv. and vi., respectively, of this journal.

of Spanish literature commenced very soon after the expulsion of the Moors; its golden age had not yet passed at the time they were expelled. Thus Cervantes was born in 1549 and died in 1616; Lope de Vega was born in 1562 and died in 1635; Ercilla was born in 1533 and died in 1600; Quevedo was born in 1570 and died in 1645; and Calderon was born in 1601 and died in 1667.

These are the writers of the golden age, and they were all contemporaries; all were born before the expulsion of the Moors, which took place in 1609; and there have been no writers since their time that have enjoyed European fame—not one equal to the least meritorious or least famous of them. Similar remarks will apply with equal force to the scientific men of Spain and those skilled in the mechanic arts. Prior to the expulsion no country could boast of more skilful mechanics, or of more learned scholars. There was such a superfluity of the latter that they used to migrate in large numbers to Italy, France, Germany, and England, to engage in the profession of teaching. Even as early as the time of Dante they used to teach the Italians the language of their ancestors, and not only as private tutors competing with the natives, but as professors in their best colleges and universities.

When the final expulsion took place large numbers of those who had contributed most by their intelligence, industry, and skill, to the material prosperity as well as to the intellectual activity of Spain, settled in almost every country in Europe, but nowhere more than in Catholic France, which affords still further evidence that it was the people themselves more than their religion that had excited the hatred of the Spaniards. Whether Lope de Vega had Moorish blood in him or not, certain it is that the wonderful fecundity of his genius was much more characteristic of the Asiatic than of the European mind. Nor is this the only resemblance which his productions bore to those of the principal writers of Arabia, as we could show even in this brief paper, did we not think it more satisfactory, if not more interesting to the reader, to confine ourselves, on the present occasion, to the consideration of his writings as such, and of the relation which they bear to his education and character.

We have already seen that he was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, his birth-place being Madrid, whither his parents had come a short time previously from De Vega in the picturesque valley of Corriedo. All his biographers

tell us that he displayed extraordinary faculties even in his infancy. Montalvan informs us that he read Latin as well as Spanish when only five years old, and that as he did not yet know how to write, he dictated verses to his comrades, who liked them so well that they purchased them from him with pieces of sweet cake and such other dainties as children get from their nurses. Doubtless this is an exaggeration; but that he was able to write very agreeable verses at the age of ten is beyond question.

It does not appear that his father had any patrimony; for we find that having died when Lope was quite young, the family became so much impoverished as to be obliged to separate. Fortunately for the future author, he was taken in hands by his uncle, Don Miguel de Carpio, who took every pains to have him thoroughly educated. He was no more than twelve years old when he sent him to the Imperial College at Madrid; nor did any student of that famous institution avail himself more eagerly of the advantages it offered than young Lope. Being somewhat eccentric, however, he soon grew tired of the monotony of a college, and resolved to take a tour through the country in search of adventures, in company with a companion; but intended to return to his studies as soon as he had gratified himself in this respect. After travelling a considerable distance, without any very definite object, the two truants thought it best to return home. With this view, they went into a broker's office to change a few doubloons and get what ready money they could for a gold chain belonging to Lope, but he had them arrested as robbers. The magistrate before whom they were brought was satisfied on examination that they were not dishonest but foolish, and accordingly sent a constable with them to Madrid to deliver them up to their friends.

It would seem that Lope was not forgiven by his uncle for running away from college as he did; for, although only a little over fourteen years old, he entered the army and served against the Portuguese at Terceira, in 1577. It is not known how long he remained in the army, probably not more than a year, for at the beginning of 1579, we find him attached to the Bishop of Avilla, who, seeing that he possessed undoubted genius, had the generosity to send him to the University of Alcala to finish his education. In a short time he got the degree of bachelor, and was about to be ordained as a priest, when it was found that he had fallen in love, in the most literal sense of that term. This got him into

disgrace both with the bishop and the faculty of the college, and he set out once more in search of adventures.

He wrote a sort of dramatic romance at this time, entitled *Dorothea*, in which he figures himself under the name of *Fernando*. Montalvan would have the world believe that most of the scenes in which he appears himself are fictitious; but even he does not deny that there is a good deal in the piece which may be regarded as a faithful representation of what the young poet's life really was at that time. In speaking of this piece, Mr. Ticknor observes that the scene between the hero and Dorothea, in the first act, the account of his weeping behind the door with Marfisa on the day she was to be married to another, and most of the narrative parts in the fourth act have an air of reality about them that hardly permits us to doubt they were true. Taken together, however, they did him little credit as a young man of honor and a cavalier. In a note to the same passage, we are referred to the first act and sixth scene, in which Fernando (Lope), "having coolly made up his mind to abandon Marfisa, goes to her and pretends he has killed one man, and wounded another, in a street brawl, obtaining by this base falsehood the unhappy creature's jewels, which he needed to pay his expenses, and which she gave him out of her overflowing affection."*

After wandering about for some months, he came to Madrid, where he was kindly received by the young Duke of Alva, grandson of the celebrated favorite of Phillip II., but confounded with that personage by many of his biographers. At the suggestion of the duke, who wished to figure in a book, in the disguise of a shepherd, he wrote his *Arcadia*, a pastoral romance, interspersed with verses, on the plan of the *Diana* of Montemayor and the *Galatea* of Cervantes. Never was mortal praised more highly than is the author's patron, or rather the grandfather of his patron, in this pastoral. The principal panegyric is put in the mouth of the magician, Dardanio, one of the personages in the *Arcadia*. The magician is exhibiting certain statues in his cavern, and describing prophetically what they represent. His language shows that even at this early period of his literary career, the author had made himself well acquainted with the best Greek and Roman models. "This last," says Dardanio, "whose grey head is adorned by

* History of Spanish Lit., vol. ii., p. 155.

the ever verdant leaves of the ungrateful Daphne, merited by so many victories, is the immortal soldier, Don Fernando de Toledo Duke of Alva, so justly worthy of that fame which you behold lifting herself to heaven from the plumes of the helmet, with the trump of gold, through which she will forever proclaim his exploits, and spread his name from Spanish Tagus to the African Mutazend, and from the Neapolitan Sabeto to the French Garonne. This will be Pompilius in religion, Radamanthus in serenity, Belisarius in his guerdon, Anaxagoras in his constancy, Epaminondas in magnanimity, Themistocles in his love of country, Piriander in wedlock, Pomponius in veracity, Alexander Severus in justice, Attilius (Regulus) in fidelity, Cato in modesty, and finally, Timotheus in the felicity which attended all his wars."

Exaggerated as this praise is, we have no reason to believe that the author did not believe it to be substantially true. Be this as it may, it is certain that he was much attached to the young duke, who, besides being his best friend, had the additional recommendation to him of having a taste for literature.* The people of Holland speak of the Duke of Alva to this day as a monster worthy only of everlasting infamy. Nor does he bear any better character either in English or German history. Southey speaks of him as "one whose stern and inexorable nature made him capable of cruelties to which he was instigated by a mistaken sense of duty." He does not forget to add, however, that in his own country (Spain) "he is remembered only for his great qualities, his signal services, and his redeeming virtues." This shows that after all Lope did no violence to the truth of history, since no author is obliged to be guided by the historians of other countries in estimating the character of his fellow-countrymen, especially when those historians are evidently hostile towards him. It was natural enough that Lope should entertain a high opinion of one whose generous patronage enabled him to marry a lady of high rank whom he tenderly loved. He had been married, however, but a short time to Dona Isabel Diaz, when his happiness was rudely interrupted. It seems that as early as the time of De Vega there were critics in Spain who possessed both the ability and the manliness to expose bad taste. Our author was

* Mr. Ticknor tells us that if he does not mistake, there is a *Cancion* of the duke's in the *Cancionero General* of 1575, History of Sp. Lit., vol. ii., p. 156.

so severely criticised that he felt bound to avenge himself by writing an elaborate satire in verse on the critic. The latter in turn resolved to have revenge; he challenged the satirist, who was as skilful with the sword as he was with the pen, and the result was that the critic was severely if not mortally wounded, so that Lope had to leave Madrid once more.

His place of exile was Valencia, which in a literary point of view ranked next to the capital. Here he had to remain for three years separated from his wife; on his return to Madrid she welcomed him with every mark of affection, a feeling fully reciprocated by him; but she died in a few months, leaving him sincerely disconsolate at least for a month or two; although some of his biographers tell us that during most of the time of his absence he was corresponding with another lady; and that his grief was caused not so much by the death of his wife as by the rejection of his suit by his new mistress.* In the absence of any other evidence, the eclogue, in which his wife's death was lamented, would seem to exculpate him from any such charge, especially as he was so anxious to have it well done that he employed another poet, who was also a personal friend, to assist him. Thus Lope laments as the widowed husband, speaking throughout of his own character, but under an assumed name, Pedro de Medina Medinilla, speaking in terms equally tender and passionate as a sympathizing friend. It is almost needless to add that this is a singular production; but it does not possess the less merit on this account. The two different styles are easily detected by the decided superiority of that of Lope, who is nowhere more felicitous in the expression of strong and natural passion than in several passages of this strange performance.

But before proceeding any further with our remarks on the incidents of the poet's life, we think it best, if only to justify our impressions, to give a few specimens of his principal productions. These will serve to relieve the tedium of a sketch which must necessarily be dry; in other words, they will encourage the reader to accompany us in our examination, by enabling him to form an opinion of his own as he proceeds of the first work of importance that emanated from De Vega, although it may also be said to

* "Moins d'un an après son retour," says M. E. Regnard, "il perdit sa femme. Ce malheur, ou plutôt le chagrin d'avoir vu ses vœux rejetés par une autre dame qu'il a célébrée sous le nom de Filis, enfin le besoin de distraction le ramenèrent au service."

contain more faults than any other—the *Arcadia*, already alluded to. The plot is artificial; the fable is improbable, much too long, and possesses but little interest. The manners of the principal characters could scarcely be said to be those of any class at any age; much less could they be true or natural as applied to shepherds and shepherdesses. But after due allowance has been made for these defects, no one can fail to admire its graphic and picturesque descriptions and sparkling dialogues, everywhere interspersed as they are with veritable lyrical gems. Nothing could be more meagre than the fable. We need therefore occupy but little space in explaining it.

Anfriso, a young shepherd, of such noble extraction and soaring ambition that he regards Jupiter as his grandfather, loves Belisarda and is beloved by her in return; but the parents of the lady oppose the match, because they prefer to have her married to Salcio, who was "as rich as he was ignorant, as presumptuous as he was rich, as bold as he was unpolished, and as fortunate as he was unworthy." But the rich man had more friends than his poor rival. Accordingly, Anfriso's parents were earnestly advised to send him with his flocks to a distant pasture; nor did they fail to comply with suggestions which seemed so much for their good. But it so happened that the lady's father had occasion to go to the same place, taking his daughter with him. This afforded the lovers an opportunity of meeting once more; but scandalous tongues were soon so busy with the subject that Belisarda had to request him to absent himself for awhile. He complies as a matter of course, discards the habit of the shepherd for the present, and sets out for Italy. Here he betakes himself to the mountains, where he loses his way at night, and in seeking to regain it happens to enter the cavern of the magician, Dardanio, the personage to whom we have already alluded, and who received him not as a stranger, but as an old friend, telling him that he was ready to gratify him in anything he wished for, however impossible it might seem to ordinary mortals. He might have wished to have Belisarda at once for his wife; but that might have spoiled the story. Accordingly, he is content for the present with merely wishing to see her.

The magician made no delay, but immediately raised a spirit, who took them up in a whirlwind to a point where they had a bird's eye view of Europe, Asia, and Africa,

and then set them down together on Mount Cyllene. The magician is now obliged to travel without his friend the spirit, who, however, delegates to him sufficient of his power for all necessary purposes. The course he adopts is to metamorphose himself into a mule and take Anfriso on his back in the form of an old woodman. In this disguise they approach Belisarda, whom they find driving a flock of ducks. As she is frequently found at this work instead of attending sheep, the poet has been censured by many critics for his want of fidelity to nature and custom. There is no doubt that he often errs glaringly in these respects; but he is guilty of no error in the present instance, for all who know anything of pastoral life, especially in the middle of the sixteenth century, are aware that there was scarcely any shepherdess—nor is there at the present day—without a flock of ducks or geese. But the worst of it was that Belisarda was not alone with the ducks. The magician and Anfriso came near enough to see her in conversation with Olympio, one of her numerous admirers. They are not near enough to hear all that passes, but they learn that the shepherd is not sanguine enough to hope to win her affections. His only request is that she will give him a black riband in exchange for a carved spoon. In an evil hour she consents. Anfriso would have her put to death instantly for this, having no doubt of her perfidy; but instead of granting his wish, the magician carries him back to the Apennines in a whirlwind as fast as they came, and then disappears, leaving him to shift for himself as best he can, without making any attempt to explain the conduct of Belisarda, or to relieve his mind from the jealousy which it occasioned.

On reaching the sea shore after many wanderings, he meets with a friend who has letters for him from his parents. He returns home with all possible speed, and his first care is to pay court to Anarda, in order to be avenged of Belisarda, by making her jealous. The lady, conscious of not having deserved this, imitates her lover's example, and affects to favor Olympio in his presence. Both are quite successful in their attempts, and consequently as miserable as they can be. Belisarda is rendered so desperate in a few days by her jealousy that she marries Salcio. She meets Anfriso soon after, an explanation takes place, but it is too late. Anfriso had already applied for relief to the sage Polinesta, famous for curing the most desperate cases of love, who tells him that he must strip himself of whatever he had worn till that time,

put on fresh garments, bathe in various waters, and rid himself with various perfumes of the odor of his old imaginations. All this being done, he must visit the temple of the liberal arts, where alone a complete and permanent cure can be effected. With this view, Lady Grammar receives him into her saloon, and reads him a poem on the art over which she presides. Rhetoric, Logic, Geometry, Arithmetic, &c., do the same. Astrology entertains him with a sonnet, Music with a song to her viol, and Poetry sings her own praises to the harp. Nor is all this sufficient; in order that there be no danger of relapse, her patient must mount the great hill and arrive at the Temple of *Desengano*, a goddess nowhere known out of Spain, but whose attributes are nearly identical with those of the Athenian Minerva.

We have thus given the network in full, though as briefly as possible, not because it is particularly interesting in itself, but because it gives a better general idea of the plots of the author than any other piece he has written. It may well seem difficult, indeed, to expect much that is agreeable or meritorious from so incongruous a mixture. This was our impression on reading the argument prefixed to the *Arcadia*; but it was very soon removed by the perusal of the poem itself. In short, we think that none can read it with any degree of care without agreeing with Southey, that "although the meagreness of its fable might make it appear insipid and tedious to a hasty, an idle, or a presumptuous critic, he who should be in a state of mind *and knowledge* to appreciate it fairly, let him open the volume where he might, would feel himself engaged with no ordinary writer, and would not readily lay it down from weariness."

What is most difficult, if not impossible, is to find in a work of so much variety a passage that can be regarded as a fair specimen of its character as a whole—a difficulty which is greatly increased in a translation; for it too often happens that it is the best passages that are worst rendered, and *vice versa*. This is particularly true of the *Arcadia*, in which those effusions which have been the delight of Spaniards for nearly three centuries are utterly untranslatable. For this reason we will choose a passage which is remarkable more for its train of thought than for the merit of the poetry. The following verses are put into the mouth of one who in youth had loved not "wisely but too well:"

I.

"In the green season of my flowering years,
I liv'd, O Love! a captive in thy chains!
Sung of deluded hopes and idle fears,
And wept thy follies in my wisest strains:
Sad sport of time when under thy control,
So wild was grown my wit, so blind my soul.

II.

"But from the yoke which once my courage tam'd,
I, undecieved, at length have slipp'd my head,
And in that sun, whose rays my soul inflam'd,
What scraps I rescued at my ease I spread.
So shall I altars to *Indifference* raise,
And chant without alarm returning freedom's praise.

III.

"So on their chains the ransom'd captives dwell;
So carols one who, cured, relates his wound;
So slaves of masters, troops of battle tell,
As I my cheerful liberty resound.
Freed, sea and burning fire, from thy control,
Prison, wound, war, and tyrant of my soul.

IV.

"Remain, then, faithless friend, thy arts to try
On such as court alternate joy and pain;
For me, I dare her very eyes defy,
I scorn the amorous snare, the pleasing chain,
That held enthral'd my cheated heart so long,
And charm'd my erring soul, unconscious of its wrong."

Whether it was the hardness of Phillis's heart or the death of his wife that affected him most, certain it is that he assured all his friends that he could find no consolation either at Madrid or Valencia. Just then Phillip II. was preparing the famous expedition (Armada) which was to have overthrown the power of Elizabeth, and made England an appendage to the Spanish crown. He tells us himself, that some six months after the death of his wife, finding that his mistress refused to smile upon him, he shouldered his musket, and, followed by his friend Condé, the faithful companion of his exile at Valencia, embarked at Lisbon on the Armada, where he used the verses he had written to Phillis as wadding for his fusée.*

Some of his biographers think that he was not so ungallant as he represents himself, and there seems to be some foundation for that opinion, for what he says most positively on the subject in one sonnet or ode, he as positively contradicts in another. Thus, for example, in writing to Belisa (his wife) he says, "Let Heaven condemn me to eternal woe, if I

* "Volando en lacos del canon violento,
Los papeles de Filis por el viento."

do not detest Phillis and adore thee." In several ballads to Phillis, written about the same time, he calls her his "only love," "the only one of thy sex that has charge of my heart." In three of these ballads the endearing words, "*Amada pastora mia*," occur in every stanza.

The fate of the Armada is too well known to render it necessary that we should say anything on the subject in this paper; suffice it to remark that the poet barely escaped with his life. Among the severe trials to which he was subjected while at sea, was that of seeing his brother, who was lieutenant of the same vessel in which he served himself, die in his arms. After the destruction of nearly the whole fleet, he finally succeeded in landing at Cadiz, and reached Madrid in 1590. It seems almost incredible, that, notwithstanding all he suffered in that disastrous expedition, he was able to compose his mind so far as to write the greater part of his "*Hermosura de Angelica*," while exposed to the combined attacks of the British fleet and the storms which raged nearly all the time he was at sea. Yet it was one of his happiest efforts.

As the title implies, the whole story turns on the beauty of Angelica. Without attempting so fruitless a task as to analyze a poem which is composed of fragments but loosely put together, we will remark briefly, in passing, that a certain King of Seville, who dies for grief after his wife has died of the same passion on marrying him, bequeathed his kingdom to that person, whether man or woman, who shall be pronounced by seven royal judges superior to every other candidate in personal charms. Claimants of both sexes came from all parts of the world, many of them not only devoid of all pretensions to beauty, but decidedly repulsive from their deformity. But the author makes skilful use of this vanity by describing the different candidates, and contrasting them with each other; and then giving his opinions of the royal judges appointed to decide the question. Thus, Nereyden, Queen of Media, was so ugly as to frighten all children who saw her; but her appearance enables the poet to introduce the heroine at a time when her beauty will produce the greatest effect:

"Phantom of Lethe, wherefore art thou seen,
An inky spot upon this tablet white,
And all unwelcome as the birds obscene,
Who to the feast of Phineus took their flight?
Thinkest thou the foulest shall be named for queen,
Or hast thy mirror thus deceived thy sight?
From Cytherea's temple haste away,
Nor with thy presence mar her holiday!

"Yet thou art welcome here, as is the cloud
That gathers in the east before the day,
And with its tempering mantle serves to shroud
The orb of fire, which slowly wins its way;
So art thou welcome here, where else the crowd
Too suddenly had felt the dazzling ray,
When that Cathayan day-star on the sight,
Arose in all the lustre of her light."*

This is much better than the description of the heroine which follows it, because the latter is too minute, too cold, and too much unlike nature; although the author himself regarded it as not only the best passage in the whole poem, but the best he ever wrote. On the contrary, he thought his description of Medora nothing more than a commonplace transition one, which serves, from its comparative inanity, to set off another in which he had reason to feel some interest, but it is vastly superior to the description which it was intended to embellish:

"And with her he, at whose success and joy
The jealous world such ills had suffer'd, came,
Now king, whom late as slave did kings employ,
The young Medora, happy envied name!
Scarce twenty years had seen the lovely boy,
As ringlet locks and yellow down proclaim;
Fair was his height, and grave to gazers seemed
Those eyes which where they turned with love and softness
beamed.

"Tender was he, and of a gentler kind,
A softer frame than haply knighthood needs;
To pity apt, to music much inclin'd,
In language haughty, somewhat meek in deeds;
Dainty in dress, and of accomplish'd mind,
A wit that kindles and a tongue that leads;
Gay, noble, kind, and generous to the sight,
On foot a gallant youth, on horse an airy knight."†

The judges give their opinions in turn, according to

* "A donde vas fantasma del Letheo,
Mancha de oscura tinta en blanco raso?
Harpia entre las mesas de Fineo,
Aragne entre las musas del Parnaso?
Piensas que el premio se concede al feo?
Hante engañado o el espejo a caso?
Sal del templo de Venus, y no acuerdes
Que se apaguen en ti sus hachas verdes.

† "Entró con ella aquel que tantos danos
Cansó en el mundo por su dicha y gozo,
Aquel esclavo, rey de mil estranos,
Aquel dichoso y envidiado mozo;
Era Medoro un mozo de veinte años,
Ensotijado el pelo, y rubio el bozo,
De u ediana estatura, y de ojos graves,
Graves mirados, y en mirar suaves.

Mas bien sera que vayas como niebla
Para que venga el sol con dulce salva
Por cuya sombra y frigida tiniebla
Qual suele por la noche rompa el alva.
Que ya de resplandores cerea y puebla,
Y de tus nubes nos defienda y salva
La estrella de la Reyna del Carthaya
Que deshara tu sombra con so rayo."

Tierno en extremo, y algo afeminado,
Mas de lo que merece un caballero,
Gran Horador, y musico extremado,
Humilde en obras, y en palabras fiero;
Guardado en ambar, siempre regalado,
Sutil, discreto, vario, lisongero,
Noble, apacible, alegre generoso,
A pie gallardo, y á caballo ayroso."

their own notions of beauty. That in which this is done, is undoubtedly the most humorous part of the poem, if not the most poetical. The following passage, though rather brief, will serve as a specimen :

" One grave old judge affirm'd it was their place
The unerring laws of beauty to define,
And if the form accorded with the face,
As sculptors try their work by rule and line,
And as from right proportion natural grace
Is the result, he therefore must opine
Concerning Thisbe's claim, that they should see
If all were due scale and just degree.

" Another sage one thought the counsel sound,
For beauty is the symmetry of parts,
And in this symmetry when all are bound
There is the magnet which attracts all hearts ;
The separate charm which then in each is found,
Harmonious union to the whole imparts,
And Beauty therefore bears, when these agree,
The names of concord and of harmony."*

As might be expected in such a case, no two of the judges agree in their definitions of beauty. After they have wearied themselves not a little, wrangling with each other as to who the candidate is that is entitled to the bequest, one of the spectators is made to address them, but at respectful distance, in a strain the loveliness and spirit of which may be inferred from the following lines :

" O dotards, through your spectacles who pry,
And ask the measure of a lovely face ;
Measure the influence of a woman's eye ;
And you may then, I ween, compute the space
That intervenes between the earth and sky."†

On his return from Madrid after the failure of the Armada, he became secretary first to the Marquis of Malpica, and subsequently to the Marquis of Sarico, afterwards known as Count de Lemos ; while in the service of the latter noble-

□ " Tal viejo dize que mirar importa
Si yqual el cuerpo con el rostro sea,
Qual suele escultor que el leno corta,
Y por medidas justas le tenta,
Que en la materia alarga, quita, acorta,
¿ ara que salga lo que fue la ydea,
Que la beldad de Tisbe sin medida
Con arte quieren que se juzgue, y mida.

Otro le aprueba, y dize que consiste
En una union de miembros la hermosura
Y que si yqual quieste al otro assiste,
Entonces es perfecta la figura ;
Y que de esta unidad se adorna y viste
Del cuerpo la acabada compostura ;
Y que por esso la beldad tenia
El nombre de concordia y armonica."

† " Ocaudos juezes con anteojos,
Quereis medir un rostro, un tierno pecho,
Medid et ayre de unos bellos ojos,
Y me direys del cielo al suelo el trecho."

Canto III. ff. 30.

man, in 1597, when he had reached his thirty-fifth year, he married Dona Juana de Guardio. Soon after he resigned his position in the household of the marquis, and henceforth he devoted himself exclusively to literature for a livelihood.

We are told that he lived very happily for two or three years after his second marriage; and the fact would seem to be confirmed by his poetical epistles, in several of which he alludes to it. Some of his biographers are so ill-natured, however, as to allege that if he was really happy at this period, it was not his wife that made him so; and it must be admitted that the charge is but too well founded. He had two children by his second wife: Charles, who died at seven years old; and Feliciana, who was born soon after, but whose mother did not survive her birth. All agree that he was much grieved at the death of his wife and son; but several add that his illegitimate daughter Marcela was born some weeks before Feliciana. We are further informed that he loved the former much more than the latter; nay, more than any other child, male or female, he ever had. She was the daughter of Dona Maria de Luxan, a lady remarkable both for her beauty and accomplishments; and who had made herself not less remarkable by her romantic attachment to the author of the *Arcadia*. By this lady he had also a son named Lope; but after the birth of the latter no more is heard of her. It is otherwise, however, both with her son and daughter. The former had the honor, when only fourteen years old, of taking part in the poetical ovation given in honor of St. Isadore, reading a poem on that occasion which elicited much applause. He preferred the profession of arms to that of literature, however, and was killed in a naval engagement with the Dutch and Turks, about a year after.

To his illegitimate daughter, Marcela, he dedicated his *El Remedio de la Desdicha*, in 1620, "with extraordinary expressions of admiration and affection," begging her, in his preface, to correct and read it, and praying that she may be happy in spite of the perfections which render earthly happiness almost impossible to her. The course which she subsequently pursued shows that he was right in regarding her as having no appreciation for the pleasures which the world can afford; for in one year after, we find her taking the veil and becoming a nun, when such were her beauty and accomplishments, and so much was she esteemed for her many virtues, that she could have married into one of the most respectable families

in Madrid. Her father poured forth his grief in a beautiful ode; he also found consolation in the great splendor that marked her retirement from the world; the king attending the ceremony in person, accompanied by the Duke de Sessa and other illustrious personages, all of whom were the personal friends and admirers of Lope. It is but justice to Marcela to say, that far from desiring any such display, she permitted it only in compliance with the earnest and repeated entreaties of her father, for whom she had the greatest admiration and affection. Even in her convent life she never forgot him. There is something peculiarly affecting in the request she made at his death. As her vows and feelings precluded her from returning to the world, even for the purpose of attending the funeral of her beloved father, she begged, as a particular favor, that the funeral procession might pass by the convent, so that she might get one look at his face before the grave closed on him for ever. We may add that it is creditable to all concerned, that her request was not refused.

Although both the illegitimate children are spoken of in the highest terms, the fact that Lope had such while his wife lived is urged as evidence that he was not so much grieved for the death of the latter, as Montalvan would have the world believe. Indeed, some go so far as to allege that he was glad of it. This conclusion they draw from certain sonnets of his, and it must be admitted that those alluded to are but too well calculated to justify the worst suspicion entertained against him in that respect. But we will allow our readers to judge for themselves, by extracting the most remarkable of those verses, as translated by Lord Holland, and giving the original in a foot note, for the benefit of those acquainted with the Castilian. This we do all the more readily, because whatever may be the propriety or impropriety of the author's real meaning or design, it cannot be denied that these stanzas are in the true poetic vein:

"Seven long and tedious years did Jacob serve,
And short had been the term, if it had found
Its end desired. To Leah he was bound,
And must by service of seven more deserve
His Rachel. Thus will strangers lightly swerve
From their pledged word. Yet time might well repay
Hope's growing debt, and Patience might be crown'd;
And the slow season of expectance past,
True love with ample recompense at last
Requite the sorrows of this hard delay.

*Alas for me, to whose unhappy doom
No such blest end appears! Ill fate is his
Who hopes for Rachel in the world to come,
And chain'd to Leah drags his life in this."**

Some think that this was intended for Phillis; others infer from it that the author was in love with another man's wife. The following lines, written on a subsequent occasion, but in the same strain, seem to strengthen the latter opinion:

"When snows before the genial breath of spring
Dissolve, and our great mother reassumes
Her robe of green; the meadow breathes perfumes,
Loud sings the thrush, the bees are on the wing,
The fresh grass grows, the young lambs feed at will.
*But not to thee, my heart, doth Nature bring
The joy that this sweet season should instil.*
Thou broodest always on thy cherish'd ill
Absence is no sore grief—it is a glass
Wherein true love from falsehood may be known;
Well may the pain be borne *which hath an end*;
But woe to him *whose ill-placed hopes attend
Another's life*, and who till that shall pass
In hopeless expectation wastes his own."[†]

In the same volume that contained the "Angelic Beauty," was also first published *La Dragontea*, an heroic poem in ten books, on Sir Francis Drake. This is one of the most singular productions ever written. Its object is to give full expression to the national hatred towards Drake. At the end of the argument to the first book is a long list of names and places. To this is added a note, in which the reader is informed that as often as he meets with the word Dragon, he is to understand by it the person of Francis Drake. Some of the other English names are rendered into Spanish, as follows: Hawkins is called Achines; Thomas Baskerville

° Sirvió Jacob los siete largos años
Breves, si al fin qual la esperanza fuera;
A Lia goza, y a Rachel espera
Otros siete despues, Horando engamos,
Assi guardan, pa abra los estranos.
Pero en efecto vive, y considera,
Que la podra gazar antes que muera,
Y que tuvieron terminos sus danos;

Triste de mí, sin limite que mida.
Lo que un engano al sufrimiento
cuesta,
Y sin remedio que el agravio pida.
Ay de aquel alma a padecer dispuesta
Que espera su Rachel en la otra vida,
Y tiene a Lia pa ra siempre en esta.

Segunda Parte de las Rimas de Lope de Vega. Barcelona, 1604. Soneto V.

† Quando la Madre antigua reverdeze,
Bello pastor y a quanto vive aplaze,
La zerva nace, la nacida crece,
Canta el silguero, el corderillo paze,
Tu pecho aquién su pena satisface
Del general contonto se entristece.
No es mucho mal la ausencia, que es
espejo

Quando en agua la nieve se deshaze,
Por en Sol que en el Aries resplandeze,
De la cierta verdad, o la fingida;
Si espera fin, ninguna pena es pena.
Ay del que tiene por su mal consejo
El remedio impossible de su vida
En la esperanza de la muerte agena.

figures prominently in the poem as Don Thomas Vasuile, and Cavendish is metamorphosed into Candir.

The first book opens with the prayers of Christianity, in the form of a beautiful woman, who presents Spain, Italy, and America in the court of heaven, and prays God to protect them all against what the poet calls "that Protestant Scotch pirate." It is but justice to Lope to remark that in no other light than that of a corsair was Drake regarded on the Peninsula, either in Spain or Portugal, before the destruction of the great Armada. His being second in command of the British fleet sent against the Armada, raised him even in the eyes of his enemies to the dignity of a legitimate warrior; and the historians of Spain and Portugal speak of him accordingly. That it was not for nothing he got the former character, may be inferred from the fact that he had scoured the whole Spanish coast, from Cadiz to Cape St. Vincent, the year before the destruction of the Armada, and had sunk, or carried off, at least ten thousand tons of their larger ships, besides some fifty or sixty smaller vessels.

The author explains the object of his poem in his preface. He tells us that he had two causes for writing it; one was that the people might be undeceived in their opinion of their enemy, the truth being that every grain of gold he had taken cost him much blood; the other, that oblivion might not cover the important victory which had at last been gained over him. In addition to this, he was anxious that the king should see the valor of the Spaniards, and the miserable end to which their worst enemy had come. He expected that the work would be very popular; but ten long books, containing little more than personal abuse, is not likely to be much read by any class. If the Spaniards hated Elizabeth and the English as much as Lope thought, they preferred to evince their hatred in some other way than that of reading the *Dragonca*. True, it contains not a few passages that are well worth reading; but as a whole, the work may be regarded as the least successful he has ever written.

A very different performance was his *El Perigrino en su Patria*, published the same year. It embraces the story of two lovers, who, after many and various adventures in Spain and Portugal, are carried into captivity among the Moors, and finally return home as pilgrims by way of Italy. The entire romance is in the form of five books, and is one of the most highly finished of all his productions. Its chief

beauty consists in its episodes, and the fine lyrics scattered through it with a bountiful hand; all of which are ingeniously interwoven with the narrative. None of his works seem to have been so universally read. One reason assigned for this, apart from its genuine merit, is that the poet availed himself of his own adventures at Valencia and elsewhere, in order to give piquancy to the story. Be this as it may, it contains many strange incidents and at the same time is truer to nature throughout than any other performance of his, except perhaps his *El Azero de Madrid* (The Madrid Steel), which is said to have suggested to Molière the idea of his "Medecin Malgré Lui." Nor does the latter, truly excellent as it is, equal the original in spirit or vigor. This is particularly true of the portraiture of the heroine, which in the Spanish play is exceedingly lively, piquant, and natural. Another character which is admirably drawn, is that of the lady's aunt, who, while acting as a duenna to her, pretends to be absorbed in religion, and exposes her own hypocrisy by falling in love. A passage of any extent extracted from almost any part of the piece would show that we do not exaggerate its merit. We should do more justice to the author by quoting from the second or third act than from the first; but the latter gives a better idea of the skillful manner in which the character of the heroine is contrasted with that of her aunt. Lisardo, the hero, and Riselo, his friend, make their first appearance before the door of a fashionable church in Madrid, where they watch eagerly for the door to open, so that Lisardo may see the lady with whom he is in love. The friend grows weary as group after group pass out, and declares he cannot remain any longer. Just as he is about to leave Belisa appears, accompanied by her aunt, Theodora, who is already engaged in lecturing her:

Theodora. Show more of gentleness and modesty;—
Of gentleness in walking quietly,
Of modesty in looking only down
Upon the earth you tread.

Belisa. 'Tis what I do.

Theodora. What? When you're looking straight towards that man?

Belisa. Did you not bid me look upon the earth?

And what is he but just a bit of it?

Theodora. I said the earth whereon you tread, my niece.

Belisa. But that whereon I tread is hidden quite

With my own petticoat and walking-dress.

Theodora. Words such as these become no well-bred maid.

But, by your mother's blessed memory,

I'll put an end to all your pretty tricks;—

What? You look back at him again?

- Belisa.* Who? I?
Theodora. Yes, you;—and make him secret signs besides.
Belisa. Not I. 'Tis only that you troubled me
 With teasing questions and perverse replies,
 So that I stumbled and looked round to see
 Who would prevent my fall.
Riselo (to Lisardo). She falls again.
 Be quick and help her.
Lisardo (to Belisa). Pardon me, lady,
 And forgive my glove.
Theodora. Who ever saw the like?
Belisa. I thank you, sir, you saved me from a fall.
Lisardo. An angel, lady, might have fallen so;
 Or stars that shine with heaven's own blessed light.
Theodora. I, too, can fall; but 't is upon your trick.
 Good gentleman, farewell to you!
Lisardo. Madam,
 Your servant. (Heaven save us from such spleen!)
Theodora. A pretty fall you made of it; and now I hope
 You'll be content, since they assisted you.
Belisa. And you no less content, since now you have
 The means to tease me for a week to come.
Theodora. But why again do you turn back your head?
Belisa. Why, sure you think it wise and wary
 To notice well the place I stumbled at,
 Lest I should stumble there when next I pass.
Theodora. Mischief befall you! But I know your ways!
 You'll not deny this time you looked upon the youth?
Belisa. Deny it? No!
Theodora. You dare confess it, then?
Belisa. Be sure I dare. You saw him help me,—
 And would you have me fail to thank him for it?
Theodora. Go to! Come home! Come home!
Belisa. Now we shall have
 A pretty scolding cooked up out of this."

The scene of the quack doctor, in the same play, is another capital portraiture. Those who read it will, we think, agree with us that authors of nearly three hundred years ago had much more courage, and took much more pains to put the public on its guard against swindlers of the quack genus, than authors of the present day, although the tribe do vastly more harm now in one year, in one of our large cities, than they could then in all Spain in seven years, for the obvious reason that the Spanish quacks had not the press to aid them in proclaiming their wonderful powers. But, disregarding the order of time, we pass on to another play, which, although it belongs to altogether a different class from that of "The Madrid Steel," is marked, in common with the latter, by many fine touches of nature; it shows that if Lope de Vega often transcends the bounds of probability, and sometimes seems to set reason and common sense

at defiance, he does not do so from ignorance of the human heart.

Indeed, we have evidence enough throughout his writings that he occasionally indulged in extravagance, not that his taste or judgment approved of it, but because that was the kind that happened to be most agreeable to his countrymen in his time. This he tells us himself in his "New Art of Composing Comedies" (*El Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias*), a work in which he shows that he was perfectly acquainted with the classic models and with the most approved precepts of criticism, including those of the Staggyrite. "But," he says, "he who now follows rules of art dies without glory and without recompense for his labor, so easy is it for custom to overcome reason. When I compose a comedy," he adds, "I shut up under triple locks all precepts; I remove from my study Plautus and Terence, lest I might hear their cries; for the truth calls with a loud voice from those mute volumes. I write, therefore, according to the dramatic art, invented by those who wished to secure the applause of the multitude. In short, it is the public that pays us, and it is but fair that we should write absurdities in order to please it." Before we condemn Lope for this, let us bear in mind that Shakespeare, who was his contemporary, was not less indifferent than he to forms or principles; in other words, he was not less ready to set all rules and precepts at defiance. We do not mean, however, to compare the genius of De Vega to that of Shakespeare; for highly gifted as the former was, as evidenced especially by his astonishing fecundity and his extraordinary facility of writing, we hold that he was vastly inferior, as a delineator of man and his passions, to the latter. Still, even Shakespeare has written nothing more tender, nothing that more readily finds an echo in every breast, than many episodes we find in the works of De Vega. The piece to which we have just alluded affords an instance of this—we mean his *El Principe Perfeto*, in which his main object is to give an idea of a perfect prince, under the character of Don John of Portugal, son of Alfonso the Fifth, and contemporary with Ferdinand and Isabella. It would occupy too much of our space to attempt an analysis of *The Perfect Prince*. Let it suffice to remark, that Don Juan de Sousa, the king's favorite, is twice sent by him to Spain on embassies of consequence, and that while residing there, he resides in the family of a gentleman connected with him by blood, to whose daughter, Leonora, he makes love, and he wins

her affections. He returns to Portugal several times, but forgets his plighted faith. At last she comes with her father to Lisbon; even there he refuses to remember his obligations. Finally, when all other means fail, she presents herself to the king; Leonora exclaims, as she enters the audience hall:

Prince, whom in peace and war men perfect call,
Listen a woman's cry!

King.

Begin;—I hear.

Leonora.

Fadrique—he of ancient Lara's house,
And governor of Seville—is my sire.

King.

Pause there, and pardon first the courtesy
That owes a debt to thy name and to his,
Which ignorance alone could fail to pay.

Leonora.

Such condescending gentleness, my lord,
Is worthy of the wisdom and the wit
Which through the world are blazoned and admired.—
But to my tale. Twice came there to Castile
A knight from this thy land, whose name I hide
Till all his frands are manifest. For thou,
My lord, dost love him in such wise, that, wert
Thou other than thou art, my true complaints
Would fear to seek a justice they in vain
Would strive to find. Each time within our house
He dwelt a guest, and from the very first
He sought my love.

King.

Speak on, and let not shame

Opress thy words; for to the judge and priest
Alike confession's voice should boldly come.

Leonora.

I was deceived. He went and left me sad
To mourn his absence; for of them he is
Who leave behind their knightly, nobler parts,
When they themselves are long since fled and gone.
Again he came, his voice more sweetly tuned,
More siren-like than ever. I heard the voice,
Nor knew its hidden fraud. O would that Heaven
Had made us, in its highest justice, deaf,
Since tongues so false it gave to men! He lured,
He lured me as the fowler lures the bird
In snares and meshes hid beneath the grass.
I struggled, but in vain; for Love, heaven's child,
Has power the mightiest fortress to subdue.
He pledged his knightly word,—in writing pledged it,
Trusting that afterwards, in Portugal,
The debt and all might safely be denied;—
As if the heavens were narrower than the earth,
And justice not supreme. In short, my lord,
He went; and, proud and vain, the banners bore
That my submission marked, not my defeat;
For where love is, there comes no victory.
His spoils he carried to his native land,
As if they had been torn in heathen war
From Africa; such as in Arcila,
In earliest youth, thyself with glory won;
Or such as now, from shores remote, thy ships

Bring home,—dark slaves, to darker slavery.
 No written word of his came back to me.
 My honor wept its obsequies, and built its tomb
 With Love's extinguished torches. Soon, the prince,
 Thy son, was wed with our Infanta fair,—
 God grant it for a blessing to both realms!—
 And with her, as ambassador, my sire
 To Lisbon came, and I with him. But here—
 Even here—his promises that knight denies,
 And so disheartens and despises me,
 That, if your Grace no remedy can find,
 The end of all must be the end of life,—
 So heavy is my misery.

King.

That scroll?

Thou hast it?

Leonora.

Surely. It were an error!

Not to be repaired, if I had lost it.

King.

It cannot be but I should know the hand,
 If he who wrote it in my household serve.

Leonora.

This is the scroll, my lord.

King.

And John de Sosa's is

The signature! But yet, unless mine eyes

Had seen and recognized his very hand,

I never had believed the tale thou bring'st;—

So highly deem I of his faithfulness.

One of Lope's greatest as well as most elaborate works, is his *Jerusalem Conquistada* (Jerusalem Conquered), which was published in 1609. The author calls it "a tragic epic," and it must be admitted that, whatever may be the faults of the poem, the title is not inappropriate. Writing about it himself to the Duke of Sessa, nearly four years before its publication, he says: "I wrote it in my best years, and with a different purpose from that of other works written in my youth, when the passions have more power."* It is in twenty books of octave rhymes, making in all more than twenty-two thousand verses. Yet it was twice reprinted within the ten years succeeding its first publication, and it has been reprinted ten times since. This would show, in the absence of all other evidence, that it possesses merit of no mean order, as indeed it really does. Its graceful, easy, and lively style, its romantic and often charming episodes, its preternatural visions, its allegorical personages, and above all its love adventures, form so agreeable a *melange*, and are generally so skilfully interwoven with the narrative, that those who are startled most by its extravagances and its frequent violations of historic truth, cannot help being fascinated in its perusal. A remark or two will explain here the nature of the incongruities alluded to. In choosing his hero he

* Shack, Nachhage, 1854, p. 33.

preferred Richard Cœur de Lion to Godfrey de Bologne, and yet undertakes to rival Tasso in the *chef-d'œuvre* of the latter. In the progress of the poem he seems to have discovered that he should rely for success on some other hero, and accordingly introduces a rival in the person of Alphonso the Eighth, King of Castile, who it is certain was never in Palestine at all. Another serious defect is that the real subject of the poem ends in the eighteenth book, by the return of both Richard and Alphonso. In every other respect, however, the facts of history are adhered to with tolerable fidelity. But after all, it is not for the historical information to be derived from a poem that we read it with more or less avidity, but chiefly for the qualities which we have already spoken of as characterizing the "Jerusalem Conquered" in a high degree.

It is nevertheless true, that where there are blemishes, it is not only the privilege, but the duty, of the critic to point them out. This has been done in the case of Lope both at home and abroad. While he was engaged in writing the work under consideration, but not until some specimens of it had been seen by the critics, a sonnet was published and widely circulated, the burden of which was that he should not proceed in so rash an attempt as to rival Tasso. This the author and his friends seem to have attributed to Cervantes, but with no sufficient reason. On the contrary, there were various reasons why the author of Don Quixote ought not to have been accused of any such conduct; but one or two will be sufficient for our purpose. One is, that he had written a complimentary sonnet, which was prefixed to the *Dragontea*; the other, that he had spoken in terms of high praise in his *Viage del Pernaso* of Lope de Vega. The mistake of the latter was, not to bear in mind that there were many others from whom he had reason to expect the like more than from Cervantes, who was sufficiently conscious of his own superior powers to be jealous of Lope or any other Spanish writer of his time. Our author soon found, however, that he had some reason to turn his suspicion in another direction. Of this we find an interesting proof in another "Journey to Parnassus," written by the Portuguese satirist, Dioga de Sousa, and from which we extract the following passage, merely premising that it hits off the faults and foibles of Lope very happily:

"Two days in that great city did I tarry,
Delaying my departure, in regard

That I might to the god Apollo carry
 A line of notice from the darling Bard
 Lopez, whom as his life he seem'd to prize.
 I found him in the lowest damp retreat
 Of all the wide and fertile vale which lies
 Between Punhete and Pyrene's feet.
 A dish of season'd compliments I brought,
 Kneaded with salt and butter was the paste,
 And more to please his palate, as I thought,
 Sweetened with honey to the poet's taste:
 Presenting this, I ventured to require
 A letter to Apollo for his favor,
 And, if he deign'd to grant my bold desire,
 Another for the Rhymers of strong savor.
 If you should visit Sparta, he replied,
 A city of Arcadia which I know,
 (Having been there myself), I will provide
 Some friendly introductions ere you go.
 Yet a long time had now elapsed, he said,
 Since aught of Lord Anfriso he could hear,
 Nor knew he if he were alive or dead.
 I answered, Sir, I shall not travel there;
 Nor will I enter in the Holy Land,
 Except with caution and in safe disguise;
 Because the school-boys there, I understand,
 Inveigh against your Reverence with loud cries:
 For they complain that what Torquato did
 Hath been unhappily undone by you.
 Thence the indignant Lopez at my head
 With furious force his weighty inkstand threw.
 I saw his sudden purpose, and in fear
 Turning my back, began all speed to fly:
 The heavy weapon reached me in the rear,
 And rearward I returned a long loud sigh.
 Humbly I then essayed to supplicate
 The offended author's favor as before:
 But even while I spake, the Bard irate
 Drew back, and in my face he shut the door."

Not a few of the incidents of the "Jerusalem" are singular. Thus, in the third book the Count of Tripoli is killed by a nightmare, and the mode of his death is duly described in harmonious verse.* Another odd scene occurs in the fourth

q "Two kinds of dreams there be; of softest down
 The gentle one is framed, the sterner kind
 Of lead, beneath whose painful weight the breast
 Labors and struggles, fearfully oppress.

"What wouldst thou? trembling the apostate cries,
 And as he spake essays to lift his head;
 Vainly he makes the effort, vainly tries
 To escape from that encumbent load of lead.
 Fixed by the oppressive weight, he cannot rise,
 The throttling spectre pins him to the bed,
 Hardly the wretch inhales a loud-drawn breath
 And opes his eyes to see the face of death.

book, the opening of which represents Jerusalem as standing before the throne of God, and relating the history of the Jews from the time when they were miraculously brought out of Egypt, down to their present captivity under Saladin. This curious episode occupies twenty-eight stanzas, which form by no means the least interesting part of the poem. Lord Holland speaks of the whole, as compared with the "Angelica," as "confusion worse confounded," but it is evident that if his lordship has read it at all, he has done so hastily. At all events, a much more reliable critic* has given a very different estimate of the "Jerusalem:" "But," says the author of *Thalaba*, "there is more vigor of thought in it, and more felicity of expression, than in any other of his long poems." The same judicious critic makes allowance for the prominence given to the Spaniards contrary to the strict truth of history. "The subject," he says, "is that crusade of which Richard Cœur de Lion was the hero; but as the Castilians bore a part in it, they, of course, are preferred to the place of honor by their countryman." This is no more than what Virgil has done for the Romans in his *Æneid*, in which he represents the Trojans as the ancestors of the Romans. At all events, the poem must not be overlooked by any one who desires to form an accurate estimate of the genius of Lope de Vega.

The "Jerusalem" was followed appropriately enough by "The Shepherds of Bethlehem" (*Pastores de Belen*), a pastoral in prose and verse in five books, which presents sacred history in accordance with the most popular traditions of the church, from the birth of Mary to the arrival of the holy family in Egypt. Many passages of this are in bad taste, and they were severely censured as such when the work was first published. It is not the less true, however, that it contains some charming narratives, and as fine specimens of the lyrical style as are to be found in any literature. Thus, for example, the song of the Virgin lulling the child Jesus to sleep, in the palm grove, is one of the happiest efforts of its kind ever made; and as such it has been translated not only into every

"In vain he seeks to wrestle with the weight
Which will not loose its miserable prey;
Helpless and hopeless now he yields to fate,
Nor hath he tongue to speak, nor heart to pray;
Down falls the quivering jaw; in this estate,
Through the wide open mouth Death makes his way;
Life meets him, and as each the way would win,
They know not which is out, or which is in."

* Southey.

European language, but into several oriental languages, including the Turkish and the Persian. The same year (1612) he published "Religious Ballads" and "Thoughts," in prose, the latter of which he pretended to have translated from the Latin of *Gabriel Padeccepo* (a sort of anagram of Lope de Vega).

It is proper we should remark here, that at this time Lope had become an ecclesiastic. This step he took in 1609, very soon after his daughter had taken the veil. He was then about thirty-eight years old, and it is due to his memory, as well as to the cause of truth and justice, to say, that whatever may have been his indiscretions prior to this period, he led a virtuous and blameless life from the time he became a priest until his death. Writers of all religious denominations mention this fact to his credit.* It is added, that although there are objectionable passages in several pieces of his written after his becoming an ecclesiastic, he was always ready to expunge them when called upon to do so by the authorities of the church. He also evinced a ready and implicit obedience to his superiors when the Archbishop of Madrid denounced the theatre as a school of vice and depravity; for he subsequently confined himself exclusively to what were nominally at least religious poems. We are told that in 1820-22, he found two occasions for exercising his talents in the beatification and canonization of St. Isadore. As representations in ordinary theatres were forbidden by the Church, he caused a temporary structure to be erected in front of the church of St. Andrew. On a platform prepared for the purpose, Lope read poems in honor of the occasion from the principal literary men of the day, including Jaurigui, Pantaleon, Montalvan, Zarate, Guillen de Castro, Espinel, Calderon, Lope himself, and his son already alluded to. Two years more recently there was another fête in honor of the same saint, at which Lope read two poems, one on the infancy, and the other on the youth of St. Isadore. He read

* "He devoted himself to pious works," says Ticknor, "as his father had done; visited the hospitals regularly; resorted daily to a particular church; entered a secular religious congregation; and finally at Toledo, in 1609, according to Navarrete, received the tonsure and became a priest. The next year he joined the same brotherhood of which Cervantes was afterwards a member. In 1625, he entered the congregation of the native priesthood of Madrid, and was so faithful and exact in the performance of his duties that in 1628 he was elected to be its chief chaplain. He is, therefore, for the twenty-six latter years of his life, to be regarded as strictly connected with the Spanish church, and as devoting to its daily service some portion of his time."—*Hist. of Spanish Literature*, Vol. II., p. 164.

his own poems on each occasion under an assumed name, that of Tomé de Bourgillos; but notwithstanding this, gained more applause than all the other poets together. This decided preference induced him to write several other pieces, the chief characteristics of which were burlesque humor, lively wit, and caustic, but not offensive satire. It was at this time he produced his *Gatomachia*, or *Battle of the Cats*, undoubtedly one of the best mock heroic poems in any language.

Its subject is a contest between two cats for the love of a third, and it extends to seven cantos, making in all two thousand five hundred lines. It might well seem incredible that any author could continue to interest the reader throughout so long a poem, without introducing any other characters than cats; but the truth is that that strange performance becomes more and more lively, spirited, and fascinating as it proceeds; so that the critics of all nations concur in the opinion that the two last cantos are the most attractive of all. Perhaps the secret of its great popularity at home and abroad is that it so happily and amusingly parodies several epic poets of different countries, especially Ariosto, and is equally successful and humorous in caricaturing old ballads, odes, sonnets, &c. Next to Don Quixote, it has always been the most popular in Spain of all works whatever. This will not seem strange when it is borne in mind that the reader is reminded at every line of the similar quarrels of men and women, and the fuss made about them by poets, who narrate them as if they were the sublime performances of gods and goddesses; in other words, although the subject throughout is cats, as we have said, in no other poem has Lope de Vega, or perhaps any other Spanish poet, delineated human nature so faithfully, especially when it is influenced by love and the various other feelings and motives which lead men to a quarrel with each other for the possession of a "better half." The peculiar jealousy of the Spaniards is portrayed with a degree of fidelity which is absolutely inimitable. We have no poetical version of the *Gatomachia* before us; and it cannot be expected that a prose translation will give any adequate idea of the humor and spirit of the original; yet we think that a passage or two even of the latter will show that we do not exaggerate the genuine merit of the poem. In the second canto the heroine is reading a letter from one of her lovers, and is so unfortunate as to be seen by another:

"Zapaquilda had proceeded thus far, when the jealous Marraquiz,

who, from the summit of an adjoining roof, was contemplating this horrible treachery, suddenly appeared, and furious, seized with one paw the fatal letter, and pounced with the other on the plateful of delicacies. The unfortunate Garraf stood there stupefied, like a school-boy caught in the act by a severe master. Marramaquiz, no longer able to restrain himself, gave him two or three blows with his terrific claws, then taking him by the nape of the neck, he threw him into the air, where the unfortunate messenger turned and twisted about. So, at tennis, a vigorous and skilful player throws to a distance the ball which his bat has struck.

"This done, Marramaquiz, his eyes sparkling, and foaming at the mouth, tore his rival's letter to pieces, and threatened the terrified Zapaculda. At the same time, as if to assuage his fury, he destroyed the garnish of bacon, eggs, and fine kernels, and cursed the hand which prepared them for that day's dinner. Who would ever have ascribed the jealousy of love to such causes? At last, however, our cat took flight. You should have seen her run; she was so nimble that you would have compared her to that amazon who ran over a field of wheat without bending the ears as she passed (which is not one of the least suspicious stories which venerable antiquity has transmitted to us). While running, she invoked the god of love; she vowed that if she escaped safely from her terrible gailant, she would offer up to him next season a bow and arrows of costly workmanship."

It matters little what canto we turn to; there are excellent passages to be found in each—nay, at almost every page. Passing to the sixth canto we come to that scene in which the heroine, after being duly wedded to her favorite knight, is carried off like a second Helen, by an impudent rival. The injured and bereaved husband calls a council of his friends, all of whom give him advice according as they are brave or timid, rash or prudent law-abiding or law-defying:

"Friends and relatives, I shall not employ vain eloquence to point out to you the misfortune which you have witnessed, and of which, according to custom, I was the last to be informed. Do I need words to rouse you? Do noble hearts require long speeches? The paleness of my face and my sighs will tell more than I can, and a silent grief is not less eloquent than Demosthenes, especially when speaking before an assembly, which, for wisdom, can only be compared to the Roman senate. My wife has been carried off, and I demand vengeance!"

"The assembly was moved, and most of the cats gave Mizifouf unequivocal proofs of real sympathy.

"After this first movement, a cat named Big-belly spoke. He was a cat of consummate prudence and venerable aspect. We must add, that his baldness was not caused by the disease called scald head, but by a blow given him by a servant one day, when, profiting by her looking off one moment from some tripe she was cleaning, he seized hold of one end and carried it up on the roof, so that the other end remained in the kitchen, thus forming a long cord, by means of which one might have found one's way about the house, like the thread of the Cretan labyrinth.

"Big-belly rose and said, with a grave and majestic air, 'It is with reason, my friends, that you testify such sympathy to Mizifouf, and you owe help and protection to a stranger who has left his native land to live amongst us as a brother; and even if not for his sake, you ought to prove

to the world, by some striking example, that beauty is not to be outraged with impunity.'

"To which Kiddy, speaking like a young cat as he was, answered, 'If this concerned me personally,' said he, boasting, 'Marramaquiz would already have suffered the punishment he deserves, for I would have torn out his eyes with my claws.'

"But Fighter looked fixedly at him, and said, 'It would be better to send a challenge, according to the manners of Castile, to the most valiant cat who ever ran in the gutters.'

"'That is not my opinion,' said Sharp. 'Is it not folly to expose one's life against an individual who has behaved improperly? and is it not established that there should be no challenge in cases of treachery? My advice is, that the injured one should take a cross-bow—that, armed thus, he should at night await the offender at the corner of a roof, and there kill him, without compromising himself.'

"'Yes,' instantly replied Scratcher, who was a very distinguished cat. 'Yes, this revenge would be excellent, if certain. But there is no reckoning on it with so careful a cat as Marramaquiz. In my opinion it would be better to bring the ravisher to justice, and proceed legally against him; doubtless death would be the reward of his crimes.'

"'That would be called cowardice,' instantly replied Biter. 'Besides, what is the use of a law-suit in cases like this. Is there not always a deal of idle gossiping which a man must avoid? And who does not know the interminable length of law suits? We lose patience and life before judgment is passed. I therefore think the best justice is the one we get for ourselves by sword and pistol.'

Our rapidly diminishing space obliges us to stop here, although some of the speakers have yet to present their views.

So numerous are the works of De Vega, that it would be impossible even to glance at one-fourth of them in one article; for he is beyond all comparison the most prolific writer whose multifarious productions are well attested. Be it remembered that his dramatic works alone fill twenty-six quarto volumes, which were published between 1609 and 1647; while he was yet living, twenty of these thick, closely-printed quartos appeared. The six last volumes included *Autos Sacramentales*, *Loas y Entremeses*, ballads, sonnets, &c., &c.*

We have already devoted more space to this article than we had intended, yet there are two or three of Lope's pieces to which we must refer, however briefly, before we close. We should also be glad to speak of his relations with his brother authors; but to do justice to this branch of the subject would require an article by itself. We may remark in passing,

* In 1803 he gave a list of three hundred and forty-one separate productions; in 1699, the number had increased to four hundred and eighty-three; in 1618, to eight hundred; in 1619, to nine hundred; in 1824, to one thousand and seventy. After his death, in 1635, his friend, Montalvan, announced that he found, on examination of the author's manuscripts, that his dramatic compositions alone amounted to eighteen hundred pieces, and four hundred *autos*. *Parnaso Espan.*, Vol. iii. p. 125.

however, that except in the case of Cervantes, the conduct of Lope towards all his contemporaries was frank and generous. It does not appear that he entertained the least feeling of jealousy towards any of the rest; whereas, nearly all were jealous of him, and they often gave vent to that feeling by giving him all the annoyance in their power. Some think that this is the reason why he complains as he does at the close of his "Jerusalem Conquered;" but he speaks of himself, not only as ruined and neglected, and struggling with domestic embarrassments, but also as a banished man, and in that instance alone resembling Ovid. This is not consistent with the theory that it was the attacks of his rivals which caused him to complain, and yet in the motto to his "Jerusalem" he gives his readers to understand that he is aware that an unfavorable impression had gone abroad against the work; for he expresses the wish that it be read first, and afterwards despised, if it deserves that fate, &c.*

In several of the dramas of De Vega, Columbus appears as one of the characters; but there is one in which he is very properly the chief, *El Nuevo Mundo* (The New World). This is by no means the happiest of our author's productions, although not only was it well received both in Spain and Portugal, when first presented, but to this day it continues popular in both countries. It embraces all that is interesting in the life of the great explorer, especially in that part of it comprised between his first effort to secure the countenance of Portugal, and his triumphant presentation of the spoils of the New World to Ferdinand and Isabella, at Barcelona. The piece is remarkable chiefly as a faithful embodiment of the national feeling in regard to America as a world rescued from Paganism. As usual, the author has introduced certain personages who are different from those whom the facts of history would lead us to expect. He makes us acquainted, in the present instance, with sundry Moors, several American Indians, besides a number of spiritual or allegorical beings, such as Providence, Christianity, Idolatry, &c. No regard is had to unity of time or place, for the scenes are laid alternately on the plains of Granada at the moment of its fall, in different parts of Portugal, and in the ship of Columbus during the mutiny. The best part of the piece is that in which the

* Legant prius et postea despiciant, ne videantur non ex iudicio sed ex odii præsumptione ignorata damnare.

simple and ignorant natives give expression to their fears and jealousies, although it is considerably marred by causing them to sing songs about Phœbus, Diana, and other deities whom they had never heard of before. In the mutiny scene, Columbus is made to represent himself as divinely inspired; thus, for example, he addresses his brother Bartholomew as follows:

"A hidden Deity still drives me on,
Bidding me trust the truth of what I feel,
And if I watch, or if I sleep, impels
The strong will boldly to work out its way.
But what is this that thus possesses me?
What spirit is it drives me onward thus?
Where am I borne? What is the road I take?
What track of destiny is this I tread?
And what the impulse that I blindly follow?
Am I not poor, unknown, a broken man,
Depending on the pilot's anxious trade?
And shall I venture on the mighty task,
To add a distant world to this we know?"

The Indians are occasionally made to express themselves with characteristic force and logic. Indeed there are some instances in which the Spaniards are in danger of being overcome by their arguments. It is the allegorical personages, however, who are made to say those stubborn things which it is most difficult to refute. Even Idolatry is allowed to be more logical than is altogether consistent with the requirements of Christianity, as may be seen from the following specimen:

"O Providence Divine, permit them not
To do me this most plain unrighteousness!
'Tis but base avarice that spurs them on,
Religion is the color and the cloak;
But gold and silver hid within the earth,
Are all they truly seek and strive to win."

Some of his plays on common life seem to vindicate Lope de Vega from the charge oftenest preferred against him by foreign critics, namely, that of making no earnest effort to portray the habits and customs of the people. Montalvan calls our attention to several of his dramas as a refutation of this, especially *El Curro en Casa* (The Wise Man at Home), and it must be admitted that it fully justifies the argument he founds upon it. The hero, Mendo, is the son of a poor charcoal-burner, who has married the daughter of a respectable farmer, and is entirely content with his lot. Because he has made some money by his industry, certain of his neighbors, especially a lawyer's clerk, advise him to

assume the airs of a *hidalgo*; but he has always good reasons to show why it is better for him not to take such advice:

"He that was born to live in humble state
Makes but an awkward knight, do what you will.
My father means to die as he has lived,
The same plain collier that he always was;
And I, too, must an honest ploughman die.
'Tis but a single step, or up or down;
For men there must be that will plough and dig.
And when the vase has once been filled, be sure
'Twill always savor of what first it held."

In a word, Mendo is a true portraiture; a type which would apply to other countries as well as to Spain. His description of the first sight he got of his future wife is such as to find an echo in every breast. Of a different character is the passage descriptive of the scene which took place at the christening of Mendo's first child; but it is sufficient to say of this, that it makes a nearer approach to "The Cottar's Saturday Night" by Burns, than any other scene which we can recal at the present moment.

One reason why Lope de Vega is not much read in this country or in England, is that most of his English and American critics have represented his religious pieces as little better than burlesques on all that Christians should hold to be most sacred. It is true that a similar extravagance and exaggeration are attributed to his writings in general; but it is those that are said to characterize his religious pieces that have excited the strongest prejudices against him. It cannot be denied that he often uses language which is in the highest degree hyperbolic; but we should not forget that the Spanish is vastly different in this respect, not only from the English, but from the Italian and French. What would seem highly improper as applied to the Deity, or to anything sacred, in the sober guise of the English tongue, would make no such impression, or excite any such scruples, if expressed in Spanish to one perfectly acquainted with that language. This will be sufficiently intelligible to those who remember that even in ordinary conversation Spaniards make use of expressions which, although perfectly sincere in the feeling which they imply, seem hyperbolic and even absurd to those used to a less gorgeous dialect. Suffice it to mention, as an instance, that a Spaniard will rarely conclude a letter without some such expression as "May you live a thousand years." He knows very well

that his prayer will not be granted; so that what he means by it is nothing more than what we mean by "May you enjoy long life." It is easy to understand that when the language of hyperbole is applied to man, as agreeable and expressive of good will, still more readily will it be applied to the Deity. If the proper allowance be made for this difference, it will be agreed that Lope de Vega has not transgressed more than many other poets in this respect. We have taken the pains to examine his *Rimas Sacras* very carefully; in doing so we have found many passages, which, if translated literally, would seem nothing better than downright burlesque of what is held most sacred by the author's countrymen. But whenever the peculiar idioms of the Spanish do not interfere to shock our Anglo-Saxon ideas of propriety, there are few poets of any country who impress us more strongly on sacred subjects than Lope de Vega. Thus, for example, how many poets have left us a more appropriate address to the Deity than the following?

"I must lie down and slumber in the dust,
And if to-morrow thou should'st call me, Lord,
Perhaps it were too late—perhaps thy word
Might find no entrance in the ear of death.
O, Sovereign Power, and merciful as just,
The influence of thy present grace afford:
Visit me now, for what am I but breath,
Dust, ashes, smoke that vanisheth away!
Full well I know that at the judgment day
I shall again put on these bones of mine;
These eyes shall see my Saviour and my God.
O sure and only joy! O thought divine,
To comfort and sustain me on the road
That leads to poor Mortality's abode."*

Throughout his religious *Comedias* and *Rimas* there are passages of elevated devotion—passages the conceptions of which are as chaste, and as well expressed, as those found in any similar works. Thus, for instance, what poet has infused more pious truth into four lines than the following contain?

* Yo dormire en el polvo, y si manana
Me buscares, Señor, sera posible
No hallar en el estado conveniente
Para tu forma la materia humana.
Imprime agera, O Fuerza soberana,
Tus efectos en mí, que es imposible
Conservarse mi ser incorruptible,
Viento, humo, polvo, y esperanza
vana.

Bien se que he de vestirme el postrer
dia
Otra vez estos huesos, y que verte
Mis ojos tienen, y esta carne mia.
Esta esperanza vive en mí tan fuerte,
Que con ella, no mas tengo alegria
En las tristes memorias de la muerte.

"My mother bore me mortal; the free sky
Gave me its common boon of light and air,
And the first breath I uttered was a cry.
Kings are as helpless at their birth as I."*

In short, no intelligent reader who undertakes to examine the works of De Vega will refuse to assign him a high rank among modern authors, especially among dramatists. He does not, indeed, belong to the first class; but in the second he has no superior. If originality, or dependence exclusively on the resources of one's own mind, fecundity of invention, and facility of versification could be regarded as the true test of poetic merit, no one would occupy a higher rank than the author of the twenty-six volumes above alluded to. But certain other qualities are required in which he has been surpassed by several others. At the same time, we are bound to remember that to this day he is without a rival in his own country, among those who understand him best. Cervantes is held to be more happy in his *Don Quixote* than Lope has been in any one work; a similar remark applies both to Calderon and Quevedo; but it is the opinion of the Spanish critics, that no one author of any age has afforded his countrymen such an immense variety of pleasure and instruction as Lope. This has been the estimate of all classes at all times. During his life, young and old, male and female, rich and poor, regarded him as a prodigy of nature, and actually followed him in the streets to wonder at him. Those desiring to convey the highest idea of the excellence of anything they saw or possessed, applied to it the epithet Lope, as "a Lope hat," "a Lope watch," &c., &c. When he died in 1635, in the seventy-third year of his age, his remains were exposed in state for nine days, so that all classes might have an opportunity to give expression to their veneration and respect for one who had so largely contributed to their happiness. Three bishops officiated at his funeral, the proudest and greatest of the Spanish nobility, with the Duke de Sessa at their head, acted as chief mourners; and the people followed the cortege in hundreds of thousands. We have already spoken of his daughter Marcela, whose only request, after fourteen years of uninterrupted convent life, was that she might be permitted to see his face before the grave closed upon it.

* "Hombre mortal mis padres me engendraron,
Ayre comun y luz los cielos dieron,
Y mi primera voz lagrimas fueron,
Que assi los Reyes en el mundo entraron."

The thoughtless and idle may sneer as they will at Lope de Vega ; but it is not the less true that it required genius of a high order to maintain himself for more than half a century as the intellectual idol of his countrymen, while their greatest authors were his contemporaries and rivals.

ART. V.—*Acts of Congress and other Public Documents.* 1861–1864.

THE state of our currency, the action of Congress, and much that we meet with in leading journals, forbid us to take for granted a general recognition, even by educated men, of the principles which govern exchange, and its chief instrument, money. Our practice, and our opinions, publicly and privately expressed, evince but little confidence in the wisdom and authority of the conclusions of political economy. The correctness which belongs to them seems to be regarded as one of theory—of interior, logical connections, rather than of practice, of daily guidance and government in the exigencies of national life. Thus we go on to repeat mistakes many times made,—mistakes in the light of which these principles, opening the way to safer action, arose. The best results of patient, scientific thought go for nothing, and we blunder along the old empirical road, surprised by results we ought to have anticipated, and looking for remedies, not to the laws we have neglected, but to some new stroke of cunning evasion. We regard political economy much as we regard ethics. We presume a knowledge of its principles with no thorough study of them; we think them much modified by the exigencies of the moment, as we annul them at the last instant by a want of faith in their actual, their governing authority. A science so used can only render conspicuous and unexcusable the failures it has not been permitted to prevent.

The most immediate, pressing question of economy is that of currency. The well-being of individuals, the just rewards of labor, the security of business, the prosperity and integrity of the nation, are largely dependent on it.

To understand the requisites of a good currency, we must distinctly see the offices it discharges. We shall speak of it chiefly as a medium of just exchange between individuals.

Much the greater part of labor is expended, not in reference to the direct immediate consumption of the products secured, but for the purchasing-power which these confer. Purchasing-power, commanding a wide range of gratifications, is the great aim of industrial pursuits, and this we wish to possess in its most free, full, and serviceable form, to bear it easily and securely with us everywhere, in amounts wholly optional and perfectly divisible. A sound, well-devised currency enables us to reach this most desirable object. We abstract from every object its purchasing-power, condense it in money, and now find it completely pliant, and everywhere available. The product of our labor may be cumbersome, bound down to a single place; by a simple sale its purchasing-power is separated, drops its material load, and, with easy transfer, has the command of all places; it may be perishable, serviceable for an hour, it now becomes as enduring as the most enduring of metals; it may be indivisible, it is now ready to fall at option with all amounts; as an unexchanged product, it may command but a single market or a single sale; as money, it ranges through all markets, and searches out all persons. We have thus abstracted from our labor, in a permanent and perfect form, the only quality we sought, its purchasing-power.

That currency may discharge its offices well, that values may be correctly transferred to it and securely repose in it, it must evidently itself be of unchangeable value. A currency deficient in this respect will be unable to preserve the purchasing-power entrusted to it. Labor secures a certain value in products; wishing to retain this in a safe and available form, it transfers it to money. But this, itself of unstable value, begins at once, like a leaky vessel, to waste what has been committed to it, reducing the returns of labor to its own accidental and depreciated state. Thus value, deposited in a poor currency, becomes less safe than when left to rest in almost any article the product of labor. This operates very unfavorably on incomes arising from interest, the earnings of money. These depreciate often rapidly, to the great and unreasonable loss of those dependent on them. We say rapidly, for the moment the foundations of currency become insecure, the same motives which operated to induce the evil usually push it quickly towards a final catastrophe. If this result follows from legislation, from a currency made to rest on law rather than on intrinsic value, it involves obvious dishonesty towards those who have

entrusted their resources to it, under the virtual pledge of its stability.

The parties on whom these losses fall are, of necessity, those least prepared to endure them. Widows, minors, persons retired from active life, institutions of learning and charity, benevolent organizations, find their supplies cut short, without redress for the past, and often with no escape for the future. The currency has lost its retentive powers, and all who strive to treasure the results of labor in it, do so at their peril. A single year may see their income reduced by half, or made a mere fraction of its former self. However unproductive one's property may be, he may thus be compelled to retain it, rather than to meet the depreciation following a sale. A great office of money fails to be discharged, and those whose incomes are already involved in it suffer severe, unnecessary, and unjust loss.

An unstable currency is unable to discharge another important function, that of correctly measuring value. This, with its loss of retentive power, renders it a constant embarrassment and snare to business. A great office of money is this of measuring value—an office which, in its best form, it discharges not with absolute, but with proximate and sufficient correctness. No article retains perfectly, in all places and times, the same purchasing-power; most vacillate greatly in this respect. They thereby lose the ability of measuring the purchasing-power of other commodities, since their own power is not a stable unit. If my foot-rule varies in length every time I apply it, I cannot thereby effect a comparison between different lengths. For reasons we cannot pause to render, gold and silver are among the most stable of products, and are, therefore, especially fitted to measure values, and become the medium of their just transfer. Grains, fruits, cotton, wool, all the produce of agriculture, and products of manufacture, are varying in different directions and degrees from day to day and month to month, under the diverse circumstances of production and states of the market; but this fact, in a sound currency, is correctly registered in the price, and they still exchange for each other with sufficient justice. It is a simple process of comparative accuracy, to express the purchasing-power of any product in price, and thus put it on the scale of measurement with all other products.

If, however, the price itself has no stable value, the whole work of settling the standard of correct exchange is immediately undone. Some products, lively and sensitive,

quickly feel this double law of change imposed upon them by their own variable value and that of the currency, and register the fact, day by day, in altered prices; more products are sluggish to feel the forces about them. Like a poor thermometer, they long remain at the old mark though the temperature has greatly changed. The exchange of these commodities thus diversely affected must go on, one for the other, with no correct standard of value, and no justice in the results. The one party must suffer unreasonable loss, and the other secure as unreasonable gains. We cannot look in any direction without seeing illustrations of this statement. The profits of some branches of manufacture, as of woollen goods, are very large, since the price of cloths has risen more rapidly than that of wool. The one, in more open and lively market, has felt at once and to the full extent the advance of prices; while the other, lingering behind, has left a large balance in favor of the manufacturer.

The wages of some classes of laborers, aided by an increased demand, has nearly kept pace with the enhanced prices, while those of other classes have experienced no, or very inadequate change. Salaries have rarely so advanced as to meet the exigency. Business is everywhere disturbed by a sudden shock, and called on for an immediate readjustment of prices. Many cannot at once raise the price of their products, and suffer corresponding loss, while others, more fortunately situated, reap extravagant rewards.

Again, those engaged in branches of business which interpose considerable time between the purchase of the raw material and the sale of the completed product, make unusual profits. They buy at lower and sell at higher prices, and therefore find a constant balance in their favor. On the other hand, contractors, whose sales run as it were before their purchases, who agree to erect a building, construct a bridge or a ship for a given sum, find themselves unable to meet their obligations without great losses. These relations will be reversed, and business deranged in an opposite form, when prices shall begin to decline, returning to a specie basis.

The period of advancing prices is one of apparent, but not of substantial prosperity. Many, and these often in the more demonstrative branches of business, are making money rapidly, and give to manufacture and commerce a coloring of success. The losses corresponding to these gains are obscurely divided up among a large class of consumers, from whom the result is in part concealed by the enhanced price

of their own products. Many laborers and producers are receiving unusual sums for their services and products, and thus present the appearance of a prosperity that is not real, and which vanishes the moment they undertake to purchase their customary comforts and enjoyments. There have been strong motives to economy, and a close consumption of articles already possessed. In this way, many have met the exigency for a time, though with a steady loss of power in the country. There has been no corresponding increase of purchasing-power of goods to be purchased, to meet this waste of consumption through the economy of the middle and lower classes.

Business is further and most seriously deranged by the fact, that, in the fluctuating state of prices, opportunity is everywhere furnished for speculation—the making of money by simple purchase and sale, with no modifications or transfers in place of the article. Such transactions serve no economic purpose, are not made in the interests of productions, and very much interfere with them. A restless, feverish feeling is begotten, quite akin to that of the gambler, and the whole field of exchange becomes one of cunning and roguery, instead of industry and patience. The loss and discouragement thus falling on productive interests are not readily calculable. Money slips into the hands of men originally worthless, or made comparatively so by the fortuitous manner of its acquisition.

Purchases are further quickened and made unnatural by an unwillingness to accumulate value in a currency which does not retain it. In and out becomes the law of business, each striving to hit the lucky moment of sale and purchase, knowing that the devil is sure to take the hindmost. Wealth is rapidly achieved, and while prices are advancing, Fortune seems always to favor—though the gifts of her right hand are for the most the plunderings of her left—the petty pilferings of individual good, or a forestalling of future prosperity. In these fluctuations of currency, all the wheels of commerce are loosened, and play with random, or rapid, or disastrous motion, giving the appearance of activity with inadequate and unsafe service. Evils disguised at the outset are found inevitable when discovered.

These derangements of production are as real and as surely attended with loss while the fever of profit and speculation prevails, as when, prices declining, failure and clamor fill the commercial world. The real efficiency and prosperity of

production are too much judged by the gains and losses of the few, her more open and noisy agents. The tendency of the present state of things is to rapidly concentrate wealth, accumulate it in the hands of favored parties; not to dispense even and secure fortune to all. Herein the way is prepared for future difficulties. Let prices decline and some will be caught under the reversed wheel of fortune, while others, unwilling to carry on a losing business, will withdraw their wealth, and leave the masses to weather the storm, unsustained by capital.

The loss of power in a vacillating currency is also seen in its inability to secure the very object which led to its depreciation, the gains of government. The greenbacks issued by the general government virtually constitute a loan of three hundred millions, without interest. But how trifling is this profit when compared with the losses which now accrue from the enhanced prices of the commodities daily required in the national service. The cost of equipping and maintaining an army has risen more than one hundred per cent., through the inflation of the currency; and this is to be endured as the extravagant compensation for a gratuitous loan. The price of gold, though often fluctuating through secondary causes, marks essentially the depreciation of a paper currency, and the consequently accumulated expenditure with which the nation is called to struggle. The cost of the war is not, indeed, to the full extent of one hundred and fifty per cent. greater than it would otherwise be, yet it is very largely and unreasonably enhanced. So far as the revenues of government are paid in gold and silver, no loss accrues, but the interest of loans payable in the same metals almost cancels this advantage. Taxation thus assumes larger proportions than would be otherwise needful, giving rise to complaint; the salaries of officers and employes of government are less adequate, and the pay and bounties of soldiers less efficient in securing recruits. A momentary advantage has thus been suffered indefinitely to increase the difficulty of future operations, and to threaten their entire suspension.

There is no greater necessity of government in a crisis like the present than unshaken confidence, unimpaired credit. But what could more certainly forfeit this than a rapid depreciation of the currency, with no power to arrest it or predict its extent? If government is to borrow on a grand scale for a long period, it must do its utmost to keep its paper, in all its forms, good.

Nor was there any real necessity for the result. Till the outbreak of the rebellion government had neglected to occupy the field of currency. It remained, therefore, open to its hand an unreaped harvest, ready to render to the nation all the gains which can arise under a sound currency. That these had been surrendered to other parties for a series of years was no reason why they should not now be resumed, when the public exigency so obviously required it. No moral or prescriptive right had been acquired to them by these parties; a first gift does not constitute a claim to a second. Capital would be compelled, in but a very limited degree, to seek new investments, and these it could readily find—government itself opening a wide door.

Government should have had courage to claim its own, and the whole of it. It ought not to have been willing to wreck the currency, and to destroy its own gains by dividing profits with the banks. It should have driven their circulations from the field, as fast as it occupied it with its own bills. Double occupation could result in nothing but mischief. It was a timid and foolish policy, which could secure nothing, and had a right to expect nothing but extended and increasing disaster.

When "greenbacks" were made a legal tender, not themselves redeemable, they relieved banks finally from the restraint of redemption. This curb thus permanently removed, both parties, private and public, stood ready to gorge the currency as fast as its decreasing value should open the way for an enlarged volume. In this race for profits, the first party, as most diffused, as least observed, least scrupulous, and least restrained, of course secures the largest share, while the public good is sacrificed by both. The banks are issuing more unredeemable bills than are sufficient to constitute the nation's currency, and the national issue flows into a swollen stream only further to choke the channels of commerce, and endanger its operations. Our national issue being nearly or quite sufficient for all the demands of business, our monetary embarrassments are referable to the claims of the banks, still urged and admitted, to weigh down the public with a second superfluous, irresponsible currency, destroying the efficiency and value of the first. The remedy is obvious, the moment we have courage to apply it.

We will not say that no currency can, but that no currency will, long preserve its stability without redemption. Discount paper and specie, and all is artificial, uncertain, un-

safe, resting on the wit and will of man and not on the forces of nature. If the issue of the banks had been restricted preparatory to a national currency, there would have been little temptation to make this unredeemable. It is only over-issue that makes redemption difficult, and when there is no inducement to the one, there is no hardship in the other. The very fact, that the banks found themselves unable to meet this test of a safe currency, was an additional reason for taking from them this function of issue. The way was open for a sound redeemable national currency, and nothing but timidity in the presence of a strong moneyed interest withheld us from this great success. Nor is the path of retreat cut off. Force from circulation all bank paper, and government will soon find itself able to redeem its own.

With a given, stable, purchasing power, expressed in the standard unit of a currency, every condition of trade requires a certain amount of this medium with which to effect its transfers, and no more. Pass beyond this amount, and the superfluous sum, in its search for employment, will correspondingly depreciate the value of the whole. The amount of actual value in the currency will, under the same circumstances, be essentially the same, whether the paper issues rise above or sink below the purchasing-power of its standard unit of gold. A given amount of value is required in effecting the exchanges; only so much can be used, and, if bills are multiplied beyond this value, they will at the same time depreciate to it.

Nor is the process by which this is reached in the least recondite. Suppose a redeemable paper currency: redemption is suspended, and the banks are left at liberty to increase at will their issues. This it is their interest to do. Borrowers find easy accommodation. Business receives an impulse; speculators begin to purchase and rely on the banks for aid. Prices rise in the commodities selected; sales follow with profit, and the spirit of liberal and speculative outlay becomes general. Money is readily obtained by all, and there is, therefore, nothing to check the rise of prices. A rise at one point calls forth and justifies a similar rise at another. Enhanced nominal prices drink up the new issues, and make way for more. All are able to meet their bank indebtedness, since their own returns are correspondingly great. Thus there is a delusive appearance of prosperity, and the depreciation of the currency goes on with all the losses marked in the earlier part of this article.

These truths are so obvious, we should not have urged them at so much length, were it not for the importance of the conclusions that flow from them, and the frequency with which they are overlooked.

The chief reason—the reason which gives play to all others, and without which the fluctuation to which they give rise would be trifling—is the great excess of our mixed currency, national and private, over the real elements of business. We must settle satisfactorily the reason why legal-tender notes are not at par with gold, or we cannot apply the remedy. If success is all that is wanted to reduce the premium on gold, let us fight the harder; we have no case against the banks. If, however, success alone, without a decided reduction in the amount of circulation, can never restore the currency, then our demand holds good, that that portion of it, about one-half or three-fifths, not supplied by the nation, should be removed, leaving the remainder no such relation to the wants of business, as to raise it to par, and make redemption easy.

That the depreciation of “greenbacks” is not chiefly, or in any very important degree, due to the want of trust in the stability of our government, is seen in the fact, that currency would be less affected by this cause than would loans; yet these are secured with comparative readiness, while other investments, as in real estate, still remain open at prices but slightly in advance of those prevalent before the rise of gold. Those who do distrust the government, and are opposed to it, constantly lodge the funds gathered in speculation in such and kindred investments; but loyal citizens still loan the government with the opportunity before them. The difficulty with which loans are secured, we claim, measures the element of distrust, and marks it as much less than a hundred and forty per cent., the present premium of gold.

The currency is evidently less affected by the mere element of trust than are loans, since these are permanently held in large amounts, while “greenbacks” are in constant transition, neither accumulating in large sums, nor long remaining in the hands of individuals. That, indeed, must be intense distrust which would not allow one to pass the certificates of currency in the rapid traffic of the day. Loans evince plainly that there is no such distrust.

Nor has the vacillation of gold at all kept pace with the prospects of the war. We have just closed a great election; the policy of the government is certainly as hopeful

as it ever has been. A majority, at least, of the people so regard it; but gold is at a premium of a hundred and forty per cent. We believe that the excess of the currency carries it to nearly this figure, and that the fluctuations above and below it are due to transient causes, the events of the war, and the heat of speculation.

Gold has steadily advanced through minor fluctuations since the breaking out of the rebellion, as the inflated currency has had time to develop its natural results. The entire history of paper money in France, in England, in our own Revolution, and in the present struggle, shows, as plainly as any one fact can be shown, that an unredeemable currency will become excessive in amount, and that excess will be followed by proportionate depreciation. The first, the pressing remedy for the evil, making way for every other remedy, is reduction. Most fortunate are we that this can be accomplished by us with no embarrassment of the government, its paper remaining in full circulation.

If all the commercial world were to accept gold and silver as the exclusive medium of exchange, though the measure might involve much inconvenience and considerable expense, these metals would at once, so to speak, develop value-power enough to accomplish perfectly all these exchanges. Gold might be thrown back in value by such an increased demand one hundred or two hundred years, but it would at once rise to a point that would enable it to accomplish the entire duty laid upon it. Gold does not come to the tasks assigned it with a settled, unchangeable value; but the very tasks themselves, by the demand they create, impart to gold a value enabling it to meet them. Currency does not require so much bulk, but so much value, and this it can create in a very limited bulk, by its own *fiat*. Famine creates famine prices, and gold, unlike grain, with each rise of price, performs a wider duty.

The very fact that prices are now a hundred per cent. in advance of what they were two years ago, shows a great inflation of currency. To meet the larger nominal sums now employed in exchange, a much greater amount of currency is required, and the old currency would have failed to do it without a great rise in value, our increased business could not be carried on at the present scale of prices without perhaps thrice the amount of the old currency. Yet, in the order of cause and effect, the increased prices have sprung from the increased circulation, and not the circulation from the

prices. It is one of the mischiefs of such a movement, that every step prepares for another, and seems to demand it, that apparent prosperity and pressure of exchange seek an increased medium. If, however, we wish to reduce prices, we must reverse the action of the cause, and effect them through the circulation.

Nor need this be done with any harshness or injustice towards the banks. It is not unjust to them to withdraw benefits they have long been permitted to enjoy; nor is it harsh if the method employed be such as to inflict no unnecessary losses, or to force a precipitate transfer of capital. A public exigency of great immediate moment and of lasting results, may rightly require some sacrifice of interest, some change of investments on the part of those who are so unfortunate as to stand in the way of the public good. A tax on the issue of banks, sufficient to absorb its profits, yet not sufficient to compel an immediate and disastrous abandonment of the field, would lie at once in the line of revenue, and reach with due rapidity the more important end of opening to government the entire department of currency. It would then be at liberty, with complete control, to suit the amount and character of its issues to the wants of the nation. In other words, the nation would put a great national interest before private profits, and set itself to the most weighty of duties, that of providing a convenient, safe, staple currency.

The right to do this our government has reaffirmed in the action already taken. The constitutional question has been practically settled, and it becomes, therefore, not merely a duty, but an acknowledged and accepted duty, to complete the work undertaken, to sweep away all that is opposed to a good currency, and to establish all that it requires. Nothing can now excuse us from this labor, nor shall we really find any apology for any ignorance of its nature with so much in history and science to instruct us.

The firmness with which the opposition arising from private interest will be met, will be proportioned to our sense of the necessity of our action, and our certainty of the good results to flow from it. Were it not for the partial truths, the unsound and wavering opinions held by many on this subject, we should doubtless proceed at once cheerfully and thoroughly to the completion of our work in the entire control and reconstruction of the currency. Some points require to be dwelt on, not as abstruse in themselves,

but as imperfectly presented to the public mind, as overlooked or inadequately treated by high authorities.

Bank-notes, and all evidences of debt designed for circulation in a currency, perform a very distinct office from other certificates of debt, and are subject to peculiar laws. Promissory notes, types of the ordinary form of expressing indebtedness, are not primarily designed to pass from hand to hand. They may rest with the first holder, or any holder, and perform for him an important service, without even the anticipation of further circulation. They may, indeed, be transferred in the adjustment of balances, and thus, in a very limited degree, take the place of currency, yet without coming under its peculiar laws. Circulation, on the other hand, is the primary end of a bank-bill. It is no mere record of indebtedness, resting with profit in the hands of him who holds it, and valuable according to the credit attaching to the promises of the bank. It is meant to express, retain, and convey a universal purchasing-power, and to be employed constantly in its transfer. It must, therefore, go into the market, or rather be constantly there, to perform its duties. If promissory notes were forced into a constant and general sale, it would be found that other considerations besides their capability of ultimate collection would come in to regulate their value. How many of these are in the market? how readily are they received every where? how quickly and easily can they be cashed?—would be enquiries quite to the point in settling their worth.

No note can be more reliable, or, so to speak, have more credit in them, than products possessed of permanent intrinsic value; yet these, as wheat, wool, iron, and even gold itself, are powerfully influenced, when actually in market seeking a sale, by demand and supply. We know how unfavorably it acts on the price of all commodities to be thrown without reserve upon the market. We might as well say that the exchange-value of a product is determined wholly by the product of the labor it contains, or rather expresses, without reference to the existing supply and demand, as to say that the value of paper money rests exclusively on credit, leaving out of consideration the amount of it in circulation. It will hardly be held that paper money is superior in stability to gold itself, yet by this supposition it ought to be, as the precious metals have steadily lost value from century to century as their amount has increased.

Let us remember that bank-notes must go to the market,

and there be sold and resold like any article containing value, though far more frequently, thus becoming in the very best degree subject to the law of supply and demand. Even when redeemable in gold and silver, they do not altogether escape this law, much less then, when unredeemable, capable of easy and indefinite multiplication.

During the war with Napoleon, the Bank of England suspended specie payment. There followed a depreciation of its bills, passing at times as low as thirty per cent. This thirty per cent. was due not to a loss of credit, not to a feeling among Englishmen that the nation was shaken, and its permanent institutions liable to crumble, but to the multiplication of the certificates of debt beyond the demands of the currency. The public was assured that the general concerns of the bank were in the most affluent and flourishing situation, and such as to preclude every doubt as to the security of its notes. For a little time the notes at the bank remained at par, but the restraint of redemption being removed, the issue gradually increased, and the inevitable depreciation followed. The chief feature of the law passed July 19, 1844, "was to limit the circulation, so that it would be regulated by the amount of coin and bullion in the vaults of the institution." This law sprang from a clear recognition of the fact, that a currency cannot be stable with restraint on issues—that amount is an essential feature in a firm, safe system.

A nation may go triumphantly through a struggle, yet its paper currency at its close be left wholly worthless. It may even retain the power of loan, and therein the general element of credit, and yet the accumulated drift of its excessive issues remain as dead and hopeless as ever. Indeed, when a currency has become very much swollen, redemption seems at once hopeless and unjust. The government in issuing the paper has purchased with it, in produce, perhaps a tenth or twentieth of its nominal value, and, therefore, in fact incurred but a fraction of the nominal debt. Nor can such a currency as a currency be restored in value, however much trust may be reposed in the future ability and honesty of the state; such bills will partially recover their worth by being treated simply as promissory notes, withdrawn from circulation, and retained for future redemption.

All have united in admitting and admiring the convenience of paper money; also its economy, so far as by wise

regulation it is made to subserve safely its purpose. Yet a slight failure in office will quickly compensate for its cheapness. Paper must stand redeemable in gold and silver: only thus can its amount be perfectly regulated; only thus can it be made to fill completely and safely the varying channels of business; only thus can it have true representative powers, and exhibit all the pliancy and ductility of gold, a medium possessed of intrinsic value; and thus alone can it be placed in connection with the currency of the whole commercial world, be prepared to feel and communicate the condition of foreign exchange, and open the way for the action of those natural forces which tend to restrict or enlarge foreign trade according to the exigency. Each of these points demands for their full apprehension, an expansion we cannot now give them; but, fully understood, they render most evident the necessity of a broad metallic base for any efficient, firm medium of exchange.

ART. VI.—1. *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* By WM. ROSCOE. London, 1853.

2. *Literature of the South of Europe.* By SISMONDI. London, 1853.

3. *History of Italy.* By GUICCIARDINI. London, 1755.

4. *Historical Dictionary.* By BAYLE. Edition of 1736.

THE illustrious family of Medici was founded at Florence, in the fifteenth century, by Cosmo de Medici, the grandfather of Lorenzo, who was the father of Leo X. Cosmo was one of the merchant-princes of Italy; his immense wealth was acquired by commercial speculations, and the banking-houses which he established in all the trading cities of Europe. Never were riches so honorably gained—never so nobly spent. The encouragement which this princely merchant afforded to men of learning, and his munificence in rewarding their labors, contributed to rescue from obscurity and save from destruction many of the writings of the ancients. "Cosmo de Medici," says Gibbon, "was the father of a line of princes whose name and age are almost synonymous with the restoration of learning; his credit was ennobled into fame; his riches were dedicated to the service of mankind; he corresponded at once with Cairo and London, and a cargo of In-

dian spices and Greek books was often imported in the same vessel."* After governing Florence with great splendor for thirty years, Cosmo died, universally lamented, and his grateful countrymen inscribed on his tomb the well-deserved title of "Father of his Country."

Lorenzo dé Medici, surnamed the Magnificent, was placed, at the early age of twenty-one, by the death of his father, Piero dé Medici, at the head of the government of Florence. Macaulay, in his article on Machiavelli, describes, in a few eloquent passages, the state of Italy at this period: "The admiration," he says, "of learning and genius became almost idolatry among the people of Italy. Kings and republics, cardinals and doges, vied with each other in honoring and flattering Petrarch. . . Knowledge and prosperity continued to advance together. Both attained their meridian in the age of Lorenzo the Magnificent. . . From the oppressions of illiterate masters, and the sufferings of a brutalized peasantry, it is delightful to turn to the opulent and enlightened states of Italy, to the vast and magnificent cities, the ports, the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries. . . With peculiar pleasure every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence,—on the halls which rang with the mirth of Pulci; the cell where twinkled the midnight lamp of Politian; the statues on which the young eye of Michael Angelo glared with the frenzy of a kindred inspiration; the gardens in which Lorenzo meditated some sparkling song for the May-day dance of the Etrurian virgins.†"

For a whole century after the death of Petrarch, no poet, worthy of the name, had been known in Italy. But, during the last quarter of the fifteenth century, Lorenzo dé Medici successfully used his influence, his power, and his genius, in restoring the Italian poetry to its pristine splendor. He was himself a poet and a patron of poets, a scholar and a friend of scholars. Under his wise and liberal government Florence became the garden of Italy, the happy seat of the arts and sciences, the academy of literature, the school of philosophy, the blooming bower of taste and refinement. It was his delight to retire from the fatigues of public business to a beautiful retreat in the vicinity of the city, where, in the congenial society of poets, philosophers, and painters, whom his

* Decline and Fall, vol. vi., p. 338. 1850.

† Essays, ed. 1861, p. 28-9.

enlightened generosity had attracted, he passed the time in literary conversation, serene contemplation, and refined recreation.

Leo X., the second son of Lorenzo de' Medici, was born at Florence, in the year 1475. Destined from his infancy for the church, he was educated with great care by the celebrated Politian, assisted by the ablest scholars of that age. The remarkable proficiency which he made in his studies, and the gravity of his deportment, entitled him at an early age to mingle as an equal in those meetings of men of genius and learning which frequently took place in the palace of the Medici. Associating so freely with these distinguished men, and residing under the eye of his father, who was considered an infallible judge in everything relating to literature and art, those seeds of knowledge and taste were planted which afterwards bore such ripe and rich fruit.

At the age of fourteen, he was elevated to the dignity of cardinal, with the understanding that he should not assume the insignia of his rank, or be admitted as a member of the college, for the space of three years. On this occasion his friend and preceptor Politian addressed the following letter to the reigning pope, Innocent VIII.: "This young man is so formed by nature and education, that being inferior to none in genius, he neither yields to his equals in industry, nor his teachers in learning, nor old men in gravity. He is naturally honest; and so strictly educated that he never lets fall an immodest or even light expression. He does not distinguish himself by his action, gesture, or gait, or by anything else that may give an ill impression of him. Though a young man, his judgment is so matured that even the old respect him as a father. He sucked in piety and religion even with his nurse's milk, and prepared himself for the sacred office even from the cradle."

In the mean time, the young cardinal left Florence and repaired to Pisa, in order to pursue the studies of theology and ecclesiastical jurisprudence at the famous academy of that place, which Lorenzo had lately re-established with great splendor. Here he remained calmly pursuing his studies, under the direction of some of the most accomplished scholars of Europe, until the expected day at length arrived which was to admit him among the princes of the Christian church. At the time when the Cardinal de' Medici took his seat in the

sacred college, it was filled by several men of conspicuous talents, but of wide diversity of character, some of whom afterwards played an important part in the affairs of Europe. The oldest member of the college was Roderigo Borgia, who afterwards became pope, taking the name of Alexander VI. Another member of the college was Francesco Piccolomini, nephew of Pius II. He was created cardinal by his uncle in the year 1460, when only seventeen years old. The exemplary purity of his life, and his zeal in discharging the duties of his office, caused him to be chosen by his colleagues to repair the evil which Alexander VI. had inflicted on the Christian world; but the short period of twenty-six days, during which he enjoyed the supreme dignity under the name of Pius III., defeated the happy hopes which had been formed on his election. Giuliano della Rovere was another eminent member of the sacred college at this time. His bold, active, and martial spirit seemed to mark him as a man better suited to wield the sword than the crozier. He succeeded Pius III. on the pontifical throne, under the name of Julius II.

Italy had now been for several years the home of happiness and peace, which had introduced into that country an abundance, a luxury, a refinement, almost unexampled in the annals of mankind. Instead of contending for dominion and power, the sovereigns of that delightful region attempted to rival each other in taste, in splendor, and in elegant accomplishments. Their palaces became a kind of polite academy, in which noble ladies and gentlemen found a constant exercise for their intellectual talents; and courage, rank, and beauty did not hesitate to associate with taste, learning, and wit.

Italy was at this time inhabited by the most polished people in Europe. All the polite arts and sciences were cultivated with an ardor and a success elsewhere unknown. Her colleges were the most famous in the world, and filled with the most learned professors which Europe could furnish. Crowds of enthusiastic youths thronged the academic halls,

° Guicciardini, whom Macaulay calls the Tuscan Thucydides, gives the following just and splendid description of Italy at this period: "Ridotta tutta in somma pace e tranquillità, coltivata non meno né luoghi più montuosi e più sterile che nelli pianure e regioni più fertile né sotto porta ad altro imperio che de suoi medesimi, non solo era abbondantissima d'abitatori e di ricchezze; ma illustrata sommantemente dalla magnificenza, di molti principi, dallo splendore di molti nobilissimi e bellissime città, dalla sedia e maestà delle religioni, fioriva d'uomini prastantissimi nell' amministrazione delle cose pubbliche; e d'ingegni molto nobili in tutti le scienze, ed in qualunque arte preclara ed industria."—*Guic.*, lib. 1.

eager for the acquisition of knowledge. The Greek and Latin languages were assiduously studied, and, in some instances, written with an elegance and an ease which rivalled the most celebrated productions of the ancients.

The ducal court of Milan was, at this period, the residence of several distinguished artists and scholars, who were attracted thither by the liberality of Lodovico Sforza, who then directed, in the name of his nephew, the government of that place. Among the artists, the celebrated Leonardo da Vinci occupied the most conspicuous place. He was a prodigy of versatility—being at once a poet, a painter, a musician, a sculptor, an architect, an engineer, a geometrician—in fact, there was no branch of science, art, or literature with which he was not familiar. His enchanting wit, splendid person, and elegant address made him one of the chief ornaments of the court of Milan. His conversation charmed all who approached him. Princes and peasants, philosophers and fools, were alike captivated by the variety of his acquirements. He possessed rare and opposite faculties of mind; an extraordinary memory, a rich imagination, a plastic will, a persevering industry, a remarkable capacity of invention, and an overruling reason holding all these various gifts in perfect control. He was not one of those modest men of merit who hide their light under a bushel. He was completely convinced of his talents, and did not hesitate to let the world know it. He once wrote a letter to the Duke of Milan, in which he speaks of his abilities as a civil and military engineer and architect, adding: "Furthermore, I can execute works in sculpture, marble, bronze, or terra-cotta. In painting, also, I can do what may be done as well as any other, be he who he may."

This great painter had no political preferences; he attached himself with equal facility to the Duke of Milan and Francis I. his enemy; he served with the same pleasure the court of Rome, the republic of Florence, and the princes of Europe. Leonardo's masterpiece is his *Last Supper*, in the refectory of the Dominican convent at Milan. The artist has seized the moment when the Divine Redeemer announced to the assembled apostles the astounding intelligence that one of them is about to betray him. With admirable skill he has succeeded in expressing the doubts and anxiety experienced by the apostles, and their earnest desire to know by which of them their Lord and Master is to be betrayed. In their different faces appear

love, terror, anger, grief, and bewilderment. The head of the Man-God is perhaps the most sublime achievement of Christian art; the ineffable sweetness and majesty of that august face could only have been conceived by a soul often immersed in heavenly contemplation. So completely did this glorious painting engross the attention of the artist, that he sometimes remained from morning until night without tasting food. Francis I. was so much pleased with this splendid work of art that he wished to have it removed to France, but that being impracticable, he invited the artist to visit the French court, where he was received with distinguished favor, and, after residing there for several years, died at last in the arms of his royal patron.

This happy state of tranquillity was not destined to continue, and in a few years this lovely land of poetry and art had to endure all the horrors of ruthless war. On her fair plains the kings of France and Spain contended for the possession of Naples and Milan; the peaceful academies of learning were invaded; the students were dispersed; art languished; literature was in danger of being neglected; the iron age seemed about to be revived in Italy. One of the most prominent characters during this period of Italian history was the famous, or rather infamous, Caesar Borgia. This extraordinary man was the son of Alexander VI. He was quietly pursuing his studies when his father was elevated to the tiara. He hastened to Rome to congratulate his father upon his new dignity, and was created a cardinal. But the quiet life of a churchman did not satisfy the restless ambition of Caesar Borgia, and he soon abandoned it for the more active life of a soldier. There was no crime too monstrous, there was no undertaking too bold, for this consummate villain. He was one of the most cultivated men of his age, and affected to patronize men of learning and genius; he was gifted with an eloquence which few could resist; under his soft, silken manners he concealed the cunning of the serpent and the ferocity of the tiger; when unsuccessful in arms he resorted to artifice, of which he was an accomplished master. The darling object of his ambition was to establish a kingdom for himself upon the ruins of the Italian states. Several princes of Italy opposed him. By a masterpiece of dissimulation he succeeded in getting them into his power, and soon after caused them to be put to death. Macaulay * pro-

* Essays, Art. Machiavelli, p. 30. 1861.

nounces Cæsar Borgia the first prince and general of his age. Trained in an unwarlike profession, he formed a gallant army out of the dregs of an unwarlike people, and, after acquiring sovereignty by destroying his enemies, he acquired popularity by destroying his tools. He had begun to employ for the most salutary ends the power which he had obtained by the most atrocious means. He fell at last, amidst the mingled curses and regrets of a people of whom his genius had been the wonder and might have been the saviour.

After twenty years of war, a better day dawned upon distracted Italy. On the twenty-first of February, 1513, the martial pontiff, Julius II., died, and on the eleventh day of March the Cardinal dé Medici was chosen to the most august dignity in Christendom. Upon his elevation, he assumed the name of Leo X., a name which has served, for more than three hundred years, to distinguish the golden age of Italian literature, art, and science. The accession of Leo X. was hailed with delight by the whole Christian world; his mild disposition, his liberality, his conciliatory manners, and his known fondness for the polished arts of peace, gave rise to the liveliest hopes that the bloody wars between Christian princes, which had disgusted and scandalized Europe so long, would cease.

The coronation of the new pontiff took place on the nineteenth of March, and on the eleventh of April the splendid ceremony of the procession of the pope to take possession of the Lateran see was celebrated. The procession on this occasion was one of the most gorgeous spectacles that had been witnessed in Rome since the fall of the first Roman empire. All the nobility then in Rome, with many of the sovereign princes of Italy, and the ambassadors of most of the European states, contributed to give dignity and importance to the ceremony. Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, made a journey to Rome to be present on this occasion, and had the honor of assisting the pope in mounting his horse. His formidable adversary, Francesco, Duke of Urbino, bore the banner of the church. Giulio dé Medici, cousin of the pope, carried the standard of the Knights of Rhodes. But the most striking, and perhaps the most pleasing spectacle to the Roman people, was that of the chiefs of the two powerful families of the Orsini and Colonna, whose enmity had for ages disturbed the repose of Rome, accompanying each other in token of perpetual reconciliation. The streets through which the pontiff had to pass were spread with tapestry, and

strewn with flowers; the most beautiful works in painting and sculpture of which the city could boast, or which the ingenuity and talents of the Roman artists could produce, were exultingly displayed.*

Those who had anticipated the happiest results from the peaceful temper of Leo X. were not disappointed. From the lofty position which he occupied, he took a wide and comprehensive survey of the whole extent of Europe; he resolved, as far as it lay in his power, to terminate the disgraceful contests that were maintained by the Christian princes; and to exercise his authority, as head of the Christian church, in promoting the peace and happiness of those committed to his charge. Soon after his election, he addressed a letter to Sigismund, King of Poland, who was then preparing a formidable attack upon Albert, Marquis of Brandenburg, asking him to suspend hostilities until a legate should arrive from Rome, who might endeavor to reconcile their dissensions without their appealing to the sword. After the battle of Novara, which resulted in the defeat of the French, and their expulsion from Italy, Leo X. addressed a letter to Maximilian, Duke of Milan, on his restoration to the throne. In this letter the pope took occasion to admonish the duke not only to return thanks to God for so signal an interposition in his favor, but to show himself worthy of it by his future conduct. "This," says he, "will be most effectually done by your not allowing yourself to be too much elated by your success, and by your avoiding to persecute or destroy those who have been induced to oppose you. Let me therefore most earnestly entreat you, by the affection which I bear you, to deal kindly with them. By this means you will conciliate the minds of those who have been alienated from you, without incurring any diminution of your authority, and I trust you will therefore make a moderate and lenient use of your victory."

Leo X., while he was yet a cardinal, had been a liberal friend and patron of deserving scholars and poets, and they hailed his elevation to the pontificate in strains of adulating verse, of which the following will serve as a specimen:

"—Now comes the happier age, so long foretold,
When the true Pastor guards his favor'd fold;
Soon shall the streams with honeyed sweetness flow,
And Truth and Justice fix their seats below;
Retiring Mars his dreadful anger cease,
And all the world be hush'd in lasting peace."

* Roscoe's Life of Leo X., vol. i., p. 301.

The age of Leo X. is one of the most interesting in European history. Not many years had elapsed since the genius and perseverance of Columbus had discovered the New World; the passage to the East Indies was soon after discovered by the intelligent, enterprising spirit of the Portuguese; a few years after his elevation to the supreme dignity, the whole Christian world was distracted by Luther's Reformation. "It was the peculiar glory of this period to produce the most illustrious monarchs who have at one time appeared in Europe. Leo X., Francis I., Charles V., and Solomon the Magnificent were each of them possessed of talents that might have rendered any age wherein they happened to flourish, conspicuous."*

The encouragement which Leo X. afforded to learning, and the magnificent liberality with which he rewarded learned men, attracted the first poets, philosophers, and painters of that golden age to his court, and Rome became a Christian Athens. The pontiff himself was the *arbiter elegantiarum* on all subjects relating to art, science, and literature. He was the great luminary of the age, whose generous light fell equally on all. Under his fostering care were produced many of those masterpieces of poetry and art which have been the admiration and despair of all the succeeding centuries. Zorzi, the Venetian ambassador at the court of Rome, in his report to the Senate says of Leo X.: "E hom da ben e liberal molto" (He is a good man, and very liberal). "E docto in humanità e jure canonico, et sopra tutto musico eccellentissimo" (He is learned in classical literature and the canon law, and above all he is a most excellent musician). Minio, another ambassador, wrote: "E docto, e amador di docti" (He is learned, and the friend of the learned). Of Leo, we may say with Virgil:

"Rex Anius rex idem hominum Phœbusque sacerdos."

He was at once the king of men and the priest of God. Never, not even in the palmiest days of the Cæsars, not even during the splendid reign of Louis XIV., has the world witnessed such a galaxy of genius as the munificent patronage of Leo X. attracted to the capital of the Christian world. To name them is almost sufficient: The elegant Latin scholars Bembo and Sadolet, the pontifical secretaries; the learned Boroaldas, librarian of the Vatican, who published

* Prescott's Robertson's Charles V., vol. i., p. 523.

the Annals of Tacitus, which had been recently discovered in Westphalia, and purchased by Leo X. for *five hundred golden ducats*; the exquisite Latin poet Vida, the Virgil of his age; the entertaining novel-writer Bandello, the rival of Boccaccio; the noble and accomplished Castiglione; the charming poet Ariosto; the immortal historian Guicciardini; the lively but untruthful historian Paulus Jovius; Lascar, the learned Grecian; the crafty Machiavelli; Bramante, the first architect of St. Peter's; Michael Angelo, the designer of the "wondrous dome;" and Raphael, the prince of painters—these are a few of the most prominent characters of that great age, who stand out, like beacon-lights, as guides to all future times.

In this incomparable band, the illustrious Petro Bembo deservedly occupies a conspicuous place. A contemporary poet speaks of him as one

"—— Whose honeyed tongue
Gives in three languages his thoughts to flow;
O'er whose blest birth the sister graces hung,
And taught his mind with all their charms to glow."

This eminent scholar was born in Venice in the year 1470. The early part of his life was divided between frivolous amusements and severe study. He was a frequent and a welcome visitor at the ducal courts of Ferrara and Urbino, where he was much admired for his wit and personal accomplishments, and honored for his learning and genius. The celebrated Lucretia Borgia was at this time the reigning duchess of Ferrara. Her extraordinary beauty, her brilliant endowments, and her fascinating affability moved the susceptible heart of Bembo, who had already twice been the slave of disappointed love. A Platonic attachment sprang up between this accomplished pair, which lasted for several years. When Bembo was appointed by Leo X. to the honorable office of pontifical secretary, he fixed his residence at Rome, where he found himself surrounded by the most distinguished literary and artistic characters. His particular friends and associates were the cardinals De Bibbieno and Giulio de' Medici (cousin of Leo X.), the divine artist Raphael, and the accomplished nobleman Castiglione. The Latin writings of Bembo were the production of the early part of his life. The style of these compositions is so extremely elegant and classic, that he was said to have emulated Cicero and Virgil with equal success. But the chief glory of Bembo was the prominent part which he took in cultivating a true taste for Ital-

ian literature, after the revival of classical learning had made the language of Dante and Petrarch vulgar—

“ Whilst rivalling the strains that Mars had sung,
Thine hands across the Latian chords were flung,
Love raptured heard; and bade the next aspire
To awake the sweetness of the Tuscan lyre.”

A short time before Leo X. died, Bembo retired from Rome, and took up his residence in the city of Padua. Here his time was passed in study, in elegant pleasures, and in the enjoyment of the society of his friends. Here he formed, at great cost, a splendid collection of the ancient manuscripts of the Greek and Roman authors, and a valuable cabinet of ancient coins and medals. Here were written, in the sweetest and purest Tuscan, the greater part of those inimitable literary works, the delight of his own and all succeeding ages. During the sixteenth century, the writings of Bembo were the favorite reading among the first ranks in Italy, and an acquaintance with them was necessary in order to mingle in polished society. Bembo prided himself particularly on his power of language: “ *Io so nulla per rispetto à que gloriosi, ma quel poco che io ne so delle lingue, non lo cangieree al marchesato di Mantoua*”. (I know nothing that I have to glory in; but for the little that I know of language, I would not change it for the marquisate of Mantua). He selected as his models the sweet and tender Petrarch, and the elegant and lively Boccaccio; by combining their excellences with his own perfect taste, he assisted, by his influence and example, in banishing that homely style which characterized the writings of the Italian authors at the commencement of the sixteenth century. In the year 1539, Bembo was called to Rome by Paul III., and elevated to the rank of cardinal. He found in the sacred college many of his former friends, particularly the cardinals Sadolet, Cortese, and the English cardinal Reginald Pole. Bembo died in Rome, in the year 1547, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Leo X. possessed that magnificent taste for the fine arts which was a peculiar distinction of the Medici family. His palace, the Vatican, was adorned with the masterpieces of ancient and modern art. Under his favor and liberality, were completed those exquisite paintings in the chambers of that splendid edifice, which have ever since been the theme of universal admiration. The divine Raphael was employed during nine years in the execution of these glorious works, which still remain, in all their pristine freshness and beauty, the

imperishable monuments of his genius. The most celebrated of these frescoes are the "School of Athens," the "Scourging of Heliodorus," "Mount Parnassus," and the "Hall of Constantine." The "School of Athens" is a representation of philosophy. In a magnificent amphitheatre, the ancient philosophers are introduced as instructing their disciples in the different departments of human knowledge. Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle are characteristically represented. Diogenes, Archytas, Archimedes, and Empedocles are engaged in their various avocations. Apollo and Minerva are the presiding deities of the scene. A handsome youth in a white and gold mantle is said to be intended for Francesco della Rovere, the great nephew of Julius II.; in the person of Archimedes, the artist took the opportunity of perpetuating the likeness of his friend and relative Bramante, the eminent architect. This painting is composed of fifty-two figures; but such is the skill of the artist that none of them seem to be in each other's way. A judicious critic, in speaking of the "School of Athens" and the "Scourging of Heliodorus," remarks: "These two works of Raphael, had all the rest perished, would have vindicated his claim to the title of the Prince of Painters. It may, indeed, well be doubted, whether he would ever have surpassed these paintings had he lived longer. In the 'Parnassus,' Apollo and the Muses are represented attended by a company of the Greek, Latin, and Italian poets. The father of poetry appears in an attitude of great dignity and grandeur, reciting his immortal compositions. Virgil is seen pointing out to Dante the way he is to follow. Only two living authors, Sanazzaro and Tebaldio, are admitted into these regions of poetical immortality. The artist has partly claimed a place for himself in this glorious assembly. He appears near to Virgil, with his beautiful head crowned with the 'laurel wreath,' and is deservedly admitted into that Parnassus where he drank from his infancy the waters of Hippocrene, and was nursed by the Muses and the Graces."*

At the same time that the inspired pencil of Raphael was engaged in executing these exquisite paintings, the genius of Michael Angelo was producing those sublime frescoes in the Sistine Chapel that have rendered his name immortal. The first of these is the world-renowned "Last Judgment." None but the mighty mind of Michael Angelo could have con-

* Geo. S. Hillard, *Six Months in Italy*, vol. i., p. 268.

ceived—none but the mighty hand of Michael Angelo could have executed this tremendous work. The whole lower end of the chapel, over the altar, is occupied by this great fresco, covering a space sixty feet high and thirty feet broad. The rich colors have become somewhat faded by the lapse of time, and obscured by the smoke of wax candles and incense, which are so much used in the service of the Catholic Church. The first sight of this sublime masterpiece leaves an overpowering impression upon the mind. "I have seen Michael Angelo," said a French artist, "and he is terrible." He is indeed terrible in the "Last Judgment," and the power which he has displayed is almost superhuman. The utter woe, the fearful agony, the dreadful despair depicted in the faces of the lost souls, fill the beholder with astonishment and awe. No touch of sorrowful sympathy entered the painter's heart. All is hard, severe, pitiless. The justice of an offended God and the heinousness of sin were the only thoughts that occupied the mind of Michael Angelo. In the upper part of the painting the saints, patriarchs, martyrs, and other holy souls are ranged on the right and left hand of the Saviour of the world. "Depth and tenderness of feeling, the purity of celestial love, the serene triumph of faith, the soft calm of inward peace, do not shed their gentle influences upon the scene. We look in vain for the rapt brows of Angelico, the ideal heads and finely flowing draperies of Raphael, the worn but ecstatic forms of Cigoli, and those cherub-faces of Correggio which beam like embodied smiles." *

If the accounts of his contemporaries be true, and we have no reason to doubt them, Raphael must have been as beautiful in his person and life as he was in his genius. He is represented with long, flowing curls, a smiling mouth, and a most heavenly expression in his soft, dark eyes—he was, indeed, as beautiful as one of his own angels. He always took the greatest pleasure in assisting the poor but deserving artists of his time; he was never known to refuse his services to any one who asked him; he was entirely devoid of envy; he rendered the meed of praise to all who deserved it; he thanked God that he was born in the time of Michael Angelo. The numerous pupils who were attracted to the studio of Raphael, almost adored their gifted master; and whenever he appeared in public, he was attended by a crowd of his enthusiastic followers.

* Six Months in Italy, vol. i., p. 259§

The four great painters of this age had each a peculiar and distinct merit. Michael Angelo was distinguished for the learning of his design; Titian for the richness and truth of his coloring; Correggio for the charm of pencilling and *clair-obscura*; Raphael for invention and composition. But if these celebrated painters be compared with one another, it cannot but be admitted that Raphael more nearly approached each of his three rivals in that which constituted the especial merit of each, than each of them equalled Raphael in the points peculiar to him. Perhaps there never were two great artists more opposite in their life and genius than Michael Angelo and Raphael—the one all grandeur and sublimity; the other all sweetness and grace. The masterpieces of Michael Angelo fill the beholder with terror and amazement; the masterpieces of Raphael fill the beholder with purity and love. Michael Angelo is the Milton, and Raphael the Shakespeare of painters. We admire Michael Angelo—we love Raphael. Michael Angelo has left a magnificent monument of his genius in St. Peter's—the princely Christian temple erected by the prince of Christian architects. Raphael died after a pure and beautiful life of thirty-seven years. His death-bed was surrounded by his weeping friends, who were inconsolable for the loss of the divine artist, whom the whole civilized world lamented. He left more than two hundred paintings as imperishable monuments of his genius and industry.

From the revival of letters in the fourteenth century, classical learning had made a rapid and regular progress, and in the course of nearly two hundred years had attained to the highest degree of excellence. The wise and liberal encouragement of Leo X. was destined to give a last impulse to these elegant studies; for if there was one department of literature the professors of which he regarded with a more particular favor, and rewarded with a greater generosity than those of another, it was that of Latin poetry. We have already had occasion to speak of Bembo's proficiency in this pleasing branch of polite learning. His associate in office, Jacopo Sadolet, was hardly less distinguished for the great elegance of his Latin writings. His Latin tracts, and particularly his treatise "*De liberis Instituendis*," have been justly admired for their superior scholarship; his Latin verses on the group of the Laocoon, which had been discovered in the baths of Titus during the pontificate of Julius II., have been pronounced worthy of the exquisite rem-

nant of ancient art which they are intended to celebrate. Sadolet was a distinguished member of those literary associations which were formed at Rome during the reign of Leo X., and which contributed so much to the encouragement of science and letters, and the promotion of good fellowship among the eminent scholars of that golden age. The ability and diligence of Sadolet in his official employment were rewarded by Leo X. with a bishopric, the duties of which he faithfully performed. It was not, however, until the pontificate of Paul III., in the year 1536, that Sadolet was raised to the purple, a dignity, says Roscoe, which he had long merited, not only by the services which he had rendered to the Roman see in many important embassies, but by the temperate firmness of his character, his elegant and conciliating manners, and his sincere and unaffected piety.

One of the brightest literary ornaments of the court of Leo X. was the elegant Latin poet Vida. He was a native of Cremona, a city which has long been celebrated for the beauty and sweetness of its musical instruments; and was born about the year 1480. His family was of respectable rank, and although his parents were not wealthy, they were able to bestow upon him that best of all gifts a good education, for which purpose he was sent successively to several of the academies of learning for which Italy was at that time so justly renowned. After having acquired a considerable proficiency in philosophy, theology, and political science, he settled in Rome during the pontificate of Julius II. His principal works, however, were not written until the reign of Leo X. The first of these was his "*De Arte Poetica*." This poem made the name of Vida known far beyond the limits of his own country, and has obtained the approbation not only of the Italian scholars, but of some of the most correct and elegant poets and critics, of England. Pope, speaking in his "*Essay on Criticism*," of "Leo's golden days," has the following beautiful lines:

"Then sculpture and her sister arts revive;
Stones leaped to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a VIDA sung.
Immortal Vida! on whose honor'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow;
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!"

Warton, in his "*Essay on Pope*" (p. 197), considers the "*Poetics*" of Vida as "one of the first, if not the very first, piece of

criticism that appeared in Italy since the revival of learning."

The "Poetics" were soon followed by his "Sacchiæ Ludus," a poem on the game of chess. Leo X. was an admirer and a skilful proficient in this fascinating and scientific game, and when this poem was shown to him, he was delighted with the novelty of the subject, and with the dignity, ease, and clearness with which it was treated; which seemed to him almost beyond the bound of human powers. He therefore requested to see the author of this pleasing production. Vida was received by the pontiff with flattering kindness and distinction, retained as an attendant on the court, and rewarded with wealth and honors; but what appears to have chiefly pleased the poet was, that his works were read and approved by Leo himself. At his suggestion, Vida began his celebrated poem of the "Christiad," which was afterwards completed in six books, and published under the auspices of Clement VII., in the year 1535. In composing this poem, Vida placed Virgil before him as his principal model; he regarded the great Mantuan bard with sentiments next to adoration, yet he knew how to fix the limits of his imitation; and whilst he studied the style and manner, and sometimes even used the language of Virgil, he avoided the error into which some of his contemporaries had fallen in mingling the profane fables of the heathen mythology with the mysteries of the Christian religion. In order to reward Vida for writing this great poem, Clement VII. raised him to the rank of pontifical secretary, and in the year 1532 conferred on him the bishopric of Alba, where he died in 1566, much respected for his talents, his integrity, and his sincere and fervent piety.

It would be unjust, as well as ungallant, not to mention several learned ladies, who, in the time of Leo X., were distinguished for their accomplishments, their virtues, and their poetical talents. Among these, two are conspicuously eminent: Victoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara, and Veronica Gambara, Countess of Correggio. Victoria Colonna was the daughter of the celebrated commander Fabrizio Colonna, Grand Constable of the Kingdom of Naples, by Anna di Montefeltro, the daughter of Federigo, Duke of Urbino. At the early age of four years, Victoria was betrothed to Ferdinando d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara, who was only a little older than herself. The extraordinary beauty of her person, and the rare and brilliant endowments of her mind, combined to make her the object of general admiration, and before she had attained her seventeenth year, her hand was repeatedly sought in mar-

riage by several of the independent princes of Italy. Happily, however, these splendid alliances were rejected, and the beautiful and accomplished Victoria Colonna became the wife of her parents' early choice, who was, fortunately, the object of her own devoted love. The Marquis of Pescara, by his brilliant talents, his invincible fidelity, and chivalric courage, well merited such a partner. After a few brief years passed in the sweet interchange of mutual affection, the unhappy contests which made fair Italy the battle field of Europe, called the marquis from his domestic delights to the clash and glory of contending armies. At the battle of Ravenna, where he commanded the cavalry, and distinguished himself by his dashing bravery, he was dangerously wounded and taken prisoner by the French, the victors of that bloody field. While confined in the castle of Milan, and prevented by his wound from bodily exercise, he devoted his time to study and literary composition, the result of which appeared in a dialogue on Love, which was addressed to his beloved wife. The marquis was at length liberated from confinement, and entered again into active service; his skill in military affairs, and the many engagements in which he was victorious, won for him a high rank among the Italian leaders of that age. Having entered into the service of Charles V., he commanded at the celebrated battle of Pavia, in which Francis I. of France was made prisoner; the success of the Imperialists on that day has generally been attributed to the marquis, who distinguished himself no less by his magnanimity and humanity than by his prudence and intrepidity.* This was his last and greatest victory, for soon after the battle he fell a sacrifice to his military fatigues, and the consequences of his wounds. He died at Milan in December, 1525, in the bloom of his bright and beautiful career. His devoted wife was rendered inconsolable by this fatal event. The only alleviation which her deep sorrow would admit was found in celebrating the character and virtues of her husband, and in recording their mutual attachment in touching and exquisite verse. Soon after his death she retired to the island of Ischia, where her time was passed in works of charity and religion, and in the composition of those beautiful poems which have placed her name among the celebrated writers of that glorious age. Her *Stanze*, or verses in *ottava rima*, are pronounced equal in simplicity, harmony, and elegance of style, to the

* Roscoe's Leo X., vol. ii., p. 125.

productions of any of her contemporaries, and in lively description and genuine poetry to have excelled them all, excepting only those of the inimitable Ariosto. The virtues, the accomplishments, and the beauty of Victoria Colonna rendered her the object of universal applause among the poets and learned men of the time, with many of whom she kept up a regular correspondence. She was also a warm admirer and friend of Michael Angelo, who addressed to her several of his sonnets, in which his admiration of her beauty and poetical talents is tempered by the most profound respect for her character. This estimable lady died at Rome in the year 1547, leaving behind her the enviable reputation of being one of the fairest models of female excellence and conjugal affection that the world has ever seen.

Veronica Gambara was the daughter of Count Francisco Gambara, and was married in 1509 to the lord of Correggio. Her disposition, her talents, her education, and the instructions and advice of the elegant and learned Bembo, led her in her youth to devote a part of her leisure moments to the cultivation of poetry. After the early death of her husband, Veronica devoted herself to the education of her two sons, one of whom afterwards was elevated to the dignity of cardinal. The poetical compositions of Veronica Gambara, although inferior in elegance and polish to those of her friend Victoria Colonna, display a striking originality and vivacity both in sentiment and language.

The chief glory of this golden age, so rich in glorious names, was the celebrated and enchanting poet Ariosto. He was the son of a nobleman of Ferrara, but his genius has obtained for him a rank and a fame which kings cannot bestow or kings take away. He was first destined to the legal profession, but after devoting five years to dry and unprofitable labor, he abandoned that pursuit for the flowery fields of poetry, in which he was to reap so rich a harvest. His earliest writings were of a dramatic character; before he was twenty years old, he had produced two comedies, which were the means of recommending him to the notice of Ercole d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, whom he accompanied, in the year 1491, to Milan, to witness the theatrical performances for which that city was then distinguished. From this time Ariosto devoted himself to the service of the family of Este, either in the court of the duke or in that of the cardinal Ippolito d'Este. Ariosto commenced his wild, dreamy, magnificent, sportive poem, "*Orlando Furioso*," in the year 1505; he was

occupied upon this immortal work for eleven years, amidst the constant distraction of business, for he was a diplomatist and politician, as well as a poet. The "*Orlando Furioso*" was published at Ferrara, in 1515, and was received with the liveliest enthusiasm throughout Italy. It has been translated into all the modern languages, and has won the unqualified applause of the most eminent scholars and critics of every age, on account of its transparent style, its fine raillery, its incomparable humor, and the sweetness, grace, and elegance of its versification. By the sole charm of its romantic adventures, independently of its exquisite poetry, the "*Orlando Furioso*" has been the delight of the youth of every country. Galileo being asked by what means he had acquired the remarkable facility of giving perspicuity and grace to his philosophical writings, referred it to the continual study of Ariosto. The enchantment of his pencil redeems every failing, and his rapidity, like that of Homer, leaves us little time to censure before we are hurried forward to admire. The "*Orlando Furioso*," as a great single poem, has been rarely surpassed, and in the living records of poetry the author must yield to three, and only three, of his predecessors. He has not the force, simplicity, and truth of Homer, the exquisite style and sustained imagery of Virgil, nor the originality and boldness of Dante.* Ariosto was the author of several satires, whose inimitable wit and attractive style have merited for him the title of the Horace of his age. The first of these satires was suggested by what appeared to be the ungenerous conduct of the cardinal Ippolito d'Este, who deprived the poet of a small pension of a hundred crowns a year for refusing to accompany him on a visit to Hungary. He found a more liberal patron in the cardinal's brother, Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, who gave him a lucrative situation at his court, without requiring from him any attendance which would interfere with his studies. Here he passed the remainder of his life, engaged in literary labors, and never ceasing to retouch and polish his immortal poem. He died at Ferrara, in 1533, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

In enumerating the distinguished men who flourished during the golden age of Leo X., it is expected that some mention should be made of one who acted so conspicuous a part, both in the literary and political world, as Nicholas Machiavelli. This celebrated man was of a noble, but poor

* Hallam's Literature of Europe, vol. i., p. 168.

family of Florence. His early life was passed in obscurity, and very little is known of him until he had reached the thirtieth year of his age, when he was so fortunate as to attract the notice of the Medici family, then the most powerful in Florence; by their influence he was appointed secretary of the republic, the affairs of which he conducted with conspicuous ability. From this time he was constantly engaged in public affairs, particularly in embassies which required dexterity and skill. Machiavelli repaid the kindness of his first patrons by becoming a partisan of the faction which drove the Medici from Florence. When they were recalled, in 1512, after nearly twenty years of exile, he was deprived of his honors and banished the city. He then entered into a conspiracy against the Medici, which was discovered, and Machiavelli was imprisoned and tortured, without, however, eliciting any confession that would have impeached either himself or his accomplices. When Leo X. was raised to the pontifical throne, he restored Machiavelli to liberty; this did not prevent him from entering into another plot immediately after the death of Leo, to expel the cardinal De Medici from Florence. At length, after a life of vicissitudes—one day the honored and influential secretary of the republic, another a disgraced and tortured conspirator—after being the friend and companion of princes, after holding many high and important offices, Machiavelli died in the year 1527, in extreme poverty.

The writings of Machiavelli consist of several comedies, a "History of Florence," his "Discourses upon Livy," and "The Prince." His comedies have won the commendation of one of the most celebrated writers of modern times. Voltaire,* speaking of the state of the polite arts in the sixteenth century, observes, that "Italy had its Thucydides in Guicciardini, who wrote the history of the war of his own time, as Thucydides wrote the wars of Peloponnesus. Their stage, though far short of that degree of perfection to which the French theatre afterwards attained, might be compared to the Greek drama, which they began to revive; Machiavelli's "Mandragols" alone is perhaps preferable to all of Aristophanes' comedies." The maxims which Machiavelli inculcated in his book entitled "The Prince," have caused him to be regarded, for more than three hundred years, as the quintessence of craft, fraud, and dissimulation. No one can

* General History of Europe, vol. ii., part iv., chap. 1.

peruse this infamous work, which was written in the calm retirement of the closet, and intended for the guidance of a young prince, without regarding its author as the master of hypocrisy and the demon of deceit. Everybody has heard of Machiavelli's maxim, "*Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare.*" This famous maxim is considered by some authors as a comment upon that passage in Euripides, which Cicero says Julius Cæsar always had in his mouth :

"Si violandum est jus, regnandi gratia violandum est,
In cæteris rebus pietatem colas,"

which has been thus freely rendered :

Be thou strictly just, except a throne
Come to thy reach ; then Justice, get thee gone !

After reading the following baneful advice, we are not astonished that Cardinal Pole declared that the writings of Machiavelli were traced by the finger of the devil : "It is honorable for a prince to *seem* merciful, courteous, religious, punctual, and sincere, and indeed to be so ; but it is necessary, at the same time, that he should have his mind so modelled, and be so much the master of himself, that he may know how to alter his conduct upon occasion ; a prince cannot form by practice all those qualities which make men esteemed good and virtuous ; he will often be obliged, for the preservation of his state, to violate the laws of charity, humanity, and religion, and therefore he should be ready prepared to shift his sails according to the wind that blows ; as I said before, never to do evil if he can help it ; but if he is compelled by downright necessity, to make no scruple of it."^a

Too soon for the Christian world, of which he was the peace-maker ; too soon for the Christian church, of which he was the ornament and the head ; too soon for beautiful Italy, of which he was the protector ; too soon for literature and art, which he wisely and zealously encouraged ; too soon for men of genius and learning, whom he generously rewarded—Leo X. died in the year 1521, in the forty-sixth year of his age, and in the ninth year of his reign. In disposition, Leo X. was kind and conciliatory ; it was always a pleasure to him to be able to confer a benefit, and a pain when he had to refuse a request ; his moral character was irreproachable ; he was chaste, decorous, and temperate in his diet, even be-

^a Machiavelli's Complete Works, London, 1742, vol. i., p. 632.

yond the requirements of the church; he possessed a remarkable memory; his reading was extensive; he spoke and wrote Latin with elegance and ease; he had a considerable knowledge of Greek; he wrote both Italian and Latin verse; he was devoted to music; he had a fine ear, and a melodious voice which had been cultivated with assiduous care; in the august ceremonies of the Catholic Church, he was always distinguished for the splendor of his dress, and the dignity and decorum of his manner. Bayle, in his "Historical Dictionary," article Leo X., says: "Men of letters, of what religion or nation soever, are bound to praise and bless the memory of this pope, for the care he took to recover the manuscripts of the ancients; he spared neither pains nor cost in searching for them and procuring very good editions. Guicciardini, in the first twelve books of his history, represents Leo X. as an accomplished model of modern policy, and the greatest statesman of his age." Rankes, in his "History of the Popes,"* in speaking of Leo X., says: "A liberal kindness, active intellect, a ready persuasion of good in others were among his distinctive characteristics. These qualities are the fairest gifts of nature, and but rarely acquired, but when possessed, how greatly do they enhance all life's enjoyments."

We cannot better conclude this article than in the language of Mr. Roscoe, the elegant biographer of Leo X.

"That an astonishing proficiency in the improvement of the human intellect was made during the pontificate of Leo X. is universally allowed. That such proficiency is principally to be attributed to the exertions of that pontiff will now perhaps be thought equally indisputable. Of the predominating influence of a powerful, an accomplished, or a fortunate individual on the character and manners of the age, the history of mankind furnishes innumerable instances; and happy is it for the world when the pursuits of such individuals, instead of being devoted, through blind ambition, to the subjugation or destruction of the human race, are directed towards those beneficent and generous ends, which, amidst all his avocations, Leo X. appears to have kept continually in view."

ART. VII.—1. *Philosophical Magazine*; Ed. by A. TILLOCH. London, 1798—1822.

2. *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine and Journal of Science*; Ed. by SIR D. BREWSTER. Taylor and Phillips: London, 1832—1859.

* Vol. i., p. 68, Bohn's edition.

3. *London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Philosophical Magazine and Journal of Science*; Ed. by KANE AND FRANCIS. London, 1851.
4. *Denkschriften der Königlichen Academie der Wissenschaften zu München für die Jahre 1814, 1815.* München: 1817.
5. *Abstracts of the Papers printed in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London.* London: R. and J. E. Taylor.
6. *L'Institut, Journal Universel des Sciences, &c.* Paris.
7. *Annales de Chemie.* Paris.
8. *Annalen der Physik und Chemie.* Von J. G. POGGENDORFF. Leipzig.

Of all natural phenomena, none are more striking than the production of the rainbow. Iris, the divine token of the Greeks and Romans, was especially pointed out to man by the God of the Hebrews: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." When, by an artificial production of the rainbow effect, we enable ourselves to understand that the remote orbs, not only of our solar system but of others, are composed of the same elements which combine to constitute our globe, and from thence deduce the existence of him who called our attention to this natural spectrum, we fail not to read this promise again with renewed hope.

As might be expected, the list of authors who have discussed this phenomenon is very long; they belong to many nations and to almost all ages; but it is to Fletcher, who, in 1571, first announced refraction of the sunlight by the rain to be the cause,* and to De Dominis,† Descartes, and Newton, that we owe theories and experimental investigations, culminating in the true explanation of the effect. It is only necessary here to allude to the labors of Newton, which laid the foundation of this branch of analysis. It is not known positively who first separated a ray of white light into its constituent colored rays, by refracting it with an artificial prism.

In 1666, Newton‡ performed this experiment to amuse himself, using a triangular glass prism; but his amusements turned out to be of more importance to mankind than the most recondite researches, in this direction, of previous

* Priestly on Light and Colors, p. 50.

† De Radiis Visus et Lucis, 1611.

‡ Optics. London, 1718, p. 22.

philosophers. He first drew conclusions worthy of the striking effect produced. He announced that different rays of light have different degrees of refrangibility, and that to the same degree of refrangibility always belongs the same color, and to the same color the same degree of refrangibility. In studying the solar spectrum, he pointed out the advantages of a slit, with its length parallel to the prism, for the beam to pass through, suggesting one an inch or two long and $\frac{1}{16}$ or $\frac{1}{32}$ of an inch wide, or even narrower, and described the effects of circular or triangular openings.

Pownall* called attention in 1801, to Herschel's statement in 1796, that the colored rays of the sunlight do not proceed from that globe itself, but from inflamed vapors floating on its surface. It occurred to him that similar colored lights arising from flames of bodies burnt in our terrestrial atmosphere should be found to observe the same refractions and be affected by the same laws which operate in the solar light. By direct analogy he supposes the solar light to be emitted from a compound of inflamed vapors, each colored ray therein taking the hue of its respective vapor-flame, and refers to these colored vapors being produced in the sun by the inflammation of the same bodies which can produce them here.

These speculations interest us as being the results of one of the earlier attempts to analyse the sun's constituents. He describes the spectra of the electric spark, iron filings in oxygen, phosphorus in oxygen, camphor dissolved in alcohol, spermaceti in Argand's lamp, wax, and tallow. He uses the spectrum of red-hot iron as his standard. This, viewed through a prism, is found decomposed into a deeply tinged red and a deep bluish green only, the gradations of blue being invisible. His apparatus consisted of a high, long box, black internally, with a sliding door in front, pierced with a half-inch hole. A side door admitted the lights to be examined. The prism was applied to the hole. In studying blue flames, removing the hole, he turned his prism till the beam was refracted on the floor of his darkened room. "This solar light must arise, he says, from vapors having similar bases as these terrestrial colored lights have"—"and must, having the same properties, be of the same nature"—"it is resolved exactly as the terrestrial lights above examined are, into the constituent colored lights which the

* Phil. Mag., vol. xii., p. 42.

several bases give out." He speculates on the mineralogy of the sun, moon, and stars, from facts concerning the various lights they emit.

Wollaston* observes, in 1802, that by looking through a prism at a distant crevice in a window-shutter, the division of the spectrum may be seen much more distinctly than by any other method. In the light of the lower part of a candle, the spectrum is distinguished by dark spaces into five distinct portions. This latter observation is the scaffolding for the first story of the edifice whose foundations Newton laid.

It is to Fraunhofer,† (1815) that we owe our first description of the nature of these dark spaces, though he was ignorant of their cause and importance. In his paper he gives instructions in the art of examining spectra formed with combinations of prisms and viewed through a telescope. He calculated the angles of refraction of the colored rays for prisms of various substances, and described the apparatus used, which consisted essentially of the lights examined with their accompanying slit and prism in one house, and across the street in another house a second prism and telescope. He called attention to the effect of temperature in altering the results: he made a long and very narrow slit in the window-shutter, and near it placed an equiangular flint-glass prism. Twenty-four feet off, with a telescope, he viewed the spectrum from a lamp, and noticed what was afterwards called the line of sodium. He was entirely ignorant of the profound importance this observation was destined to assume. With the same apparatus, observing the solar spectrum, he observed it crossed by very many dark lines of various breadths and shades. He gave a plate of this result, in which we count three hundred and fifty-five lines perpendicular to the length of the spectrum, and it is especially to be noted that he figures the sodium line, before alluded to, as a double line. The most marked lines he calls A, a, B, C, D, (double, afterwards called sodium line), E, b, F, G, H. The intervals vary greatly between these lines themselves, and the natural groups into which they are arranged.

To observe these phenomena in their perfection, the prism must be placed at its angle of minimum deviation. Oil of anise is recommended as the refracting medium. He

* Phil. Mag., vol. xiii., p. 289.

† Denkschrift. der Königlich. Akad. der Wissenschaft. zu München. Band v. 193.

measured the angles of refraction of B, C, D, E, F, G, and H. These lines ever afterwards bore the name of Fraunhofer's fixed lines, and to him credit is undoubtedly due for establishing the second epoch in what was to become the modern spectral chemical analysis. He studied, with his apparatus, beams from Sirius, Venus, and other celestial bodies, comparing their spectra with the solar, and noticed how the spectra of the stars differed one from another.

It is not necessary here to give details; they will be given further on when we review the discoveries which extend the observations, made by modern physicists with perfected apparatus, in celestial chemistry. He described the spectrum of electric light, which differed from that of the sun and of artificial fires. Static electricity was passed through a glass tube between two conductors, and a dark line was seen in the green part of the spectrum, one in the orange, one in the red, and four others in the violet portions. This is the nucleus of some of the most brilliant of modern investigations. He examined the spectrum of hydrogen and of alcohol, noticing that the reddish-yellow line of the spectrum of each was the brightest: he fails to recognise it in sulphur. These experiments are very significant to us now.

In 1822, Herschel* analysed the light from the colored flames emitted by various ignited bodies, by means of the prism. He described the spectra of compounds of strontia, lime, copper, and boron. In 1827,† he also described the spectra of lithium, iron, and barium. "Of all salts," he says, "the muriates succeed best from their volatility;" "the colors thus communicated by the different bases to flame, afford in many cases a ready and neat way of detecting extremely minute quantities of them."

Talbot‡, in 1826, analysed the spectra of various artificial lights. He observed a constant yellow ray for all the salts of sodium, and a red ray, of low but definite refrangibility, characteristic of salts of potassium. "If," he says, "this opinion should be correct and applicable to the other definite rays, a glance at the prismatic spectrum of a flame may show it to contain substances which it would otherwise require a laborious chemical analysis to effect." This was prophetic. In 1834,§ he described the difference

* Edin. Phil. Trans., v. Miller Chem. Phys.

† Encycl. Metrop., p. 438.

‡ Brewster's Journ. of Science, vol. v., v. Miller, Chem. Phys.

§ L. & E. Phil. Mag. & Journ. of Sc., vol. iv., p. 114.

between the spectra of strontium and lithium. "Hence, I hesitate not to say," he tells us, "that optical analysis can distinguish the minutest portions of these two substances from each other with as much certainty, if not more, than by any other known method."

In 1832, Brewster* first noticed the absorption bands produced by colored gases. He showed that the brownish-red vapors of nitrous acid absorb the sun's rays, so as to produce dark bands in the spectrum of the transmitted beam. He noticed lines and bands in the red and green spaces which sometimes disappeared, and found it to be due to absorption by the earth's atmosphere, which acts most powerfully near D. This, then, shows the dependence of certain of the fixed lines of the spectrum on our atmosphere. These labors were destined to play no small part in subsequent discoveries, and they directed the attention of many philosophers to this subject.

W. H. Miller and Daniell† showed, in 1833, that other colored vapors possessed the same property. In 1835, Wheatstone‡ made a prismatic decomposition of the electric, voltaic, and electro-magnetic sparks. He states that the spectra of the electro-magnetic spark, taken from mercury, zinc, cadmium, tin, bismuth, and lead, in the melted state, consist of definite rays separated by dark intervals from each other; but the number, position, and colors of the lines vary in each case. He readily distinguishes the metals from each other in this manner. He concludes that the light does not arise from the combustion of the metal, by taking the voltaic spark from mercury in vacuum, in air, in carbonic acid, and in oxygen, and finding identical spectra.

These experiments are the first of a long series afterwards attempted by other observers, which have greatly extended our knowledge in this direction. In 1839, Cooper§ observed an extension of the red portion of the solar spectrum, obtained in the ordinary way, beyond the space it occupies when seen by the naked eye, by viewing it through a piece of deep blue cobalt glass. This new part of the spectrum is crossed by two or more very broad lines or bands.

In 1843, 1847, and 1848, Draper|| published a series of

* L. & E. Phil. Mag. & Journ. of Sc., vol. viii., p. 384.

† L. & E. Phil. Mag. & Journ. of Sc., 3d series, vol. ii., p. 381

‡ Proc. of Brit. Assoc.

§ Proc. of Roy. Soc., vol. iv., 146.

|| L. & E. & D. Phil. Mag. & Journ. of Science, 3d series, vol. xxii., p. 360. Vol. xxx., p. 360. Vol. xxxii., p. 100.

three papers on spectral analysis. They mark the fourth epoch in the history of this science; Newton, Fraunhofer, and Brewster having established the three first. In these remarkable labors, in which facts hitherto isolated and unintelligible were connected and explained, as well as new phenomena noted, deductions so extraordinary were made, that not only was a broad and safe foundation laid for future workers in this field, but a landmark in chemical science itself was erected. In 1843, he stated his experience in making prismatic analysis by the use of sensitive papers, his experiments dating back to 1834. By the aid of perfected apparatus and improved photographic processes, he procures a tithonograph, as he terms it, in which the visible solar spectrum is greatly extended. The apparatus consisted essentially of a heliostat, a slit of parallel knife-edges $\frac{1}{32}$ of an inch wide, an equiangular flint-glass prism, eleven feet off, and an achromatic lens. On his plate he shows that beyond the red ray there are three extra spectral lines, " α ," " β ," and " γ ," and that beyond the violet, and out of the visible limits of the spectrum, four very striking groups appear. He marks the first lines of each group, "M," "N," "O," "P."

Besides these larger groups, the whole tithonograph is crossed by hundreds of minuter ones (about 600 between "H" and "P"). "If the absorptive action of the sun's atmosphere be the cause of this phenomenon, that action takes place much more powerfully on the more refrangible and extra spectral region." This field, first worked by Prof. Draper, has since been elaborated and applied to chemical analysis. He called attention to the relative visibility of Fraunhofer's lines when seen at different periods. The red are more visible as the sun approaches the horizon, and those at the more refrangible end of the spectrum are obvious in the middle of the day. In 1847, he determined, first, the point of incandescence of platinum, and proved that different bodies become red hot at the same temperature; he also determined, secondly, the color of the rays emitted by self-luminous bodies at different temperatures; this is done by the only reliable method—analysis by the prism. From these experiments it will appear, that as the temperature rises the light increases in refrangibility, and the true order of the colors is red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. He determined, thirdly, the relation between the brilliancy of the light emitted by a shining body and its temperature. Here he found that the intensity of the light increased far more rapidly than the temperature. He

showed that the temperature of incandescence of platinum is 977° Fahr., and that that is about the temperature at which all solids begin to shine in a very dark room; all solids shine, then, at the same thermometric point. He pointed out the temperature of incandescence as a natural fixed point for the thermometer.

In the second determination, he described his prismatic apparatus, and used for a standard scale the fixed solar lines. "In the *prismatic* spectra," he says, "the true relationship of the colors is not perceived, because the less refrangible are crowded together, and the more refrangible unduly spread out; but in the *interference* spectrum, where the colors are arranged side by side in the order of their wave-lengths, the centre is occupied by the most luminous portion of the yellow, and from this point the light declines away, on one side in the reds, and on the other in the blues, the terminations being equidistant from the centre of the yellow space." He described the imperfections of the eye, and the mistakes to which they might give rise in observing spectral effects. He recognised the truth of what was at that time a theoretical statement of Newton's proposition, viz.: "To a particular color there ever belongs a particular wave-length, and to a particular wave-length there ever belongs a particular color." Here he foresaw the modern experimental demonstrations, which have caused the wave theory of Young to be universally adopted as a law.

In the third branch of his enquiry, he examined the relation between the temperatures of self-luminous bodies, and the intensity of the light they emit. From the analogy between heat and light, he reasons that, as the temperature of an incandescent solid rises, the intensity of the light emitted increases very rapidly, and then proves it experimentally. The use of a platinum wire, ignited to a known temperature by a voltaic current used in his experiments, suggests to him its application as a unit-lamp or artificial light of standard brilliancy. He gives six tabular spectra, five of platinum at different temperatures compared with one of the sun. This was the first monogram so illustrated. It is foreign to our subject to allude to the great importance of the discovery of a new fixed thermometric point; but the *unit-lamp* is a gift to this branch of science of the first value, inasmuch as it may be applied to the determination of the temperature at which the substance we are examining is vaporizing.

In 1848, Draper published some experiments so philosophical, taken in connection with his deductions from them, that he deserves to be remembered with Lavoisier and Faraday. In this memoir he traced the connection between the chemical conditions under which a body burns, and the nature of the light which it emits. Davy proved that all common flames are incandescent shells, the interior of which is dark, and that the relative quantity of light emitted depends on the temporary disengagement of solid particles. This was a great fundamental discovery, but here he stopped—the enquiry was completed by Draper. Only by a general examination of the light arising from various solids, vapors, and gases when burning, can we obtain data for a true theory of combustion; this must be one of the fundamental theories of chemistry; it must include the nature of all chemical changes whatsoever. Prof. Draper made a prismatic analysis of the flames of various vapors and gases, proving that they yield all the colors of the spectrum. He showed that every prismatic color is found in every flame (there being no monochromatic flame, no matter what its color). The instrumental arrangement consisted essentially of a horizontal slit, one-thirtieth of an inch wide and one inch long, the rays of the flame it transmitted being received on a flint-glass prism about seven feet off, the axis of which was parallel to the slit, the spectrum being viewed with a telescope which had a divided micrometer and parallel wires in the eye-piece. It was adjusted for analysing a horizontal section of any part of a lamp-flame; when a vertical element was examined, the slit and prism were set vertically. He showed, as we will see, the great advantages possessed by the former method. He examined the flames of oil, alcohol, boracic acid, nitrate of strontia, phosphorus, sulphur, carbonic oxide, hydrogen, cyanogen, arseniuretted hydrogen, &c. He not only found every prismatic color, but even bright Fraunhoferian lines of different colors. Having made a prismatic analysis of the light of an elementary solid, burning at different temperatures, he proved that as the temperature rises the more refrangible rays appear.

The spectrum of burning anthracite coal was examined, and of charcoal burning in oxygen, which demonstrated that there is a connection between the refrangibility of the light which a burning body yields, and the intensity of the chemical action going on; and that the refrangibility always increases as the chemical action increases. He proved that

flames consist of a series of concentric and differently colored shells. Common flames consist of thin shells of ignited matter, the interior being dark, combustion only going on in the portion near the atmosphere; this ignited shell has sensible thickness.

If we imagine it to consist of series of strata, it is obvious that the conditions of combustion are different for each; as we advance inwards, the activity of the burning must decline. As combustion is more active, rays of a higher degree of refrangibility are evolved; it follows that each point of the superficies of every flame must yield all the colors of the spectrum; the violet coming from the outer strata, the yellow from the intermediate, and the red from those within.

If we could isolate an elementary horizontal section of a flame, it would exhibit the appearance of a rainbow ring; and when those compound rays are received on the face of a prism, the constituent colors are parted out by reason of their different refrangibility, and the eye thus made sensitive of their actual existence. He thus examined rays that came from the different enveloping strata of flames. For certain chemical reasons, he examined various gases, emitted from a jet-pipe, instead of using coal. The slit was horizontal. If it had been vertical, the constituent colors would have separated, but their relative position would not have been shown. A horizontal section of a flame presents a colored ring, red internally, and violet externally; and when a horizontal prism separates these colors, the sides of the resulting spectrum ought not to be parallel, but inclined to one another, the breadth being least in the red, and increasing as we pass to the violet.

This increasing breadth proves that the constituent colored shells of the flame envelop each other, the violet being outermost, and therefore broadest. He explained the nature of colored flames, showing, for example, why carbonic oxide burns blue, and cyanogen red. He gives these tabular spectra (with "D," or, as he calls it, "Brewster's yellow ray," for his fixed line), viz.: the solar spectrum as standard, that of a spirit-lamp, of carbonic oxide, cyanogen in air, cyanogen in oxygen, oil-lamp in air, oil-lamp in oxygen, hydrogen in oxygen, nitrate of strontia, and blowpipe cone. Carbonic oxide burning in air yields rays of every color. The more refrangible rays predominate, and it is the excess of these that gives the flame its characteristic blue tint. With carbonic oxide, a very limited supply of oxygen can bring

about the maximum chemical action, and therefore liberate an abundance of rays of maximum refrangibility.

This condition of things is inverted in the case of cyanogen: it is the nature of its flame to be enveloped, as it were, in a sheet of nitrogen arising from its own burning, and this necessarily impedes the access of air and checks the intensity of the chemical change, a check which is at once betokened by the emission of a predominant number of rays of a low refrangibility, or of a red color. But there is a striking difference in the chemical conditions under which carbonic oxide and cyanogen burn: in the case of the former, the whole gas is combustible, in the latter the carbon alone, and we have in reality introduced an incombustible element into the flame, for as the carbon burns the incombustible nitrogen is set free. It occurred to Draper that this condition should impress a physical characteristic on the flame. He thought that dark lines might appear in the spectrum as the result, and experiment justified the inference.

Want of space forbids us to review the important statements he gives concerning this spectrum. Carbonic oxide burnt in oxygen should not change its tint, because common air carries on the process to its maximum effect. Not so with cyanogen; if burnt in oxygen it should emit rays of higher refrangibility; he proved these statements experimentally. Cyanogen burnt in oxygen loses its pink tint; he examined it with his spectral apparatus, and remarked, far out of the limits of the ordinary spectrum, a very distinct violet ray. He showed that the introduction of air into the interior of a flame destroyed the red and orange strata, converting them into violet. As to the physical cause of the production of light by chemical action, he considered that all chemical combinations are attended by a rapid vibratory motion of the parts of the combining bodies, which vibrations become more frequent as the chemical action is more intense.

The burning particles which constitute the inner shell of a flame, execute about four hundred billions of vibrations in one second, and those in the middle about six hundred billions, and those on the exterior, in contact with the air, about eight hundred billions in the same time. The quality of the emitted light as respects its color, depending on the frequency with which those vibrations are accomplished, increases in refrangibility as the violence of the chemical action becomes greater. The parts of all material

bodies are in a state of incessant vibration; that which we call temperature depends on the frequency and amplitude of those vibrations conjointly. If, by any process, as by chemical agencies, we increase that frequency to between four and eight hundred billions of vibrations in one second, ignition or combustion results. In the case of the former of these numbers, the temperature is 977° Fahr.

At this temperature, the waves propagated in the ether impress the organ of vision with a red light; this is also the temperature of the innermost shell of a flame. If the frequency of vibration still increases, the temperature correspondingly rises, and the light successively becomes orange, yellow, green, blue, &c., and this condition obtains in the successive strata of a flame, as we pass from the exterior to the interior. There is then a connection between the vehemence with which chemical affinity is satisfied, and the refrangibility of the resulting light—a simple consequence of the undulatory theory.

It is natural that all chemical changes should be attended by vibratory motions in the particles of the bodies engaged; that these vibrations should increase in frequency as the action becomes more violent; but an increased frequency of vibration is the same thing as an increased refrangibility. He thinks that in this manner the theory of ethereal undulations is on the point of including many of those fundamental facts in chemistry which at present appear to have no connection with it. The modern theory of the correlation and conservation of forces realized his conviction a few years afterwards. He pointed out a very remarkable numerical relation existing amongst the fixed lines of the solar spectrum, expressible by a simple arithmetical progression, showing that the cause of them must be periodic in its action. The appearance of these lines in the interference spectrum is noted. Every flame which gives fixed lines in its spectrum, uniformly disengages incombustible matter. Thus closes a series of experiments and deductions which have been attacked and as frequently defended by the most illustrious philosophers. They appeared before the wonderful results of the labors of Bunsen and Kirchhoff had brought these matters more generally before the public; we could not appreciate their significance then as we do now.

In 1845, W. A. Miller* published the spectra of a great

* *L., E. & D. Phil. Mag. & Journ. of Sc.*, 3d series, vol. xxvii., p. 81.

number of metals; their salts were dissolved in the alcohol of a spirit-lamp. He showed that the mere existence of color in a vapor does not indicate of necessity the existence of bands in its spectrum. The probable position of the lines cannot be inferred from the color of the gas. Simple bodies as well as compounds may produce lines; and two simple bodies, which singly do not produce them, may in their compounds occasion them abundantly. Lines may exist in the vapor of simple substances, which disappear in their compounds. Sometimes the same lines are produced by different degrees of oxidation of the same substances. In 1849, Foucault* caused the image of the sun to fall on the voltaic arc, and viewing this compound light through a prism, he observed that the double brilliant line of the arc coincided exactly with the double black line of the solar light, and when they overlapped the black line of the solar spectrum was rendered considerably more intense.

Kirchhoff was soon to deduce conclusions from a similar experiment, which would rivet the attention of the whole scientific world. In 1851 and 1855, Masson† examined the spectra produced by various metals which were employed as dischargers to the Leyden jar, and also when heated by the voltaic arc. In 1855, Angstrom‡ showed that owing to the intense heat of the electric discharges employed by Masson, he obtained two spectra simultaneously, one due to the metal, the other to the atmosphere itself, which became ignited. By causing the spark to pass between the same metals when immersed in various gases, the particular lines due to the metal remained unaltered, whilst the others due to the gaseous medium disappeared, and were replaced by new lines. In 1859, Van der Willigen§ placed in succession, upon a pair of wires, small quantities of weak solutions of various alkaline chlorides, and noticed the production of metallic bands in addition to those belonging to the metal of which his wires were composed; these bands were characteristic of the particular metal contained in each of these several compounds. In 1859, Maxwell|| used a spectral apparatus consisting of slit, lens, and two prisms, arranged in two dark communicating chambers at an angle of

* Journal de l'Institut, Feb. 7th, 1849.

† Ann. de Chimie., III. xxxi. 295. xlv. 387.

‡ L., E. & D. Phil. Mag. & Journ. of Sc., 4th series, vol. ix. p. 327.

§ Pogg. Annal., cvi. p. 617.

|| Proc. of the Roy. Soc., vol. x. p. 404.

100°, to determine the wave-lengths of each kind of light, so that results obtained by one observer might be rendered comparable with those obtained by another with different apparatus.

In 1858 and 1859, Plücker* examined the spectra of the electric current in rarefied gases and vapors. A capillary tube was used: he got a brilliant luminous line within this tube, of which a beautiful spectrum was obtained by replacing the distant illuminated slit which Fraunhofer used in his observations by the self-luminous line; afterwards he employed Babinet's goniometer. The slit of this instrument was illuminated by the current within the capillary tube, which was placed before it at about a distance of 0.4 of an inch. The aperture of the slit was seen under a constant angle of 3' as a general rule. After interposing the prism of heavy flint-glass, "the refracted image of the slit in the general case was found to be divided into a less or greater number of differently colored bands, appearing each under the just mentioned constant angle of 3'." Hence it follows that the analysed electric light is "composed of a certain number of rays whose refrangibility is a discontinuous one." These bands he resolved into two or more. He observed a bright line in the middle of the bands, and dark lines dividing them. In order to distinguish the rays of different refrangibility in the different gases, he marked each ray by adding to the symbol of the gas one of the Greek letters. He recorded the physical condition of certain bands of the spectra of nitrogen, mercury, and bi-chloride of tin. Exact measures were obtained of the minimum refraction of the different rays. The hydrogen spectrum was the standard.

From the angles of refraction Plücker deduced the indices of refraction, and the corresponding lengths of waves expressed in millionths of a millimetre, in order to get absolute numbers immediately comparable with those of others. The hydrogen spectrum with his apparatus consisted of only three bright bands, red, bluish green (fainter), and violet (still fainter). He gave a table of the angles of refraction, &c., corresponding to each of the three rays, " $H\alpha$ " " $H\beta$," " $H\gamma$," as well as of Fraunhofer's lines, C, F, G, in order to compare their reciprocal position. It shows that " $H\beta$ " exactly coincides with "F," while " $H\alpha$ " and " $H\gamma$ " approach very near C and G. He described the spectra of

* Pogg. Annal., and Proc. of the Roy. Soc., vol. x. p. 264.

oxygen, nitrogen (one of the richest in colors, having from the exterior of the red to the limit of the yellow seventeen equidistant small dark bands), carbonic oxide, iodine, bromine, chlorine, &c. A piece of metallic sodium, in an atmosphere of rarefied hydrogen, does not alter the spectrum of the gas at ordinary temperatures; but heat being applied, a single brilliant yellow band appears, as also the original hydrogen bands. The middle of the new band exactly coincides with Fraunhofer's dark line "D." Phosphorus treated in the same way at a certain temperature extinguishes the hydrogen spectrum. He observed with mercury that an increase of heat increased the brilliancy of the spectrum; he got peculiar bands without heating it at all. When traces of two gases not acting on each other are mixed within a spectrum tube, the spectra of both are simultaneously obtained.

A result following these researches is where Fraunhofer's dark lines were used in order to get exact measures; they may, with great advantage, be replaced by the middle lines of the new brilliant bands of the gas spectra; to these bands the most convenient breadth may be given, in each particular case, by regulating the aperture of the apparatus. A spectrum tube of hydrogen, exhibiting three well-defined bright bands, is well suited for this purpose; during a whole year such a tube remained absolutely unaltered. Every gas being characterized by its spectrum (even by one of the bands of the spectrum, the position of which is measured), "*we get a new kind of chemical analysis.*" He described the analyses of various mixed gases and vapors. By the aid of this form of analysis, he discovered the following facts: combinations of hydrogen with metals, with chlorine, etc., are nearly all almost instantly decomposed by the electric discharge; sulphur and arsenic are deposited from their combinations with hydrogen by it. These and many other facts he described in detail, giving the most curious results and intensely interesting phenomena. The selenium spectrum is given, and experiments with sulphurous acid. He thinks it most probable that "the electric light does not exist—the light which we see belongs to the gas, rendered incandescent by the thermal action of the current."

This work of Plucker is the last and one of the most important of those preliminary researches in the field where the German philosophers Bunsen and Kirchhoff have since immortalized their names, and where Miller, Huggins, Ruther-

furd, Secchi, Donati, and other astronomers, have, with their prisms and telescopes, raised the roof of the analytical chemist's laboratory high enough to include the stars ; it is also the last to which we shall refer on the present occasion, but we shall not fail to return to the subject.

ART VIII.—*The President's Message, and other Public Documents.*
December, 1864.

WE do not take up the President's Message for the purpose of making any unfriendly remarks. There is no reason why we should entertain any such feeling towards Mr. Lincoln. We are not politicians ; we have never voted for any one. We have never advocated the claims of any party as such, and probably never will. To us, Republicans and Democrats are all the same, except so far as we think, from time to time, that the former pursue a more statesman-like course than the latter, and *vice versa*. Of republicans in general we entertain a higher opinion than we do of democrats, because we think they advocate a higher civilization. Did we vote for any candidate, we would, therefore, do so for a republican, provided we thought him qualified for the position which he sought. Personally we know nothing of Mr. Lincoln. We have never had the honor of speaking a word to him ; never written him a line ; never made any application to him, directly or indirectly. Why, then, should we have any dislike towards the man, that would cause us to speak harshly of him ?

It were different, indeed, were Mr. Lincoln's principal Secretary our subject ; although our feelings towards the latter, high as is his present position, is much more one of contempt than dislike ; and we think that his own letters in our possession, considered in connection with the circumstances to which they relate, would satisfy any unprejudiced person that he should not be made the object of any higher feeling, except scorn can be regarded in that light. Yet we trust that when we come to examine the conduct even of the Secretary of State, we can do so in the language of justice and moderation, and without transcending in any manner the bounds of legitimate criticism.

We were never in favor of Mr. Lincoln's election to the presidency, simply because we did not consider him qualified

for that high position. That he honestly meant to do his best we have never doubted, because such has been the almost universal verdict. But the best intentions and highest integrity, excellent qualities though they are, require the aid of certain faculties which Mr. Lincoln does not possess. Yet we have not opposed his re-election in any way. Not that our estimate of his abilities had undergone any material change; but we thought it would be injudicious to put any untried man in his place until the war is over, lest he might do still worse than Mr. Lincoln. And this has been the feeling of the most intelligent republicans with whom we have conversed on the subject, in different parts of the country. Their general remark before the late election was: "We know too well that Mr. Lincoln is not qualified for the position he holds at the present crisis; it requires far more energy, resolution, and statesman-like ability than he possesses; but who would suit better just now?" Others would say: "There are vastly better qualified men—men who would do us some credit at home and abroad; but they are not available. There would be no use in nominating such; the people would not elect one of them." These are undoubtedly the arguments which re-elected Mr. Lincoln, and it cannot be denied that they are founded in reason and truth. Were it even otherwise, it would be the duty of every citizen who is in favor of preserving the country from dismemberment to give his administration a cordial support, at least in any measure or course of policy the design and tendency of which are to suppress the rebellion, or restore the integrity of the nation.

We have never uttered a word in favor of secession, but have always spoken against it, because we hold that it is as much the natural right of a nation to protect itself from dismemberment as it is that of an individual to protect the members of his body from mutilation. In one case as well as in the other, if we are overpowered and exhausted, reason and common sense require us to submit; but we hold that under no other circumstances is it honorable to do so. But the Federal States are in no danger of being either overpowered or exhausted as long as no great foreign powers intervene, and, therefore, should not submit to dismemberment. The question is not, whether the North would be as well without the Southern States as with them, but what would the principle of forcible separation lead to if once conceded? How many republics, all inimical to each other,

might we not have in a few years? Is it not better to have one effectual war, gigantic though it be, and lasting even for seven years, than to run the risk of half a dozen wars at once, some of which would be likely to be interminable?

At the same time, we should not forget that our present enemies were our former friends; that they are in fact our own flesh and blood. In any case bitter or abusive language gains no victories. The horrors of war are bad enough by themselves without aggravating them by taunts and insults. This remark applies with ten-fold force in our case, since the object of the war is to compel the insurgents to resume their duties as our fellow-citizens. Who would induce his former partner in business to unite his fortunes with him again by abuse? Would not any such attempt be absurd? It would not be more so, however, or more unnatural, than to pursue a similar course towards those who have rebelled against us, but whom we are squandering our money and our blood like water to bring back to their allegiance.

We do not mean that the North errs in this respect more than the South, nor even as much; and we also bear in mind that it was not the North that began the war. But the strongest side should be the more generous, and the less disposed to play the woman by making injudicious use of the tongue in the moment of anger. If the rebels will abuse us, let them do so; it will hurt themselves and their cause more than us. We claim to have a higher civilization; then why not speak, as well as act, accordingly? It would be much wiser as well as more respectable to give our enemies full credit for their good natural qualities, in spite of their being such. There is no good reason, for example, why we should deny that, whatever the faults of the Southerners are, they are hospitable and generous at their own homes in time of peace. We believe that none who have travelled amongst them, and treated them courteously, have failed to see evidences enough of these qualities. If they would not treat us hospitably now even as private individuals, or noncombatants, they are not peculiar in this respect. The English, the French, the Spaniards, or any other people, however generous or courteous, would not treat the inhabitants of a country at which they are at war, as they would those of a country whose relations with them are entirely friendly.

It can hardly be inferred from these introductory remarks that we are in the least degree hostile either to Mr. Lincoln, or the party to which he belongs; or that we have

any other interest to subserve than that of truth and the public good in taking up his Message. An additional proof of this may, we think, be found in our forbearing to make such criticisms on the style of that document, as its glaring violations, at almost every paragraph, of the principles of the English language, would naturally elicit. We prefer to express our regret in general terms, that the President of the United States should put forth a document whose syntax throughout is so much like that of a school-boy making his earlier efforts in "composition," rather than make remarks having a tendency to turn the dialect of our chief-magistrate into ridicule.

It is otherwise, however, with the manner in which that document is arranged, or rather disarranged. A more confused, or incoherent state paper we have never read in any language; although the information which it gives is multifarious, and in general of a satisfactory nature. It is a fundamental principle in statesmanship and diplomacy, that in all documents the most important subjects should receive most prominence; the only exception to this is that presented by the Machiavellian policy, according to which the most important topic is introduced at the close, like the postscript to a lady's letter. Even in this case, the fact that it is the most important is concealed; the object being to deceive the party to whom the document is addressed. We entirely acquit Mr. Lincoln of all intention of this kind; although one of his chief advisers has all the tortuous, crooked ways of Machiavelli without one-twentieth the abilities of that unscrupulous politician.

But let us look at the Message as it stands. Mr. Lincoln only writes two sentences before he informs us that "Mexico continues to be a theatre of civil war, *while* our relations with that country have undergone no change. We have *at the same time* maintained neutrality between the belligerents." We receive information in the next paragraph in relation to certain "difficulties" with the states of Costa Rica and Nicaragua, which are now happily adjusted. A still more important fact, if possible, is stated in the fourth paragraph, namely, that "The new liberal constitution of Nevada having gone into effect with the *universal acquiescence* of the people, the government under it has been recognised, and diplomatic intercourse with it *has arisen* in a cordial and friendly spirit."

Passing over another paragraph or two of a similar character.

acter, we come to the following remark: "During the past year no difference of any kind *has arisen* with any of these republics, and, on the other hand, they sympathize with the United States, and *are constantly expressing cordiality and earnestness.*" The fact that those states are thus "constantly expressing" themselves about our affairs may, perhaps, account for the somewhat confused condition of their own. Further on we are told that "civil war continues in the Spanish part of San Domingo, *apparently without prospect* of an early close." All this time our own war is not as much as mentioned. We skip another paragraph or two, and come to the following important announcement: "Official correspondence has been freely opened with Liberia, and it gives us a pleasing view of social and political progress in that republic. * * I solicit your authority to furnish to the republic a gunboat, at moderate cost, to be reimbursed to the United States by instalments."

We do not object to this sort of thing, because the people of Liberia are negroes, or because we have any sympathy with the advocates of slavery at home. We are believers now, as we always have been, in the sentiment of Sterne, "Disguise it as thou wilt, still, Slavery, thou art a bitter draught." There is nothing Mr. Lincoln has tried to accomplish for which we give him more credit than for his efforts in favor of the total abolition of slavery. It has ever been our wish to see this blot removed, but never without respecting vested rights. Those who rebel and try to overthrow the government have no such rights—they remain in force only with those who continue loyal. The former should lose their slaves, but the latter should be compensated to the full extent for theirs, since it was not they who introduced the system.

It will be seen, then, that it is not on the ground of color or race that we object to the introduction of the long paragraph on the subject of Liberia, before one word has been said on the subject of the gigantic rebellion in which we are ourselves engaged. But were we in the enjoyment of the most profound peace, there would still be other topics which would claim precedence, in a document like that before us, of the Republic of Liberia. The first allusion from which any one would infer from the President's Message that we are at war, occurs at the close of the eleventh paragraph, as follows: "Thus, it is hoped that with the return of domestic peace the country will be able to resume with energy

and advantages, our former high career of commerce and civilization."

One would think that once introduced, the subject would be dwelt upon at some length; but no. The pith of what we are informed in the next paragraph is, that "our relations with Egypt, as well as our relations with the Barbary powers, are *entirely satisfactory*." Those who had any apprehensions from those quarters, may now feel fully reassured. From Egypt Mr. Lincoln takes a characteristic stride to China and Japan, and makes some curious observations about each of those nations. Thus, for example, in speaking of the former, he says: "The rebellion which has so long been *flagrant* in China has at last been suppressed, with the co-operation and good offices of this government and the other Western commercial states." If the Chinese saw this they would be apt to say, "Physician, why not heal thyself?"

After Japan has been disposed of in a manner equally summary, we are informed at last that "the ports of Norfolk, Fernandina, and Pensacola have been opened by proclamation." This suggests to Mr. Lincoln certain ideas on maritime affairs, and prompts him to give us the following curious and somewhat hypothetical piece of information: "Disloyal emissaries have been neither *less assiduous* nor *more successful* during the last year than they were before that time, in their efforts, under favor of that privilege, to embroil our country in foreign wars." The maritime states receive a handsome compliment; and we are told that although certain vexatious things sometimes happen on our Canadian frontier, "the colonial authorities of Canada are not deemed to be *internationally* unjust or unfriendly towards the United States; but, *on the contrary*, there is every reason to expect that, with the approval of the Imperial government, they will take the necessary measures to prevent new incursions across the border."

After Mr. Lincoln has thus settled the affairs of numerous governments of Europe, Asia, and America, including despotisms, limited monarchies, democracies, oligarchies, &c., &c., he proceeds to tell us something about home affairs. And what seems most strange to us is that he seems to understand the business of all others much better than his own. He knows exactly what is going on, not only in Mexico and all the South American republics, but also what is passing in the remotest parts of China and Japan; but he is satisfied with

the vaguest hearsay as to what is passing at home, within fifty miles of his residence. In short, judging from his Message, he knows vastly more about the Chinese rebels than he does about those rebels against whom Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and others are fighting; although he could easily inform himself as to the conduct of the latter, if it were not so dangerous to life and limb to venture within range of their batteries.

It is pleasant to learn from our chief-magistrate that "we have more men now than we had at the beginning of the war," "that we are gaining strength, and may, if need be, maintain the contest indefinitely;" but it seems we may thank the despotisms of Europe for this, and those "foreigners" who not very long ago were to be regarded only as an element of danger to the country, and whose coming amongst us should accordingly be discouraged by every true patriot and enlightened statesman. Mr. Lincoln himself is very much slandered, if he did not at one time advance arguments of this kind against foreign emigration to our shores. Be this as it may, Time is an excellent instructor in the science of political economy, as will sufficiently appear from the following extract from the document before us:

"The act passed at the last session for the encouragement of emigration has, as far as was possible, been put into operation. It seems to need an amendment which will enable the officers of the government to prevent the practice of frauds against the emigrants while on their way and on their arrival in the ports, so as to secure them here a free choice of avocations and places of settlement. A liberal disposition towards this great national policy is manifested by most of the European states, and ought to be reciprocated on our part by giving the emigrants effective national protection. I regard our emigrants as one of the *principal replenishing streams which are appointed by Providence to repair the ravages of internal war and its wastes of national strength and health*. All that is necessary is to secure the flow of that stream in its present fulness, and to that end the government must in every way make it manifest that it neither needs nor designs to impose involuntary military service upon those who come from other lands to cast their lot in our country."

The statement that we have more men now than we had at the beginning of the war is repeated at least half a dozen times in different parts of the Message. We should be glad to think it true; but we fear Mr. Lincoln is mistaken. If otherwise, why is it that employers in all kinds of business find it impossible to get sufficient men even for three times the wages they used formerly to pay? How is it that so many buildings have had to be left unfinished for want of

hands? How is it that women and children have in numerous instances to occupy positions in stores and workshops, as well as in manufactories, formerly occupied by men? Any intelligent person from New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, could have informed Mr. Lincoln on those points, and thereby put him on his guard against making statements which at best are of doubtful accuracy.

But assuming that we really have more men than we had three or four years ago, this, it will be admitted, affords an additional reason why the rebellion should have been put down before this, since it is not pretended that it was all of a sudden, or *en masse*, we got those large additions to our strength, from Europe, on which the President very properly congratulates the country, but in a continuous "stream." No such stream has come to the rebels. According to all accounts they are constantly growing weaker and weaker; yet Mr. Lincoln has utterly failed to reduce them to subjection, or bring them back to their allegiance, in nearly four years.

In our opinion he has had men and means enough to do so. That he will continue to have both we have no doubt; for the people throughout Europe, especially those who make the best soldiers, and are most willing to fight, have much more sympathy for the United States than is generally supposed by our own citizens. And there is abundant reason why they should. There are few, if any of them, who had not friends in this country before the war commenced. If those friends did not aid them with their superfluous earnings, they, at least, gave them to understand that generally—indeed almost universally—they were well treated. Those who had never voted before, voted here. Not a few obtained offices of trust and emolument; a considerable number made fortunes, which at their death they bequeathed partly or wholly to their poor relatives in Europe.

In the South it has been different. The characteristic hospitality of the Southerners—generous and conspicuous as it undoubtedly has been—has always failed to counteract the influence of slavery in preventing emigration. No amount of hospitality or good nature could induce the laboring class to compete with the negro or with slave labor, as long as they thought they could do nearly as well where no such anomaly existed. They would choose the latter, even if they thought the employers of the North less friendly towards them, or less disposed to treat them well, which, upon the whole, they had no just grounds to believe; for, after all, we

do not believe that the better classes of the Northerners are less hospitable, or less disposed to treat foreigners in as kind a manner as they deserve, than the corresponding classes of Southerners. Thus, then, we have had every advantage from the beginning, including an abundance of money. No sovereign, however great or powerful, had more unbounded resources at his disposal for suppressing an insurrection, or even for wholly subjugating a foreign country, than Mr. Lincoln has had; but it is equally undeniable that, in all history, we do not find one who has made less effectual use of those resources.

We hope, however, it may be different in the future. He must have learned from the experience of nearly four years, that more energy is required from the President of the United States in a crisis like the present, than he has hitherto exhibited. Indeed, in some respects, we see evidences of improvement already. Mr. Lincoln is not one-tenth as despotic now as he was a year or two ago. He no longer emulates the Czar in arbitrary arrests, breaking into people's houses, dragging out their inmates, male or female, and incarcerating them in dungeons in defiance of all law.

That many of those treated in this manner deserved to be punished, and quite as severely as they were, far be it from us to deny; but all whose mother tongue is the Anglo-Saxon, have been nurtured in those principles of law and justice, one of the most important of which is, that every man is to be assumed innocent until some crime has been proved against him; or, what amounts nearly to the same, that a man's house is his castle. When war actually prevails, these precepts may, indeed, be modified, but at no time, for example, during the present rebellion, has it prevailed in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, whereas, arrests of the character alluded to have been made at each.

In peace or war it is perfectly proper to arrest those against whom there exists any reasonable suspicion as to their having perpetrated crime; but it is not perfectly proper at any time, except where war is actually raging, or proper at all, but very wrong to suspend the *habeas corpus* in their case. The same remarks will apply still more emphatically to the arbitrary arrests of editors and the suppression of their papers. The government of the United States had no need to descend to petty tyranny of this kind. In the darkest hour of the Republic it had sufficient vitality to bear any criticism, however adverse, made upon it by pen or tongue.

And in every instance in which the arbitrary course was pursued, it injured our cause at home and abroad much more than it served it. The most thoughtful regarded it as a sign of weakness; and in one sense so it was, but not in the sense it was generally taken abroad. In reality it only showed that those who caused those arbitrary arrests were weak in mind, and head.

And they have evidently realized the fact themselves since; for never did the sympathizers with the rebellion speak out more boldly than they do at the present moment. There is at least one daily journal in New York which is as much in the interest of Jefferson Davis as if it were published at Richmond, and patronized by the rebel government; but it is allowed to utter its treason daily without any attempt being made to suppress it, or to incarcerate its editors or publishers. This shows that Mr. Lincoln has made some progress in learning to understand the American people, who do not like exhibitions of arbitrary power. It is very clear that they are in favor of putting down the rebellion; but equally clear that they do not like to see a troop of soldiers break into any one's house or office, seize and drag him to a dungeon, merely because he has said or published something that Mr. Lincoln or his Secretary does not relish. If we are not much mistaken, the universal sentiment throughout the North is this: If a writer or speaker evinces active sympathy with the rebels, or pursues any course calculated to aid them in their efforts to dismember the country, let him, by all means, be duly prosecuted, and if found guilty, let such punishment be inflicted upon him as the law has prescribed in such cases. If, instead of this, the courts are ignored; if our judges issue their writs only to be scoffed at, then it is but a mockery to pretend that we enjoy the benefits of self-government, no matter what name we may call the individual who exercises such power, for it is not the title he receives, but the acts he performs that determine whether he is the representative and servant, or the master and oppressor of the people.

The terms still held out to the insurgents, are, we think, not unfair or unreasonable; they have no right to expect better. We cheerfully copy the three paragraphs which have reference to this subject, for they contain by far the most sensible remarks in the whole Message, which, as they are the last, ends much better than it begins:

"A year ago a general pardon and amnesty, upon specified terms, were offered to all except certain designated classes, and it was at the same

time made known that the excepted classes were still within the contemplation of special clemency. During the year many availed themselves of the general provision, and many more would, only that the signs of bad faith in some, led to such precautionary measures as rendered the practical process less easy and certain. During the same time, also, special pardons have been granted to individuals of the excepted class, and no voluntary application has been denied; thus practically the door has been for a full year open to all, except such as were not in condition to make a free choice; that is, such as were in custody or under restraint. It is still open to all, but the time may come, probably will come, when public duty shall demand that it be closed, and that it be more rigorous than heretofore.

"In presenting the abandonment of armed resistance to the national authority on the part of the insurgent states as the only indispensable condition to ending the war on the part of the government, I retract nothing heretofore said. As to slavery I repeat the declaration made a year ago, and add that, while I remain in my present position, I shall not attempt to retract or modify the Emancipation Proclamation, nor shall I return to slavery any person who is free by the terms of that proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress. If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another, not I, must be their instrument to perform it.

"In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the government whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it."

The closing remark of the second paragraph had better been omitted; it shows too much of the politician. Mr. Lincoln knows very well that the people will not ask him or anybody else to re-enslave those who have been liberated. We fear that if he thought they would he would not be so ready to transfer the task to another, but would try to overcome his scruples rather than remove from his present residence. For the rest we hope the rebels may be induced to accept the terms offered. It seems to us that it would be their own interest quite as much as that of the North, to put an end to the horrors of war by simply laying down their arms, especially as there can be little doubt that they will have to do so eventually. Not indeed because they are wanting in courage or bravery; none could have displayed more heroism than they; but their resources in men and money—in all that is essential for carrying on a protracted war, being confessedly so much less than those of the North, they must necessarily become exhausted in time. And none can admit this without also admitting that the sooner they put an end to the war the better. Let us hope, for the sake of North and South alike, that the success of General Sherman, now before Savannah, may be such as to convince the bravest and most desperate that any further resistance to the power of the inexhaustible and resolute North, can only result in disaster and ruin to themselves.

ART. IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

HISTORY AND TRAVELS.

"From Dan to Beersheba ;" or, the Land of Promise as it now appears, &c., &c. By REV. J. P. NEWMAN, D. D. 12mo., pp. 485. New York : Harper & Brothers, 1864.

WE remember the time when none of our publishers were more careful in their selections than the Messrs. Harper; and we hope they will be so again before long. But lately they have given us some very inferior books. That now before us is one of this character. It is true that were we to judge it by the number of cuts it contains, we should give a different estimate of it. Not, indeed, that they are remarkable either for their neatness or their accuracy. In these respects they are no better than the generality of those which appear in the "Journal of Civilization" and the "Monthly;" and this, we acknowledge, is not speaking very highly in their favor. Yet, if the cuts were the only blemishes, we could easily pass them by, for, except for children, we have not much faith in "pictures" of the class alluded to.

But the letter-press is in worse taste than the illustrations, and staler than the stalest of them. Yet in no similar book, not excepting even Jack the Giant-killer, are we told so many wonderful things. By this we mean no sneer at the facts stated in Scripture; we only allude to the manner in which the author identifies the scenes in which all the most important occurrences related by the inspired writers have taken place; and we think that few will read the book who will not agree with us that except the author pretends to be inspired himself nearly if not quite as much as Moses or Jeremiah, he has undertaken a little too much.

We are told in the preface that the volume before us "is the expansion of a series of letters, published in the 'Methodist,' during that interesting journey." As the "Methodist," so far as we have seen, is conducted with ability, we must come to the conclusion that the "expansion" constitutes the largest and most "wonderful" part of the book, including many "descriptions" which the editor did not care to publish. At all events, if every injudicious passage had been omitted, or every passage that requires in the reader almost sufficient faith to remove mountains, instead of four hundred and eighty-five pages we should scarcely have fifty. Nor would the latter have given us any more satisfactory account than that of the sacred historians.

Our author has a very easy way of measuring the countries which he undertakes to describe, as for example, "three and a half times larger than New Jersey," "twice as large as Maryland," "of equal extent with South Carolina," &c. (p. 13). Speaking of the present "apparent barrenness" of the Holy Land, our author informs us that "the causes of the

change which has taken place in the lapse of so many centuries, *are at once natural and miraculous*" (p. 16). This proposition he proceeds at great length to demonstrate in due form, establishing the miraculous part by a text from Jeremiah.*

But the most curious feature of the work is the facility with which the author not only discovers every place of whose identity there is any doubt, but also gives a full and particular account of the event or occurrence from which that place derives its celebrity. Hitherto, for example, we had but a vague idea of the manner in which Samson killed so large a number of the Philistines; but the Rev. Dr. Newman describes the whole affair with a degree of graphicalness and minuteness which leaves nothing to be desired. He also settles the question as to the source of Samson's wonderful strength. "As his strength was not in his muscles," he says, "so it was not in the seven locks of his hair. When asleep, and at ordinary duties, he was as other men, but when the Philistines were to be punished, the spirit of the Lord came upon him" (p. 265). How useful such a man would be at the present day; for he could bring the rebels to terms in a shorter time than all our generals put together. Most people who are not inspired have some difficulty in understanding how the sun stood still on Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon; but our author tells us exactly how the whole thing happened. After showing that the prayer of Joshua was not offered up late in the afternoon, he makes the following very philosophical remarks:

"It was probably not noon when he invoked the lengthening of the day. The sun had not yet passed the meridian of Gibeon, while over the western vale of Ajalon, the faint crescent of an old moon still lingered, *just as it appeared to me*. Hence, standing between the two cities on the earth, he gave forth his miraculous command with the utmost accuracy, while from the western sea came that fearful hail-storm driving up the valleys below, killing more than had been slain by the sword; and from the eastern border of the otherwise dark storm-cloud was reflected the light of the motionless sun and moon."—p. 232.

But the pious skill and true Christian meekness and charity which the author everywhere assumes, though of course only by implication, are somewhat inconsistent with the language which he applies to some of the natives. It is evident from his own account that, when the latter made any demonstration against our author and his fellow-travellers, they meant little, if anything more, than to frighten them. Yet the terms, "villainous," "ruffian," "murderers," &c., &c., are freely applied to them in the sanctimonious work before us. But let us allow Dr. Newman to speak for himself:

"Having seen us from their mountain fastnesses, the robbers rapidly congregated around the old stone tower, where, at the moment, we were reading the inspired story of the place, and recording those reflections suggested by the hour.

"Such another band of villainous-looking men Nature has scarcely ever suffered to dwell upon the earth. Some were without a nose, others without an eye, while all bore scars of previous fights, and wore a vicious countenance which *promised* us no good. Each ruffian was armed with a long gun and a missile not unlike an Indian tomahawk. One, more reckless than the rest, *began the fray* by plundering my saddle-bags; but, seeing with what determination I drew my revolver, he immediately desisted. Wishing, if possible, to avoid another collision, we attempted to cross a corn-field to the hill on which Shiloh's ruins lay scattered, *but they seized us and drove us back*. Knowing that every moment's delay diminished our chances of escape, we concluded to resume our journey—peaceably if possible, but forcibly if we must. But we had no sooner mounted our horses than the brigands seized the bridles and demanded our money. Another exhibition of our well-conditioned revolvers—which by them is a dreaded weapon—again saved us from their hands, and, putting spurs to our horses, we descended a narrow valley on the south of Shiloh, keeping an eye upon the robbers, who were after us at full speed. But the bottom of the valley soon became so rough that it was impossible to proceed faster than a walk. Having overtaken us, they still *demanded* for money, and evinced their purpose to renew the attack. At that moment my horse stumbled, throwing me on his head; but, springing back into the saddle, and jerking the reins with all the strength *at my command*, I saved him from going down. My haversack, however, had fallen off, and one of the ruffians, having picked it up, refused to return it *without a reward*. Fortunately, the small amount I gave him *satisfied* him, *and to that man I owe my life*. Among the plants I had gathered at Shiloh was one of curious structure, which I desired to preserve. Its large bright green leaves were so folded as to resemble an embossed star, but it was a deadly poison. Having dropped it, I called to the Arab to pluck another, but he refused, assuring me in Arabic that it was poisonous." pp. 203-4.

Now, how much Christian charity is there in calling a man a robber, a ruffian, and a villain, who, he admits himself, *saved his life*? If the party were robbers, they were of a much more harmless kind than Christian robbers generally are. But the Doctor is not done with them yet.

"We now dismissed the peasant previously employed, giving him the promised sum. This proved our misfortune, as the robbers, becoming exasperated at the favor shown their neighbor, came upon us with renewed fierceness in a solitary mountain pass. They had the advantage in numbers, and a *bone difference to human life*. Sixteen against four gave us but little hope of successful resistance; but, unwilling to yield even against such odds, we determined to resist to the last. Rushing upon us with the utmost fury, they seized our bridles, and raising their tomahawks over our heads, demanded our money or our lives. Refusing to give the former, we resolved to protect the latter. Having never seen the countenance of a bandit in the act of violence, I shall never forget the expression of the ruffian who assailed me. His face was livid with rage, and his *solitary eye* blazed with murderous intent as he grasped the bridle firmly with one hand, and with the other raised the weapon of death over me. Undaunted either by his rage or threats, I held a parley with him for several minutes, he demanding, and I, in turn, refusing. Trying the power of religious fear, I pointed him to heaven, and repeated the sacred name of Allah, but he smiled like a demon and fiercely replied, 'Give me your money!'

"Our firmness would have saved us from violence *had not a member of our party*, in an unguarded moment, *struck one of the brigands with a riding whip*, which precipitated the assault, and it was now *backsheesh or death*. Aware that by this act we had become the aggressors, we concluded to give each a few piastres. Happily for myself, I had not a piastre in change, but, borrowing half a one (two cents) from a companion, I gave it to the villain, whose fury had been cooled by firm looks, strong words, a Damascus blade, and a good revolver.

"Gronping together, they counted the spoils, but, finding the booty less than

they had expected, they attempted another pursuit, but we had eluded their grasp. Dashing down the glen, we reached in safety the small village of Lubban—the Lebonah of the Judges*, grateful to divine Providence that, through Arab cowardice and Christian grace, no blood had been shed.”—pp. 304—5.

Now does not this show, after all, that our pious travellers were themselves the aggressors? It seems to us that if the Doctor is as valiant as he would have us believe, and as skilful in the use of his revolver and “Damascus blade,” he would be much more suitably and usefully occupied in the army of the Potomac than in hunting up wonders from “Dan to Beersheba,” and compiling books like that before us.

Familiar Letters from Europe. By CORNELIUS CONWAY FELTON, late President of Harvard University. 16mo. pp. 362. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1864.

GENERALLY speaking it is those who promise most on their title-page that give least, and *vice versa*. The latter is the case in the present instance; we are promised but little, if anything, but we get a good deal that is at once interesting and instructive. The modesty of the title fairly represents that which pervades the whole volume; which thus presents a wholesome contrast to most other works of the kind. None who knew the late President of Harvard need be informed that he was a man of superior learning and culture. He was one of the best Greek scholars in this country; but he did not on this account pretend that he knew that language as well as his vernacular tongue, as some of the worst Greek scholars imagine they ought to do, because they occupy the Greek chair in some college or university. Prof. Felton did not hesitate to tell his friends at home and abroad that his principal object in visiting Greece was to study the Greek language both ancient and modern.

A professor far less acquainted with it would have thought such an acknowledgment derogatory to him. Nor need we go beyond Harvard for an illustration of the fact. We have now before us a somewhat similar volume from a Harvard professor, in which there is a great deal about Italy, but very little to the purpose, its chief characteristics being egotism, arrogance, affectation and bad taste. The difference is this: one goes to learn, the other goes to teach, or imagines he does. The former avails himself of information and instruction wherever he finds it; the latter rarely meets any but ignorant people. All he meets with have defects of some kind, from which he and his friends are entirely exempt. President Felton is in search only of what is useful and interesting, and the results are such as might have been expected from the design. Nor is he the less lively or entertaining for being thus utilitarian, as we shall presently see. In glancing over the pages of “Familiar Letters,” the first passage that attracts our attention is one in which the author gives an account of an interview

*Judges, xxi. 19.

he had with the King and Queen of Greece. Passing over the introductory part, we enter *in medias res*, as follows :

After some words of salutation, (you know the person presented—like a ghost—never speaks until he is spoken to,) the Queen asked, "Have you been long in Greece?"

"About three months, your Majesty."

King. "You are occupied with the study of the Greek language?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"With the modern as well as the ancient?"

"Yes, your Majesty, that is the principal object of my travels in Greece."

"The pronunciation of the Greek is very different in America and England from the pronunciation here."

"Yes, your Majesty, so different that the Greek seems like two languages."

Queen. "How many students have you in the University of Cambridge?"

"Exactly the same number, your Majesty, as are now in the University of Athens."

Queen. "The same number? But you have many universities in America."

"Yes, we have many."

King. "What are the principal subjects or branches studied in the American universities?"

"The general studies, your Majesty, are the Classics, the Mathematics, Physics, Philosophy."

King. "Which of the professions attracts most of the young men?"

"The law, I think, since that is the profession which opens a political career."

King. "In Greece the study of Medicine and Theology are favorite studies."

"Yes,—the Greek physicians have always been very distinguished."

"In what departments do your writers excel?"

"Your Majesty, we have many writers in various departments. We have poets," (I thought of asking, if he had ever heard of Longfellow), "we have historians, &c."

"Are the sciences much cultivated?"

"They are,—especially the natural sciences. Since Professor Agassiz has resided in the United States, he has given an extraordinary impulse to the department, and excited an ardent scientific spirit"—pp. 337-38.

There is no affectation of superior learning in this; still less is there any attempt at that sort of wit which consists in mutilating one's vernacular tongue. But we can easily find much better passages in the volume before us than that just quoted. His descriptions of some of the classic scenes in and around Athens are among the best we have seen; none acquainted with the masterpieces of Greek literature in poetry or prose, such as the following. After giving a lively account of his arrival at the quarantine of Athens, the author proceeds to remark :

"At length the moment of release arrived. We scrambled down to a boat which Miltiades had already engaged for us; rowed ashore, stepped into a hack—O contradiction to all classical experience!—and were driven by a coachman over the Peiræic road, between the ruins of the walls of Themistocles, up to the city of Athens. We passed the olive-groves of Plato's Academy; dashed up to the Temple of Theseus, dismounted, and went through it; climbed the Acropolis, where Orestes was tried and Paul preached; looked over the Forum to the Pnyx, and the Bema whence Demosthenes harangued the Athenians; climbed up to the Propylæa; mounted the marble staircase leading into the Acropolis; went through and round the Parthenon; examined the piles of sculptured marbles still remaining on the ground; admired the Erechtheum; looked round upon the matchless panorama of marble mountains that encircle the plain; descended, stopping at the newly found temple of the Wingless Victory on the way; walked along the southern slope, surveying

the ruins of the Odeion and the site of the Dionysiac Theatre ; jumped into our degenerate hack and drove to the still standing columns that form a part of the gigantic temple of Olympian Zeus ; passed under the Arch of Hadrian ; drove to the Temple of the Winds in the street of Æolus ; then to bring the journey to a quite modern termination, dropped my luggage at the Hotel d'Angleterre." — pp. 212-3.

Some pages further on, the author gives us an agreeable insight into his mode of life at Athens, at the same time giving us an idea of the present state of education in Greece :

"I believe I have not yet given you an account of my manner of life here among the Athenians. Well, there are only two good streets in Athens : one is Hermes Street, where the King lives, and the other is the street of Æolus, where I live. I have taken a room in the Hotel d'Angleterre, which looks first upon an enclosed garden where the birds sing every morning ; then towards the left on Lycabettus, a mountain that overhangs the city ; and, finally, on nearly the whole range of Hymettus, where the bees make their honey, as in the time of Plato. I see the sun rise over Hymettus every morning, and at evening he casts his last beams directly on the garden beneath me. My room is quiet, but not far from the hotel is a soldiers' barrack, and I have almost every day the benefit of a lesson in Greek, by listening to the words of command, in the drill. A young Greek teacher, who speaks French very imperfectly, and no other language at all except Greek, comes to me at seven o'clock in the morning, and spends about an hour and a half. At nine I go to the University, and hear a lecture on ancient Greece by Professor Asopios, — an old and very learned gentleman, whose language is not only elegant, but lively and eloquent. He speaks too rapidly for me to follow him, but I understand a considerable part of what he says, and duly understand more. Then I generally study three or four hours, reading and writing the best modern Greek I can. I have attended only one debate in the legislature, but the new session is to be opened to-morrow, and I shall try to be present, and to attend often afterwards." — pp. 234-35.

We are too apt to believe that the Greeks of the present day are an ignorant and benighted people, who have scarcely intelligence enough to be aware of the illustrious origin from which they have sprung. Prof. Felton gives no countenance to representations of this kind ; but on the contrary shows that even the country boys coming to the city to earn an humble livelihood are intelligent and thoughtful. While passing through one of the principal streets, absorbed in thought, and contrasting the present with the past, the professor meets a boy, whom he describes thus :

"And as I mused, a ragged but bright-looking boy came up, and spoke to me. I entered into conversation with him. He told me, in excellent Greek, that he came from Chalcis, beyond the mountains ; his father died two years ago ; his mother was still alive. I asked what he was doing in Athens. He waited and did errands in a coffee-house. Wishing to try him a little further I pointed to the Temple of Theseus, and asked him what it was. He answered, in as good Greek as Xenophon would have used, 'The Temple of Theseus.' I pointed to the dungeon of Socrates. Said he, 'The prison of Socrates.' 'Who was Socrates?' said I. 'The ancient philosopher,' was the instant reply. This again was odd, though of course perfectly natural, that this little Chalcidian ragamuffin should converse in Greek with so much greater facility than I could, using only a single word that was not classical — and that was *coffee-house* — in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes." — pp. 216-17.

How many of our common school boys, coming from some adjoining county to New York, would give a more intelligent account than this of

our city, modern as it is? Are not the number who could do so in excellent or even tolerable English, still fewer? But as we alluded to the other Harvard professor, let us now give a specimen of his style, so that the reader may institute a comparison and judge for himself, whether we are right or wrong. Prof. Bombastes can hardly pen the briefest paragraph without introducing foreign words of whose signification he has evidently but a very vague idea. To him the commonest and stalest occurrence seems something wonderful; what everybody that knows anything of Italy is tired of hearing, he notes as some great discovery. Thus, for example, what is there in the following characteristic passage which is new to any of our readers, except the bad English and slang dialect in which it is written?

"Do you take us for *Inglesi*? We are very well here, and will stay at the Sibilla," he sniffed scornfully.

"How much will Lordship give?" (This was showing the white feather.)

"Fifteen pauls," (a scudo and a half,) "*buonamano* included."

"It is impossible, gentlemen; for less than two scudi and a half the diligence parts not from Tivoli at an extraordinary hour."

"Fifteen pauls."

"Will Lordship give two scudi?" (with a slight flavor of mendicancy.)

"Fifteen pauls," (growing firm as we saw them waver.)

"Then, gentlemen, it is all over; it is impossible, gentlemen."

"Very good; a pleasant evening to you!" and they bowed themselves out.

As soon as the door closed behind them, Leopoldo, who had looked on in more and more anxious silence as the chance of plunder was whittled slimmer and slimmer by the sharp edges of the parley, saw instantly that it was for his interest to turn state's evidence against his accomplices.

"They will be back in a moment," he said knowingly, as if he had been of our side all along.

"Of course we are aware of that." It is always prudent to be aware of everything in travelling.

And, sure enough, in five minutes re-enter the stout men, as gravely as if everything had been thoroughly settled, and ask respectfully at what hour we would have the diligence.

Even the Italian diligence drivers (*Vetturini*) could hardly speak a worse dialect, or use more vulgar slang than the expression we have italicized. Had this professor gone to Athens, he would have found the Chalcidian boy a very stupid person. Thus it is that we learn by contrast to appreciate the good at its proper value, and to assign to the bad or spurious its proper level. We had marked several passages in Prof. Felton's letters from Italy, Germany, and France—especially in those from Florence and Venice, intending to extract at least a portion; but we now find that we can only refer the reader to the book itself, with the assurance that it will be his own fault if he does not derive profit and pleasure from its perusal.

FICTION.

John Godfrey's Fortunes: Related by himself. A Story of American Life. 12mo. pp. 511. New York: George P. Putnam: Hurd & Houghton, 1864.

We have taken up this work with the sincere intention of saying all

we could in its favor, for we had promised a particular friend to do so, and there is no reason, of which we are aware, why we should feel otherwise towards the author than well disposed. But after a careful perusal—which was no slight task—we cannot point to a single passage that has served us as an oasis in our dreary journey. When “Hannah Thurston” was published we occupied two days reading it, with the intention of reviewing it; but finding that we could say nothing agreeable of it we laid it aside, preferring to sacrifice so much time and labor rather than say unpleasant things. The author, we thought, will do better the next time; this is his first attempt at novel writing, and although we find in it none of the qualities that are supposed to be essential to such prose fiction as men or women of taste admire, the next may be different. So it is different; but the difference is for the worse, if possible. In glancing over the five hundred and eleven formidable pages that lie before us, we are instinctively reminded of the opening lines of the first Satire of Persius, in which the poet exclaims: “How much vanity there is in human affairs! Who will read this? Nobody, by Hercules! It is mean and pitiful stuff!”—

“O quantum est in rebus inane!
Quis leget hæc? Miti tu istud ais? Nemo hercule!—Nemo?”
Vel duo vel nemo. *Tarpe miserabile.*

But were we to accept the author's own estimate, we should regard it as the greatest of modern performances. Don Quixote, The Sorrows of Werther, and Ivanhoe would be dull and insipid compared to “John Godfrey's Fortunes.” Nor would even this estimate be too high if the work contained as much humor and wit as it does egotism and vanity. The latter abound everywhere, beginning at the title-page, where we find the announcement, “The English copyright and foreign translation reserved by the Author.” On the next leaf we have a dedication, “To James Lorimer Graham, Jr., Esq.,” which opens with the following characteristic paragraph:

“MY DEAR GRAHAM—I owe it to your kindness that the mechanical labor of putting this work into words has been so greatly reduced as almost to become a pleasure. Hence you were much in my thoughts while I wrote, and I do not ask your permission to associate your name with the completed work.”

How handsome! Mr. Graham may well be proud of having furnished inspiration for such a work. As to what the paragraph means besides we do not pretend to understand, except it be that our author adopted the precaution of having his performance insured “against the dangers of the sea.” If the proper interpretation is that Mr. Graham has insured the work against failure, we fear his “policy” will prove a dear one.

Our author next proceeds to inform his Mæcenas that “those persons who insist” that he made himself the hero of “Hannah Thurston,” and who “will not fail to recognise him also in John Godfrey,” are entirely mistaken. He would have us believe that everybody is very

much concerned about these matters; but we can assure him that none are, except perhaps a few very silly people. If it were of the least consequence who John Godfrey may be intended to represent, we think it would be pretty generally agreed among all who know our author, that he is the great man. John Godfrey was a genius from his cradle; even the old women in the village where he was born, and in every other village or place where he spent any part, however brief, of his life, knew that he was destined to become a great author, both in poetry and prose. All save the most stupid knew also that he would one day be connected editorially with the greatest paper on this continent; while the wiser class penetrated so far into the future as to be able to predict that in a short time he would become too illustrious a personage for a paper, and would therefore retire therefrom, so that he might instruct and reform the world with his books. In short, John Godfrey is just such a genius as Juvenal describes to us in his seventh satire, when he tells us that he wrote poetry as well as prose, and allowed himself to be surpassed by Homer only because the latter had written some two thousand years before him:

*Ipsa facit versus, atque uni cedit Homero
Propter mille annos.*

In other words, John Godfrey is just the sort of person whom we should expect to write a "Poet's Journal," and, boy-like, whine therein about his private affairs, and fancy he became immortal, while he only subjected himself to the ridicule of every reader of taste or judgment. This, perhaps, our author would not do; if Mr. Taylor is too modest and retiring to glorify himself, or has too much good taste and sense of propriety to exhibit his lady-friends to vulgar gaze, bearing in mind that there is a modesty in nature which causes woman to blush, even "at her own loveliness," then we may admit that there is one feature in the character of the hero which does not belong to that of the author.

But let us see what is the object of the work before us, if it has any. We are introduced to the hero in the very first chapter, where we find him a child, but wise enough to be a grandfather. An old woman pays a visit to his mother, and talks and acts more absurdly than most old women do. In the next chapter our hero goes to a boarding-school, an event which furnishes material for fifteen pages of the most commonplace twaddle. To tell how the hero "begins to look forward," in the third chapter, requires twelve pages; but without giving us a single idea further than to remind us that, blessed are they that expect nothing from John Godfrey, for they shall not be disappointed. At page 33, he begins to write "compositions," and soon astonishes the whole school. A few pages further on, the boys begin to converse like philosophers of a certain school; and afford our author an opportunity of giving us a specimen of his powers in the portraiture of character. Speaking of a boy left in charge of the rest, while the teacher was out, he says: "He knit his brows

and tried to look very severe; but it was a pitiful sham which deceived nobody. Thornton, who had been *dodging about* and whispering among his accomplices, immediately imitated poor Walton's expression. The corrugation of his brows was something preternatural" (p. 40).

We have to wade through forty-eight pages before we meet with anything which we could call an incident; even then all we are startled with is the fall of a lot of chairs in the cellar, while some of the boys are in search of pies! It is deemed sufficient, however, to encourage us to proceed quite a distance through the dreary waste. The next incident is the death of the hero's mother, by cancer, which occurs at page 74. There is another, however, in the next chapter, that is, our hero discovers a relative among his fellow pupils. True, this is not a very uncommon thing; it is equally true that it leads to no very important results in this case. The discovery is made known to us as follows:

"The other boys, of course, noticed the difference in our relations, and it was not long before the inquisitive Thornton said,

" 'I say, Pen, how is it that you've got to calling Godfrey 'John' all at once?'

" 'Because he is my cousin.'

" Thornton's eyes opened very wide. 'The devil he is!' he exclaimed, &c.—p. 83.

At page 86 our hero leaves school and becomes a clerk to his uncle, a grocer. So brilliant a light could not be concealed under a bushel, even in so small a town as Reading, Pa., and accordingly our hero soon begins to attract attention. The future editor, poet, and novelist, had of course no taste for groceries, so he quarrels with his benighted uncle and resolves to become a school teacher. "A Story of American Life" would not be complete without a "revival," and accordingly we are treated to one on quite a large scale. In describing one of the revival scenes, our author makes use of some of his fine idioms, as follows: "Others were weeping or groaning in their seats, but still *hung back* from the step which *proclaimed them confessed sinners*, seeking for mercy" (p. 115).

John Godfrey had only to present himself to a school officer at a neighboring village, in order to get employment as a teacher. His first care is to fall in love with that officer's daughter, the beautiful, amiable, and accomplished Miss Amanda Bratton. We are told that she performed on the piano with great skill, thus:

"She turned to her keys again, and, after a short prelude, played the Druid's March from Norma, boldly, and with a strongly accented rhythm. I was astonished at the delicacy of her ear, for I should not have known but that the instrument was in very good tune."—p. 142.

The school-teaching experience of Godfrey is as dull and dreary as all that precedes it. What we are expected to admire in it are his delicate attentions to Amanda, the charming manner in which she receives them, and the effect all has in developing his genius for poetry and romance. In due time he sends poetical contributions to a Philadelphia

editor, who accepts them eagerly. Then we are told that "the tidings that the schoolmaster wrote verses were soon spread throughout the neighborhood" (p. 163). One after another began to tell him that Philadelphia or New York, especially the latter, was his place. It was not difficult to persuade him, and accordingly he was soon in New York. He contributes an article to a magazine, and it is duly published therein. Still, because editors, like other people, are sometimes stupid, he had the mortification to see his efforts rejected by more than one.

After some hesitation he applied to the editor of the *Daily Wonder*, who, seeing at a glance that he was a genius, gave him regular employment. He remains in the *Wonder* office until his fame as an author is established, meantime publishing a book of poetry, which is received with great favor by all competent judges. Before embarking fully in his career of book-writing, he goes to the country to see his beloved Amanda, whom he finds married to another. He reproaches her with her perfidy in no measured terms, and she replies in the following lady-like and gentle manner: "It is a lie!" she exclaimed, "How dare you say such things? I never was engaged to you—I never told you that I loved you" (p. 237). He mustered courage enough to strike her husband for some taunting remarks he had made. Then we are told, "His wife screamed, and seemed to be making towards him, her quiet eyes lighted up horribly with a white, steely blaze" (p. 238).

He returns to New York, and dines with the editor of the *Daily Wonder*. Soon after he becomes a philanthropist, and makes incursions into the back alleys in order to ameliorate the condition of sentimental sewing girls. About the same time he becomes acquainted with Miss Haworth, who is to be regarded as heroine No. 2. In comparing her with a married lady of her acquaintance, he says: "for I did not think the latter (Miss H.) old enough for marked development" (p. 333). Of course the lady admires his poetry, as who would not? and in a short time becomes tenderly attached to him. An estrangement takes place, the cause of which it would be too tedious to explain, but Jane Berry, a sewing girl of Gooseberry Alley, who had been "ruined" a short time previously by a certain treacherous person, resolved to vindicate our hero, for she could not bear to see injustice done to so generous a benefactor. She visits Miss Haworth and explains to her every suspicious circumstance, not forgetting to tell her at the same time how she herself had been ruined. Isabel (Miss Haworth) takes a great liking to Jane, and permits herself to be persuaded by her to become reconciled to Godfrey, whom she marries soon after. He is so grateful for this and other kindnesses that he recommends her as a suitable wife to his former schoolmate and friend.

But enough; our task is finished; one of the most disagreeable we have had to perform in a long time. We do not think the book will do any harm; but we feel certain it will do no good. It is

really too puerile and feeble to produce any appreciable effect one way or the other. It is no pleasure to us to pass this judgment upon it. On the contrary, we should much rather speak in the opposite sense; for we have bestowed as high praise on some of Mr. Taylor's books of travel, as we have on almost any other works of a similar character. We have criticised him only as a novel writer and poet; and we have done so only because we think he has no just claim to the character of one or the other.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Poems. By DAVID GRAY; with *Memoirs of his Life.* 16mo. pp. 239. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1864.

We have seldom taken up a volume of equal size, bearing a similar title, that has interested us so much as this. There is a fascination about it which the merit of the poetry alone, although of no mean order, will not account for. Nor is it sufficient to remember that the author died a mere youth. Many have written verses, and died as early as he, without leaving any impression beyond the circle of their immediate friends; nay, other young men have written as good poetry as David Gray, and gone to their untimely graves without the honor of memoir or epitaph. Yet he is worthy of the distinction conferred on him; he has earned it with all the industry and perseverance of one who yearns for excellence. Neither Keats, nor Kirke White, nor any other young poet, made so hard a struggle as he to inscribe his name on the roll of fame. Although we are bound to judge his poetry as we find it, we cannot help giving him more or less credit for his extraordinary efforts. This will be the feeling of every one capable of a generous emotion who reads this strange volume. The author had striking peculiarities. They are not, indeed, all such as the world would approve, as we shall presently see; although there are none of them which could not be easily forgiven even in one far less gifted than he, or less capable of making amends for his errors.

But in order to understand this it will be necessary to take a brief glance at the prominent features of his life and character. The Introductory Notice by Lord Houghton (R. Monckton Milnes, M. P.), and the Memoir by Mr. James Hedderwick, render this part of our task an easy one; and none should read a word of the poetry until they have carefully perused the narratives of both these gentlemen. David Gray was born in 1838, on the banks of the Luggie, some eight miles distant from the city of Glasgow. Although his father was but a poor hand-loom weaver, who had a large family to support by his industry, he succeeded in securing for David the advantages of a classical education. The latter became conscious at an early age that he possessed genius. None capable of judging, who read his poems carefully, will be

disposed to deny him at least a certain portion of that high gift. But the mistake of its possessor was, that he was destined to rival the world's greatest thinkers. To no poets less illustrious or less sublime than Shakespeare and Goethe would he compare himself, although sometimes when chided for this he would express himself satisfied to be ranked with Wordsworth. Thus, for example, he writes to Mr. Dobell, the poet: "I tell you that if I live my name and fame shall be second to few of any age and to none of my own. I speak thus because I *feel* power. Nor is this feeling an artificial disease, as it was with Rousseau, but a feeling which has grown with me since ever I could think." (p. 30.) Judging from the tone of a subsequent letter to the same gentleman, it is evident that he had received some wholesome advice against vanity and egotism; he is now somewhat subdued in his aspirations; but it will be seen that he still soars pretty high for models. "In all the stories," he says, "of mental warfare that I have ever read, that mind which became of celestial clearness and god-like power, did nothing for twenty years but *feel*. And I am so accustomed to compare my own mental progress *with that of such men as Shakespeare, Goethe, and Wordsworth*, (examples of this last proposition,) that the dream of my youth *will not be fulfilled if my fame equal not at least that of the latter of these three*." (p. 32.)

Such being his estimate of his own powers, it is not to be wondered at that he would not be content on the banks of the Luggie, much as he admired its scenery; nor in any field of rivalry less conspicuous or less great than the British capital. The rest of his story is soon told. That he was treated generously and well by English men and women is very clear; but all thought, while fully appreciating his superior talents, that he had acted unwisely in coming to London. The issue showed that their opinion was but too true. The poverty to which he was reduced in a short time after coming to London, rendered him unable to protect his delicate frame from the cold of winter. This caused him to contract a severe cold, which in time brought on consumption and death. The gentlemen already alluded to, generously aided by their lady friends, did all in their power, not only to alleviate his sufferings, but if possible to save him from an early grave. But all to no purpose. On the 2d of December, 1861, he received a kind letter from Mrs. Marian James, the author of "*Ethel*," enclosing him a specimen page of his poems. This afforded him great delight. Now he felt that he could die tranquilly, and accordingly only lived until the next day. This gives but a faint idea of the sad story of David Gray; yet it will somewhat aid the reader in forming an opinion of his poems from the brief specimens which we can make room for.

The principal poem in the present collection is entitled *The Luggie*, the name of a small stream which flows into the Kelvin, one of the tributa-

ries of the Clyde. The scenery on its banks is, indeed, sufficiently picturesque; but there are not many, even of the children of song, who would have chosen as a subject what is nothing more than a mere rivulet. What is called a creek in America is often larger than both the Luggie and the Kelvin. The title has, therefore, been injurious to the sale of the book in England as well as in Scotland, because it is too apt to convey the idea that the principal poem is devoted exclusively to the beauties of the river. This, however, would be a great mistake. Never have we found more variety in any piece of equal length. It is more like an autobiography than a pastoral; although it contains as fine pastoral scenes and descriptions, so far as they go, as we have met with in any modern work, scarcely excepting the *Seasons* of Thomson. But there is scarcely an incident in his life, which he considered of any moment, to which he does not allude in this poem.

If he goes to visit a young lady, with or without a friend, he tells us all about it—how he tapped at the window, how the lady came to the door and opened it, how he kissed her for doing so, how long he remained, &c.—Nor is it alone his visits to his lady-love which are thus duly chronicled in the poem; a visit to his grandfather is similarly distinguished. If a friend of his dies, he is duly described and mourned. Thus we have a love-scene in one passage, a snow-storm in another, a sketch of an old farmer in another, &c. The Luggie is, indeed, mentioned here and there, but generally like the refrain of a song; at certain times, however, it inspires some really beautiful lines—nay, strains of genuine poetry, which would have done honor to a much nobler subject.

To a reader of taste the inference from all this would be that our author has violated some of the most important literary precepts, since episodes of the kind alluded to are not admissible in a pastoral poem which has no pretensions to a dramatic form. Such is the fact; he has set Horace, Longinus, and Boileau, as well as the great Stagyrite, at defiance. But he has done so in so charming a manner that we readily forgive him; nay, there is hardly an irrelevant passage he has introduced which we could wish he had omitted, with the sole exception of his glorification of himself, and the too scrupulous care he takes to remind us here and there of his tender age. Even in this there is a sort of naïveté which disarms criticism. But it is time that we allow our author to speak for himself. We are introduced to the favorite river as follows:

"For fairer stream
Rolled never golden sand unto the sea,
Made sweeter music than the Luggie, gloomed
By gleus whose melody mingles with her own.
The uttered name may inmost being thrill,
A word beyond a charm; and if this lay
Could smoothly flow along and wind to the end
In natural manner as the Luggie winds
Her tortuous waters, then the world would list
In sweet enrapture, swallowed up and lost,
As he who hears the music that beguiles."—p. 95.

In this there is nothing remarkable—it would not lead one to expect much—and yet there are good poems that have no more brilliant or more harmonious beginning. Passing over a page or so, we come to another strain, which is much better; still it scarcely gives us a foretaste of the inspiration which easily reveals itself as we proceed.

"Beneath an ash in beauty tender leaved,
And through whose boughs the glimmering sunshine flowed
In rare ethereal jasper, making cool
A checkered shadow in the dark green grass,
I lay enchanted. At my head there bloomed
A hedge of sweet brier, fragrant as the breath
Of maid beloved when her cheek is laid
To yours in downy pressure, soft as sleep.
A bank of harebells, flowers unspeakable
For half transparent azure, nodding, gleamed
As a faint zephyr, laden with perfume,
Kissed them to motion, gently, with no will."—p. 97.

Our next extract has several faults, but at the same time it is highly poetical. The author is describing a snow-storm—all we can give is a small fragment; nor can we say that this is the best part of the description:

"Softly—with delicate softness—as the light
Quickens in the undawned east; and silently—
With definite silence—as the stealing dawn
Puppies the floating clouds, slow fall, slow fall,
With indecisive motion eddying down,
The white-winged flakes,—calm as the sleep of sound,
Dim as a dream. The silver-misted air
Shines with mild radiance, as when through a cloud
Of semi-lucent vapor shines the moon."—p. 101.

Turning over two or three pages, we find some lines which have seldom been surpassed in their kind:

"Songless birds
Flit restlessly about the breathless wood,
Waiting the sudden breaking of the charm;
And as they quickly spring on nimble wing
From the white twig, a sparkling shower falls
Starlike. It is not whiteness, but a clear
Outshining of all purity, which takes
The winking eyes with such a silvery gleam.
No sunshine, and the sky is all one cloud.
The vale seems lonely, ghostlike: while abroad
The housewife's voice is heard with double sound.
I have not words to speak the perfect show."—p. 104.

We now come to the episodes alluded to above. Passing over the poet's visit to his Kate—which, however, we would not have our readers do—we come to the fine tribute which he pays to a deceased friend. There is true pathos as well as melody and sweetness in the following extract:

"We sat at school together on one seat,
Came home together through the lanes, and knew
The duncock's nest together in the hedge,
With smooth blue eggs in cosy brightness warm.
And as two youngling kine on cold Spring nights
Lie close together on the bleak hillside
For mutual heat, so when a trouble came
We crept to one another, growing still
True friends in interchange of heart and soul.
But suddenly death changed his countenance,
And graved him in the darkness far from me,
O Friendship, prelibation of divine
Enjoyment, union exquisite of soul,
How many blessings do I owe to thee,
How much of incommunicable woe!"

The daisies bloom among the tall green blades
 Upon his grave, and listening you may hear
 The Bethlin make sweet music as she flows ;
 And you may see the poplars by her brink
 Twinkle her silvery leadlets in the sun.
 O little wandering preacher, Bethlin brook !
 Wind musically by his lonely grave."—pp. 123-4.

One of the finest descriptions of a well it has ever been our privilege to see and admire, is the following :

" In a fair valley, carpeted with turf
 Elastic, sloping upwards from the stream,
 A rounded sycamore in honeyed leaves
 Most plenteous, murmurous with humming bees,
 Shadows a well. Darkly the crystal wave
 Gleams cold, secluded ; on its polished breast
 Imagining twining boughs. No pitcher breaks
 Its natural sleep, except at morn and eve
 When my good mother through the dewy grass
 Walks patient with her vessels, bringing home
 The clear refreshment. Every blowing spring,
 A snowdrop with pure streaks of delicate green
 Upon its lushest leaves, from withered grass
 Springs whitely, and within its limpid breast
 Is mirrored whitely. Not a finger plucks
 This hidden beauty ; but it blooms and dies,
 In lonely lustre blooms and lonely dies,—
 Unknown, unloved, save by one simple heart
 Poetic, the creator of this song."—pp. 136-7.

The allusion to the author in the last line might seem rather egotistic if he were still alive. Even then, who would not forgive a worse fault, in consideration of the beauty and tenderness of what precedes it ? Yet still more poetical, if possible, is the description of the robin's nest by which it is immediately followed, and which is the last extract we can give from *The Luggie* :

" And after this frail luxury hath given
 Its little life in keeping to the soul
 Of all the worlds, a robin builds its nest
 In lowly cleft, a foot or so above
 The water. His dried leaves, and moss, and grass
 He hither carries, lining all with hair
 For softness. I have laid the hand that writes
 These lines beloved, on the crimson breast,
 Sleek soft, that panted o'er the live unborn ;
 While leaf-hid, o'er me sang the watchful mate
 Plaintive, and with a sorrow in the song,
 In sylvan nook, where anchoret might dwell
 Contented."—p. 137.

We have no disposition to criticise a work in which there is so much genuine poetry, especially when we bear in mind that it is that of a youth who sacrificed his life to a passionate yearning for excellence. This he has not succeeded in attaining ; no one ever did at his age ; but that he has accomplished much none competent to judge will deny. Had he lived he would doubtless have avoided in future efforts the defects to which we have alluded ; also certain forms of expression which sometimes mar his happiest strains. Thus, for example, he makes too frequent use of expressions like "is languaged" (p. 96), "the summered earth" (p. 134), &c. He is also rather prone to repeat the same words in succession, as "dear heart, dear heart," "of old, of old, &c." In the ballad style, or in such pieces as admit a refrain, this would be allowable, but not in so serious

and pathetic a poem as *The Luggie*. Yet it seems unkind to say so in the case of David Gray. The sad and eloquent strains which cost him his life, and from which we have derived genuine pleasure, seem to reproach us for uttering a single word of censure. We will say no more, therefore, but earnestly advise all who are capable of the tenderer emotions of humanity, to read the tasteful volume before us.

The Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson, 12mo., pp. Boston : Ticknor & Fields, 1864.

THERE are many striking passages in the Country Parson's new volume. It is a seasonable book, and we doubt not that it will be much read during the approaching festive season. Yet it is by no means what is generally understood by a religious book. Indeed, some parts of it are rather the reverse; at least they seem to us to be somewhat wanting in charity; a very essential Christian virtue—one without which religion is but a name. Thus, for example, in his chapter on "Gossip," the Country Parson remarks: "In a simple state of society, if you disliked a man, you would knock him on the head. *If an Irishman, you would shoot him from behind a hedge.*" This is representing an Irishman as both an assassin and a coward. But will his readers believe the Parson?

This is not the sort of character that Scott, or Campbell, or Smollet has given of Patrick with all his faults. But what of that? Country parsons, like other people, will say naughty things sometimes. Sterne, for example, has done so, although My Uncle Toby was too humane, as well as too wise, to agree with either Johnson or Churchill in their hatred of the Scotch. But let the volume before us be read; it will injure none but will serve many. The chapter entitled "At the Castle: Michael Scott's Familiar Spirit," is in our author's best vein. Another good paper is that entitled "On the Forest Hill;" nor would we have the reader pass over the paper "About Scotch Affairs." This will be particularly attractive to those who take an interest in education.

The Works of JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D., and Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, with Copious Notes and Additions, and a Memoir of the Author, by THOMAS ROSCOE. Complete in six volumes. New York: P. O'Shea.

ALL who admire the wit and wisdom of the great Dean, should thank the American publisher for this complete and elegant edition of his works. We need only speak of the mechanical part, the convenience of the volumes, the clearness and neatness of the typography, the good quality of the paper, and the tastefulness combined with strength of the binding. Our readers require no criticisms on the writings of Swift to give them an idea of their character. It were a superfluous task indeed to attempt to describe Gulliver's Travels, for who has not read at some period of his life that strange but inimitable performance? Yet scarce-

ly less unique, or less characteristic of the author, is *The Battle of the Books*, or *A Tale of a Tub*, not to mention the celebrated *Drapier's Letters*, *Advice to Servants*, *Modest Proposal*, &c. *The Life of Swift* by Roscoe, prefixed to the present edition, omits nothing worthy of record. Its value is also not a little enhanced by the *Journal to Stella*, which appears entire in the third volume. Irishmen especially should appreciate the enterprise of Mr. O'Shea; for with all his faults Swift was one of Ireland's best friends. Are there not a large number in this country of the posterity of those Catholics and Protestants, who, forgetting for the time being, all sectarian differences, joined together like brethren as they should always be, and carried the author of the *Drapier's Letters* in triumph through the city of Dublin, after he had driven Wood's half-pence out of circulation by the magic of his pen, while a large reward was offered for the discovery of the writer who was capable of such logic?

The Seer; or, Common Places Refreshed. BY LEIGH HUNT. In two volumes, 16mo., pp. 334, 290. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1864.

THE numerous American admirers of Leigh Hunt may well thank the publishers for their enterprise and taste in getting up this beautiful edition of his most attractive essays. In their present graceful form there are but few works we would recommend before them for the approaching holidays. They consist chiefly of contributions made at different times to some of the principal periodicals of London; they embrace a wide range, and may fairly be ranked among the best specimens of modern essays—not a few of them being worthy of comparison with the best similar efforts of Addison and Steele.

Reflections and Meditations selected from the Writings of Fenelon; with A Memoir of his Life. By J. R. G. HASSARD, Esq., and an Introduction by REV. THOMAS S. PRESTON. 12mo. pp. 374. New York: P. O'Shea, 1864.

THE selections from the writings of Fenelon given in this volume are much more attractive to the general reader than one would expect from its title. To the minds of most persons, the latter is more suggestive of sermons and other religious discourses than of those fine philosophical discussions and brilliant, fascinating essays which have ranked the author among the most illustrious of his age. It is, however, much more creditable to furnish the reader more than he bargains for, than to excite expectations by an exaggerated title-page, which are not to be realized; a fact which most of our book makers would do well to remember.

Even Fenelon has scarcely written a more interesting essay—considered altogether independently of its religious character—than that “On the Existence of God,” of which we have a faithful and elegant translation in the volume before us. It is a philosophical discussion, enriched by facts and principles drawn from nature and art, all tending to the conclu-

sion, which becomes more and more irresistible as it proceeds, that those who attribute the sublime harmony of the universe to blind chance, are themselves the blindest of mortals, however highly gifted they may be—however logically they may reason—in other respects. Those unacquainted with this essay will be able to form some idea of its value, if they bear in mind that Newton, Locke, Reaumur, Winslow, and Paley have each in turn availed themselves of Fenelon's unanswerable arguments in proof of the existence of God.

Two other admirable essays, contained in this volume, are those "Upon Fidelity in Little Things," and "On Simplicity." These deserve not only to be carefully read, but studied. Yet, perhaps, the most useful and valuable piece of all is that "On the Education of Girls." The best writers on the subject, from Fenelon's time to the present, have borrowed extensively from this, and have seemed most original when doing so, and most in accordance with what is called "the progressive spirit of the Nineteenth Century." In order to enable those who have not seen it an opportunity of forming some opinion of their own as to whether it is worthy of this distinction, we will extract a sentence or two, here and there, as specimens of the author's views, premising that he gives his opinion of women as well as girls.

How often have we been told within the last seven years that the idea of cultivating the mind of woman, so as to give it strength and firmness, is one of the many great discoveries of our own age? Yet nearly two centuries have passed since Fenelon wrote as follows: "Women, in general, have feeblér minds than men; *the weaker the mind is the more important it is to fortify it*" (p. 179). We all know what is the common complaint against the sex. "It is ignorance," says Fenelon, "which renders women frivolous. When they have arrived at a certain age without habits of application, they cannot acquire a taste for it; whatever is serious appears to them *sad*; whatever demands continued attention fatigues them" (p. 180). Both parents and teachers would do well to ask themselves whether the following language is not as applicable to the girls of the present day, as it was to those of the middle of the seventeenth century: "They read books which nourish their vanity, and become passionately fond of romances, comedies, and fanciful adventures. Their minds become visionary," &c., (p. 181).

The teachers, who, machine like, do everything by rule, are thus addressed by the author of *Télémaque*: "Neither men nor children always resemble themselves. What is good to-day is dangerous to-morrow. A plan of conduct *that never varies, cannot be useful*. Forms should be used as little as possible in their lessons. We may impart instruction more useful than their lessons convey, by our conversation" (p. 189). Would that all who pretend to teach would understand this! If they did, there would not be one-tenth as many stunted minds as there are. "Little can be ex-

pected," says Fenelon, "from a woman who does not know how to express her thoughts with correctness, and *how to be silent*" (p. 189). Again he remarks: "Teach girls to say but little according to the occasion, and the person they address; let them be reminded that *finesse* always belongs to a mean heart and a weak mind; people are artful because they have something to conceal, and do not dare to appear what they are" (p. 199).

Snatched almost at random as these suggestions are, they are replete with wisdom, and applicable to all civilized countries. We should also remember that Fenelon was one of the few whose conduct through life is in strict accordance with what is most noble and elevating in their writings. He was always the friend of the oppressed, no matter whence the oppression came. His generous defence of Molière, when the great dramatist was assailed from all quarters, will serve as an illustration of this, although it were easy to find others that would present him in a still more manly and amiable light. When *Tartuffe* was proscribed throughout France as a covert attack on religion, Fenelon openly justified the author, maintaining, even against the authority of the Archbishop of Paris, that the tendency of the piece was to serve the cause of religion rather than injure it, by enabling the public to discriminate between genuine piety and mere hypocrisy. It was not merely in his letters and addresses that he thus lent his powerful aid to the struggling poet; he gave still more earnest expression to the same views in his *Télémaque*, by describing the hypocrite as the most dangerous of the wicked—worse than the children who strangle their parents, than the wives who inbrue their hands in the blood of their husbands, or than the traitors who betray their country after having violated their oaths.*

Gotten up as the present edition is, in creditable style, we have no doubt but it will be appreciated, if not as the intrinsic merit of the work deserves, at least to such an extent as to encourage the republication of what is valuable and good.

The Poems, Sacred, Passionate, and Humorous, of NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS. 16mo., pp. 370. New York: Clark & Maynard, 1864.

IT is now more than twenty years since we read with much pleasure, on the other side of the Atlantic a neat volume, entitled "*Melanie and other Poems*," by N. P. Willis, edited by Barry Cornwall, published by

* "L' hypocrite," he says "est le plus dangereux des mechants, la fausse pieté étant cause que les hommes n'osent plus se fier à la veritable. Les hypocrites souzent dans les enfers des peines plus cruelles que les enfants qui ont égorgé leurs pères et leurs mères, que les épouses qui ont trempé leurs mains dans le sang de leurs époux, que les traitres qui ont livrés leur patrie après avoir violé tous leurs serments."

Saunders & Otley, London ;" but we could never forget the book, if it were only on account of the many fair and amiable friends who sought to borrow it, and whose admiration of it might well have excited the jealousy even of their own national minstrel. We well remember how severely the author was criticised by the principal literary journals of Great Britain ; but we also remember that this was occasioned much more by what he had previously said in his prose writings, than by any defects in his poetry ; and yet it is but justice to the critics to say that those who were most bitter in their denunciations of the former admitted that the latter possessed genuine merit.

The preface of Barry Cornwall was another feature in the book, which was well calculated to impress the memory of any one who had any sympathy for America. Although we have not read his remarks for more than fifteen years, we think we can quote one or two with tolerable accuracy. Wishing to remove the strong prejudices then existing against almost everything American, especially against American literature and American culture, Barry addressed his countrymen as follows: "If we possess an advantage in some respects over America, by reason of our having had more opportunities of cultivating the mere elegancies of literature, yet in others our superiority is by no means evident." Many acknowledged the truth of this at the time ; but Barry spoke much more plainly. "It is clear," he says, "that we have until lately done injustice to American writers. We have tested them by an unfair rule, and *have measured them by their weakness only*, and not by their strength." Again he observes of Willis: "This is not the place to speak of the author, even as he deserves. He would object to my eulogiums as flagrant and unmerited, and I should not be satisfied with administering him anything short of the praise due to him." Barry Cornwall was well aware that, in saying so much in favor of American literature, he was subjecting himself to severe strictures, but he was one of those who set a much higher value on truth and justice than on that spurious fame which a certain class of authors receive for being "genial"—that is, for praising everybody and everything they speak of, making little or no distinction between the genuine precious metal and its counterfeit imitation.

It may seem superfluous to review poems so well known to our readers as Willis's principal efforts ; but be it remembered that it is now nearly, if not quite, thirty years since they were first published, and that there are those who were not then born that are now men and women of culture and taste, not to mention those who have yet to form their opinions of all authors. We must also bear in mind, that many new pieces of undoubted merit have been added to the old collection ; nor must we overlook the fact, that there are few of us possessed of any warmth of feeling, who do not recur with pleasure, as we grow old, to what pleased us in our

youth. But the appearance of the new and tasteful edition lying before us suggested yet another reason why it should be noticed.

However unpleasant the reflection may be, the general style of our literature, far from having improved since these Poems were first published, has decidedly degenerated. Excellent works have, indeed, been published in the meantime; works which would do credit to any literature; such, for example, as those of Irving, Prescott, Cooper, Longfellow, Bryant, Hawthorne, Ticknor, and perhaps one or two others. But alas! what is the character of the rest? Are not its chief characteristics slang, coarseness, superficialness, vulgarity? How many of our writers seem to think that all that is required is to become "popular;" that thought and reflection may be thrown aside as useless lumber; that they may ignore the experience and wisdom of the past, and concern themselves exclusively with the present and the future. Nor do many of those who wish to be regarded as poets form any exception to the rule; but on the contrary, are those amongst the most pretentious and ambitious, who would have wit and humor consist in outraging their mother tongue, thus realizing the language of the French Horace written, two centuries ago:

"On ne vit plus en vers que pointes triviales
Le Parnasse parla le langage des *Kalles*."

There is nothing vulgar in the language of Willis. Could we regard him as a fair specimen, in this respect, of the alumni of old Yale, we should entertain a much higher opinion of that institution than we do. But it is time that we should allow our author to present his own claims to a high rank among the minstrels of his country, as the fruit represents the character of the tree which produced it. In this department of our journal, we could not make room for such copious extracts as would enable us to illustrate our impressions of efforts so different from each other as many of his miscellaneous poems. All we can undertake, on the present occasion, is to take a hurried glance at the new volume, and extract such brief passages as seem best calculated to serve as specimens of the poems from which they are taken. We pass over the Sacred Poems, not because we do not admire them, for we think they have scarcely been surpassed even by the best similar efforts of Montgomery, but because we always prefer to leave religious subjects, even when they assume the beautiful form of true poetry, in the hands of those who have made them the study of their lives. We much prefer to give our opinion of poems, for example, like the "Dying Alchemist." There is great vigor of thought in this. The true character of the ancient alchemist, so much despised at the present day by the thoughtless and idle, is well conceived and finely

described. Wishing to give as much variety as possible, we are obliged to content ourselves with a small fragment of the opening description :

The fire beneath his crucible was low ;
Yet still it burn'd ; and ever as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirr'd the coals
With difficult energy, and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrunk back
Upon his pallet, and with unclosed lips
Mutter'd a curse on death ! The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath—p. 119.

The dying votary of science takes a draught from a phial kept beneath his pillow, and, having thus acquired supernatural strength, soliloquizes as follows :

I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do ;
I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye ;
I felt—oh God ! it seemeth even now
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow !

And yet it is—I feel,
Of this dull sickness at my heart, afraid !
And in my eyes the death-sparks flash and fade ;
And something seems to steal
Over my bosom like a frozen hand—
Binding its pulses with an icy band.—p. 120.

This is highly characteristic of the alchemist, especially what we have marked in italics. He continues, in an elevated strain, to philosophize on death, but we can only avail ourselves of a stanza here and there. The ardor with which he clings even in death to the grand object of his life, is strikingly illustrated in the following stanzas :

Grant me another year,
God of my spirit !—but a day—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within !
I would *know* something here !
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken !
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken !

* * * * *

Ay—were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere !
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here—
Could he but train his eye—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour—
Only his Maker would transcend his power !

Earth has no mineral strange—
Th' illimitable air no hidden wings—
Water no quality in covert springs,
And fire no power to change—
Seasons no mystery, and stars no spell,
Which the unwasting soul might not compel.—p. 121.

Of a somewhat similar character is the poem entitled "Parrhasius," the name of an Athenian painter who bought a captive old man from Philip of Macedon, for the purpose of putting him to death by torture, so that he might be the better able to express the pains and passions of his Prome-

theus. The poet fully awakens and secures the sympathy of the reader, as follows :

There stood an unsold captive in the mart,
A gray-haired and majestic old man,
Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,
And the last seller from his place had gone,
And not a sound was heard but of a dog
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
As the faint captive changed his weary feet.
He had stood there since morning, and had borne
From every eye in Athens the cold gaze
Of curious scorn. The Jew had taunted him
For an Olynthian slave. The buyer came
And roughly struck his palm upon his breast,
And touch'd his unheal'd wounds, and with a sneer
Pass'd on ; and when, with weariness o'erspent,
He bow'd his head in a forgetful sleep,
The inhuman soldier smote him, and, with threats
Of torture to his children, summon'd back
The ebbing blood into his pallid face.—p. 123.

After all other buyers have left, the painter stays "to gaze upon his grief," and draw inspiration from his sufferings. This represents the enthusiasm of art in its darkest shade, but we cannot deny the truthfulness of the picture, startling as it is :

The abandon'd limbs,
Stained with the oozing blood, were laced with veins
Swollen to purple fulness ; the grey hair,
Thin and disorder'd, hung about his eyes ;
And as a thought of wilder bitterness
Rose in his memory, his lips grew white,
And the fast workings of his bloodless face
Told what a tooth of fire was at his heart. —p. 125

Still darker is the picture drawn after the captive is brought to the artist's studio, where every instrument of torture awaits him in the hands of strong and ruthless men, who are not a whit the less cruel because they are slaves themselves. The different gradations of suffering through which he passes are described with painful vividness ; but we can only make room for two stanzas :

"Ha ! bind him on his back !
Look !—as Prometheus in my picture here !
Quick—or he faints ! stand with the cordial near !
Now—bend him to the rack !
Press down the poison'd links into his flesh !
And tear agape that healing wound afresh !

"S—let him writhe ! How long
Will he live thus ? Quick, my good pencil, now !
What a fine agony works upon his brow !
Ha ! grey-hair'd, and so strong !
How fearfully he stifles that short moan !
Gods ! if I could but paint a dying groan !" —pp. 126-27.

It is pleasant to turn from these scenes, powerfully depicted as they are, to "Melanie." In this too, our sympathies are strongly excited, but the heart is softened, not lacerated, by those fine touches of pathos to be found at every page in the latter poem. The story is peculiar ; the catastrophe is sad ; all the more so because unexpected. An impassioned girl discovers at the altar that her lover is her brother, and dies. This,

however, is but the gloomy side. Throughout the poem we meet passages that are exquisitely beautiful. Instance the following description, which we snatch almost at random :

Yet, gaily o'er Egeria's fount
The ivy flings its emerald veil,
And flowers grow fair on Numa's mount,
And light-sprung arches span the dale ;
And soft, from Caracalla's baths,
The herdsman's song comes down the breeze,
While climb his goats the giddy paths
To grass-grown architrave and frieze ;
And gracefully Albano's hill
Curves into the horizon's line ;
And sweetly sings that classic rill ;
And fairly stands that nameless shrine ;
And here, oh, many a sultry noon
And starry eve, that happy June,
Came Angelo and Melanie !
And earth for us was all in tune—
For while Love talk'd with them, Hope walked apart with me.—p. 161.

We should like to give the part leading to the catastrophe in full, but can only make room for a small fragment descriptive of the heroine. We think that those who read this will hardly fail to read the rest :

I have not said that Melanie
Was radiantly fair—
This earth again may never see
A loveliness so rare !
She glided up St. Mona's aisle
That morning as a bride,
And, full as was my heart the while,
I bless'd her in my pride !
The fountain may not fail the less
Whose sands are golden ore,
And a sister for her loveliness
May not be loved the more ;
But ah, the fount's full heart beneath,
Those golden sparkles shine,
My sister's beauty seem'd to breathe
Its brightness over mine !—pp. 163-4.

Notwithstanding the grace and beauty of this, "Melanie" is by no means the best effort of our author: we think he is much happier, more original, more truly inspired in several of his shorter pieces, as well as in "Lord Ivon and his Daughter," which in spite of the repulsiveness of the subject, is undoubtedly a charming poem. It seems to us that the forte of Willis lies in awakening deep emotion. Few poets can be more startling than he as we have already seen; the poem just mentioned affords sufficient evidence of his power in exciting tragic passion; but it is in moving us to tenderness and compassion he is most successful and most pleasing. In proof of this we need only quote that fine poem :

ON A PICTURE OF A GIRL LEADING HER BLIND MOTHER THROUGH THE WOOD.

The green leaves as we pass
Lay their light fingers on thee unaware,
And by thy side the hazels cluster fair,
And the low forest-grass
Grows green and silken where the wood-paths wind—
Alas ! for thee, sweet mother ! thou art blind !
And nature is all bright ;
And the faint grey and crimson of the dawn,
Like folded curtains from the day are drawn ;
And evening's purple light
Quivers in tremulous softness on the sky—
Alas ! sweet mother ! for thy clouded eye !

The moon's new silver shell
Trembles above thee, and the stars float up,
In the blue air, and the rich tulip's cup
Is pencill'd passing well,
And the swift birds on glorious pinions flee—
Alas ! sweet mother ! that thou canst not see !

And the kind looks of friends
Peruse the sad expression in thy face,
And the child stops amid his bounding race,
And the tall stripling bends
Low to thine ear with duty unforget—
Alas ! sweet mother ! that thou seest them not !

But thou canst hear ! and love
May richly on a human tone be pour'd,
And the least cadence of a whisper'd word
A daughter's love may prove—
And while I speak thou knowest if I smile,
Albeit thou canst not see my face the while !

Yes, thou canst hear ! and He
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung,
To the attentive ear, like harp, hath strung
Heaven and earth and sea !
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know—
With but one sense the soul may overflow.—pp. 264-5-6.

There is genuine inspiration in this; it is singularly chaste withal both in conception and language; while the most prosy reader can hardly be insensible to its melody. There are many other pieces marked by similar characteristics. This is true, for example, of the "Wife's Appeal," "On seeing a Beautiful Boy at Play," "The Confessional," &c., &c., But we have reached the limits of our space and must conclude abruptly. Not, however, without recording the opinion, that Willis's poetry will survive that of poets who have much higher pretensions. If we are not egregiously mistaken, it will be read much more after the author is dead, like Poe's, than it is now, or perhaps ever has been, for there is more resemblance between the two poets in the salient points of their genius than their countrymen seem to have yet discovered.

The Poetical Works of John Milton; with a Life of the Author; Preliminary Dissertation on each Poem; Notes critical and explanatory; an Index to the subjects of Paradise Lost, and a verbal Index to all the Poems. By CHARLES DEXTER CLEVELAND, Author of Compendiums of English, American, and Classical Literature. 8vo. pp. 688. Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt, 1865.

It is fortunate that the title-page fully indicates the character of this edition, as it only reaches us just as we are closing the last sheet of our present number for the press. It is but justice to say, however, that all the editor promises he has faithfully, intelligently, and successfully performed. None but a student of the ancient classics can appreciate the value of an index of subjects and of words. Thus, for example, how much more valuable is an edition of Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, or Terence, whose complete index enables us to turn at once to the particular subject, or even to the particular word we require, let it occur where it may, than the most elegant edition that lacks that advantage? The thought-

ful, laborious and learned Jesuits were the first to introduce, in their editions of the Greek and Latin poets, this truly excellent means of facilitating reference, and economizing labor and time; but no one has made happier use of it in English literature than Professor Cleveland. The explanatory notes are also such as we might expect from a man of taste, who knows how to cull what is most appropriate from those who have written best on that subject. They contain nothing superfluous; but all that is useful for such as are likely to read so sublime a poem as *Paradise Lost*. The publisher has done his part creditably. We have never seen a vulgar or inferior book bearing his imprint; but in his edition of Milton he has surpassed himself; yet, considering the enormous prices of all the materials for book-making, the beautiful volume before us is really a marvel of cheapness.

LEXICOGRAPHY.

An American Dictionary of the English Language. By NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D. Thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged and improved, by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D.D., LL.D., and NOAH PORTER, D.D. 4to., pp. lxxii., 1768. Springfield, Mass.: G. & O. Merriam, 1864.

AMERICA may undoubtedly claim the honor of having produced the two best dictionaries of the English language from the time of Johnson to the present, namely, those of Webster and Worcester. Before the quarto edition of the latter had been published we regarded Webster's unabridged work as the most complete dictionary of the language, although marred by peculiarities of orthography and pronunciation. Owing to these blemishes, we thought Worcester's quarto superior to it in these particular features, but in no other respect; and what we believed as the result of a careful examination and comparison of the two works, we did not hesitate to publish. Even then we held that Webster's surpassed all others in the departments of etymology and definition. In the edition now before us, the peculiarities to which we formerly objected are either wholly removed, or given only in connection with the old modes of spelling and pronunciation, which we deem most in accordance with the principles of the language. It follows, therefore, in our opinion, that it is the best Dictionary that either England or America can boast.

Although we had expected much from the labors of the several learned men engaged for some years in revising the edition of 1847, we confess that when we came to examine the volume before us, we were not a little surprised at the magnitude and importance of the additions and alterations they have made—additions and alterations which in every instance are veritable and obvious improvements. These alone would form a valuable and voluminous work. Indeed they are such that it may be doubted whether the new edition may any longer be called Webster's Dictionary any more than Perry's, Kenrick's, Sheridan's, or Walker's may be called John-

son's Dictionary. Each of these took the great English lexicographer for his basis, and in making additions and alterations, depended chiefly, if not exclusively, on his own resources. In the present instance the great American lexicographer forms the basis; but not fewer than a dozen men, each undoubtedly learned in the particular department on which he has been engaged, have contributed the results of their scholarship and experience to the revised edition, including Dr. Mahn, of Berlin; Professors Hadley, Whitney, Gilman, Lyman, Stiles, Judge Perkins, &c., &c.

Thus it may be said that every word, concerning whose orthography, pronunciation, or etymology there was any doubt, has been brought before a jury of *savans*, and has taken its place in the dictionary according to the verdict rendered in its case. If this is not the mode by which a standard can be established, what is? Is it not to such a tribunal that Horace alludes when he tells us that license may be given and taken for the use of words, and that new words may be coined if taken from the true classic source, and so modified as to suit the genius of the language into which they are introduced:

"Dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.
Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta."*

No other English dictionary has been compiled on this plan; although the French Academy, the Italian College of Della Crusca, and the Imperial College of Madrid set us the example long since. But let us take a brief glance at the additions and alterations alluded to, bearing in mind that to enter into any details would require an elaborate paper in the body of our journal. This we cannot find time or space for at present; but we are so much pleased with the whole work, in its modified form, that we mean to devote such an article to it on an early occasion. All we can attempt in this notice is, simply, to give our readers a tolerably accurate general idea of what the new editors and their collaborators have accomplished. This will be the more easily understood, if it be borne in mind that what is now called "Webster unabridged," with its various introductory essays, and copious appendix, would furnish sufficient matter to fill a dozen octavo volumes in the ordinary typography of historical works, or novels. In Dr. Porter's preface, which occupies six pages, we have a pretty full account of what has been done; yet we cheerfully admit that it did not lead us to expect so much that is new and valuable as we have found in the course of our examination.

Prof. Goodrich's preface to the edition of 1847, as well as his excellent Memoir of Webster, is retained together with the author's own preface to the edition of 1828. No student of philology should overlook these papers; although they contain far less information than almost

* De Arte Poetica, 51

any of the papers which follow. This is particularly true of the "Brief History of the English Language," by Prof. Hadley of Yale College, which also embraces much more than its title would imply, since it gives a very interesting general idea of the relationship subsisting between the English and several other languages, especially those of the Indo-European family. We are glad to see comparisons and allusions such as we find in this paper, necessarily brief as they are, because they are calculated to awaken in our young men a taste for one of the most beautiful and most philosophical of studies. The sections which exhibit the "general features of the Teutonic languages," and the "influence of other languages on the Anglo-Saxon," claim particular attention for various reasons which it would be foreign to our purpose to explain in this hurried notice. We may remark, however, in passing, that the paper of Prof. Hadley goes far to show, though not directly, that we pay far less attention to the rich, copious, and vigorous language of Goethe and Schiller than we should.

The principles of pronunciation are elaborately explained and copiously illustrated by examples in this edition. Still more careful, if possible, are the pains bestowed on orthography. Referring to this subject, Dr. Porter tells us in his preface that, "In a few classes of words, the Dictionary recommends and follows the peculiar modes of spelling which Dr. Webster introduced for the sake of carrying out the acknowledged analogies of the language—the modes of spelling which, in every instance, *had been previously suggested* by distinguished English grammarians and writers on orthography, such as Lowth, Walker, etc., and the propriety of which has been recognised by Smart and other recent English lexicographers. But to remove every reasonable ground of complaint against the Dictionary in regard to this matter, an alternative orthography is now given in almost every case, the old style of spelling being subjoined to the reformed or new. In two or three instances it has been found that the forms introduced by Dr. Webster, or to which he lent his sanction, *were based upon a mistaken etymology; and therefore these forms have been set aside, and the old spelling has been restored*" (p. viii). In this all that any competent critic ever urged against Dr. Webster is fully and frankly admitted, and the necessary alterations are made accordingly; an observation which applies with equal force to the pronunciation.

Of the remaining features of the Dictionary proper it is needless to speak, since they have met, from the outset, with the approval of all candid scholars at home and abroad. But the voluminous Appendix contains so much that is at once interesting and instructive that even a cursory glance like the present would be incomplete without alluding, at least, to one or two of its features. The "Explanatory and Pronouncing Vocabulary of the Names of Noted Fictitious Persons, Places, &c., by Profes-

nor Wheeler will be acceptable to all who read. So far as names and characters are given the explanations which accompany them are abundantly satisfactory. Thus, for example, we come to the name Uncle Toby and find it explained as follows: "The hero of Sterne's novel, 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy,' Gent., represented as a captain who had been wounded at the siege of Namur and forced to retire from the service. He is celebrated for his kindness and benevolence, his courage, gallantry, and simplicity, no less than for his extreme modesty, his love passages with the Widow Wadman, and his military tastes, habits, and discussions." This is followed by two extracts from reviews, one by Leigh Hunt, and the other by Hazlitt. The only fault in this department is, that the great characters of ancient fiction are passed over, and that in too many instances their places are filled up by home characters, in too strict accordance with the adage of making all our own geese swans. But we ought not to expect too much. We have certainly a large amount that is useful and interesting in Professor Wheeler's paper. Those ambitious people who wish to be considered more studious, or more conversant with general literature than they really are, will be greatly pleased with the "Explanatory Vocabulary," while there are none who have read so much, let their memory be ever so excellent, but that they will often find it useful.

There are five other pronouncing vocabularies in the Appendix; namely, a vocabulary of Scripture proper names, a vocabulary of Greek and Latin proper names, an etymological vocabulary of modern geographical names, a vocabulary of modern biographical names, and a vocabulary of common English Christian names, male and female, with their derivations, significations, &c. Yet perhaps the most interesting part of the Appendix, is that which contains "A classified collection of Pictorial Illustrations." Not content with giving very good illustrations throughout the work, according as they are needed, the editors present us nearly seventy pages of engravings at the end, all classified as follows: Agriculture and horticulture; anatomy, physiology, phrenology, &c.; antiquities, dress, utensils, &c.; architecture; astronomy; heraldry; ornithology; paleontology; races of men; arms of various nations; flags of various nations; mythology, idols, &c.; modes of punishment; zoophytes; archaeology, &c., &c. The thousands of engravings used for this purpose are of no ordinary class; in the great majority of instances, they are at once faithful to the objects intended to be represented, and so tastefully executed as to present an attraction altogether independently of the information which they convey. In a word, the new edition is emphatically a great work. The Dictionary that makes the nearest approach to it is Worcester's; but even the latter is left far in the rear; so far, indeed, that there are few that possess a copy of it, who will any longer be satisfied with it after they have seen the "Webster" of 1864.

We have but one criticism to make: the old title should have been

altered with everything else that was objectionable. It is just as superfluous to say "An American Dictionary of the English Language," as it would be to say "A Scottish History of England," "A Swiss History of France," or "A French History of the Conquest of England by the Normans." But there are instances enough in kind. Many have written dictionaries without belonging to the country whose language they undertook to elucidate; but it is sufficient to mention Sheridan and Sheridan Knowles, neither of whom allowed his patriotism to get the better of his judgment so far as to style his work "An Irish Dictionary of the English Language." This, however, is but a slight fault; the Dictionary is nothing the worse for having one superfluous word on the title-page; and we do not suppose that any one will reject so invaluable a work on that account.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Influence of the War on the Newspaper Press. Pamphlet, 8vo., pp. 37. New York: John Williams, 1864.

SLENDER as this pamphlet is, it embodies a considerable amount of interesting information, and yet its greatest fault is its brevity. The enormous rise in the price of paper, printing, and printing materials is not discussed as its importance demands. There is a similar meagreness in speaking of the increased rates of subscription, and the effect of that increase on the advertising patronage of particular journals. The pamphlet is such, however, that, had it reached us in time, we would have reviewed it at length, and thus enabled our readers to form an opinion of their own as to the value of its suggestions. As it is, we can only say, in general terms, that it is worthy of careful perusal.

We learn from it that there are now but two penny papers in the United States, the "Philadelphia Daily News" and the "Baltimore Sun;" and that there are but few three-cent journals that contain so much reading matter as the former, or that are printed on such good paper. More than the author of the brochure before us have remarked this; they have remarked, moreover, that the paper alluded to is conducted with an energy and ability rarely equalled. To this fact we can ourselves bear emphatic testimony. Mr. Joseph R. Flanigen, the editor and proprietor, is one of the most vigorous and attractive newspaper writers in the country, and one of the most active and indefatigable business men. We are glad, therefore, to learn, from this pamphlet, that Mr. F. is more than requited already by the steady increase of his advertising patronage, for continuing to furnish the public such a large amount of useful reading matter for one cent.

An Epitome of General Ecclesiastical History from the earliest period with a condensed account of the Jews since the destruction of Jerusalem. By JOHN MAESH, D.D. Sixteenth edition, revised, &c. Large 12mo., pp. 464. New York : W. W. Dodd, 1864.

THE title-page of this work gives a pretty correct idea of its character. Although we cannot agree with the author in all his statements, especially when he is endeavoring to account for certain results, we must do him the justice to say that in general he is impartial, and always means to be fair and conciliatory to all sects. Works of this kind we always recommend, let their authors belong to what denomination they may. But we detest bigotry as not only illogical, but unchristian. If our writers would bear in mind that no really pious man ever hated any one for differing in opinion with him as to the best means of salvation, but that such hatred is the result of ignorance and narrow-mindedness, there would be much fewer offensive "religious" books than there are.

Fragrance from Crushed Flowers. Boston: American Tract Society (N. Broughton). New York: John G. Broughton.

THE title of this little volume is exceedingly appropriate; and this we are well aware, is high praise. But small as it is, it contains several pieces of remarkable tenderness and pathos—such as we would recommend as no ordinary specimens of "tuneful tears." Who will deny, for example, that the following lines are imbued with genuine "fragrance," sad though it be :

OUR TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

We brought the wild-wood blossoms
In winter to our home,
To while away the darksome days
Till spring and bloom should come.
But ah, they would not flourish—
Those poor, transplanted flowers ;
We only tore them from their home
To fade and die in ours.

The leaves grew pale and sickly,
The buds were thin and small ;
Robbed of their native light and air,
They would not thrive at all.

'Twas then we knew, while watching
Those simple, meek-eyed flowers,
Why God his messenger had sent
For that sweet bud of ours.
Born in his own bright heaven,
On earth it could not come
To its celestial loveliness,
And so he took it home.

There are none of our religious societies that exhibit more discrimination, taste, or good sense in their selections than the Tract Society of Boston. Their books are almost invariably such as may be read by any denomination of Christians, with full confidence of their containing nothing sectarian or bigoted.

1. *Harry Watson of Easterton* : A Story illustrating the Beatitudes.
2. *Maggie* : A Christmas Story. By MARIA H. BULFINCH.
3. *The Courtland Children*. By M. M.
4. *A Queen* : A Story for Girls. Translated from the German of MADAME OTTALIE WILDERNUTH. By ANNA B. COOKE.
New York : Genl. Prot. Episc. S. School Union, 1864.

As the titles imply, these are but tiny volumes, but what they contain is admirably suited for those for whom they are intended, happily blending in as they do what is most pleasing with what is most useful to children. In "*Harry Watson*" we are told the story in a clear and simple style, of a boy who through various trials carries out the principles illustrated in the beatitudes. There is more incident and adventure in this, combined with a more skilfully constructed plot, than we find in many a pretentious novel. "*Maggie*" relates the experiences of a family reduced to poverty, after the father's death, by the speculations of the grandfather, so that they became dependent for their support on the labor of two of their number, Phillip and Margaret, mere children as the latter are. The mother becomes ill, Phillip loses his situation, and Maggie is deprived of the sewing she has been doing for various people. Christmas Day finds them in a sad plight; but as the industrious and well-disposed rarely, if ever, fail in their efforts to earn a livelihood, they ultimately succeed, and are the means of making the whole family, including the speculating grandfather, both religious and happy.

In "*The Courtland Children*" we have a pretty, simply-told story of a twin brother and sister, who are first introduced to us looking at a great fire in a certain street, where a number of poor families are found houseless next day. The little ones will be startled at some of the incidents, but will learn a useful lesson from each. Nor will they be likely to content themselves with one reading of a book which has laid so warm a hold on their sympathies.

But the best story of all is "*A Queen*." There is philosophy as well as truth in this; and at the same time there is a veritable fascination in its lively but unpretending style. Its heroine, "*Maggie*," is an orphan child taken into the family of a German peasant, and who in her simplicity wishes to be "*a queen*." For this she is laughed at in the beginning; but in time she proves that although she has no crown or throne, she can nevertheless, rule by her amiable manner all who come within the sphere of her influence. In the second chapter, the peasant's eldest son falls in love with her, much to the disgust of his parents, who would have him regard her merely as a "*charity child*." She is so much persecuted on account of the preference of the young peasant, that she is obliged to leave; but after a long separation the lovers are finally married, and become the parents of an interesting family. In a word, no story that we

have read in a long time is so well calculated to impress on the youthful mind the advantages arising from contentment and a gentle, happy disposition.

1. *Trinity Collection of Church Music, &c.* By EDWARD HODGES, Mus. Doc., with valuable additions by the Editor, S. Parkman Tuckerman, Mus. Doc. Large 4to., pp. 240.
2. *Organ Gems; A Collection of Offertories, Elevations, Communions, Preludes, Fugues, &c.* By ANDRÉ, BATISTE, BROSIG, HESSE, FREYER, and others. Arranged and edited by Frederic S. Davenport. 4to., pp. 80.

Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

It is sufficient to say of the "Trinity Collection" that it contains, as we are assured by the editor, "all the psalm and hymn tunes, chants, &c., used in Trinity Church, New York, or in either of its three chapels." We may add, however, that the work is got up in the usual tasteful, accurate, and substantial style of the Messrs. Ditson & Co., and that it has the advantages of a Metrical Index of Tunes, an Index to the Choral Chants, and Music for occasional services, and a general Alphabetical Index.

The "Organ Gems" is worthy of its title, containing as it does the choicest *morceaux*, selected from the most eminent composers of organ music. Among the fifty pieces which constitute the contents, are several of the best specimens of sacred music used in any branch of the Christian Church; such, for example, as "Quis est Homo," by Bordese; "Ora pro Nobis," by Novello; "Romanza," from the eighth symphony of Haydn; "Ave verum Corpus," by Mozart, and the Gloria from the Second Mass, by the same composer. To this we need hardly add that few more appropriate presents could be made during the holidays, to a lady having a taste for music, than one or both of these elegant books.

1. *Wings and Webs.* By the author of "Violet," "Daisy," &c.
2. *Lives of Familiar Insects.*
3. *Aunt Annie's Rainy-Day Stories.*

Boston: Taggard & Thompson, 1864.

THE tasteful volumes of the well-known "Summer-house Series," will make many a young heart glad during the approaching holidays; and those who read them will not easily forget the excellent lessons which they inculcate in so agreeable a manner. "Wings and Webs," and "Lives of Familiar Insects," are well calculated to prepossess the youthful mind in favor of natural history. The plan of each is worthy of imitation, and that it is successfully carried out, few intelligent parents or guardians will deny. The three volumes are in the form of letters purporting to be written by flowers and insects, as well as by more pretentious personages each giving his views in character, and combining amusement with in-

struction. The interest and value of the natural history stories are much enhanced by appropriate illustrations.

Alley Moore : A Tale of the Times. Showing how Evictions, Murder, and such-like pastimes are managed, and justice administered in Ireland ; together with many stirring incidents in other lands. By FATHER BAPTIST. 2 vols. in one. Boston : P. Donahoe, 1864.

THIS volume only reached us just as we were going to press ; such is its character that we should otherwise have reviewed it at length, for we have been eye-witnesses to some of the startling scenes which it so graphically and truthfully describes.

1. *The Martin and Nelly Stories ; or, The Two Fairy Dreams.* By JOSEPHINE FRANKLIN, author of "Nelly and Her Friends," "Nelly's First School-Days," &c., &c.
2. *Martin.* By JOSEPHINE FRANKLIN, author of "Nelly and Her Boat," &c., &c.

Boston : Taggard and Thompson, 1864.

WE have found it much more agreeable to examine these tiny volumes than many pretentious novels in thick duodecimo form. They are written in that simple, but suggestive, communicative style which rarely fails to captivate the minds of children, and give them the impression that it is pleasant rather than irksome to learn useful lessons. The series entitled "The Martin and Nelly Stories," to which they belong, are favorites with the little ones throughout the country. As we have not seen the rest, we can only say that, if they are equal to the new volumes, they deserve all that is said in their favor even by the most enthusiastic of their admirers.

Insurance Papers, Statements, &c. New York, Boston, and Philadelphia.

THE insurance documents of the past month are remarkably barren of interest ; it would, however, be very erroneous to infer from this that there has been any falling off in the business, for the contrary is the fact. Never were our principal companies more actively employed ; we doubt whether they ever received, or paid a larger amount during any corresponding month than they have during that which ended on the 15th of December instant. But at this season very little is published on the subject ; scarcely any but the quacks make much fuss at Christmas times.

It is incredible what a large number of new companies have commenced operations lately. We have ourselves counted eighteen, and we are assured that there are nearly as many more. Those who have obtained charters, and complied with the requirements of the State Superintendent, do not probably exceed half a dozen. Several of the new corporations, with and without charters, do not seem to inspire much confidence ; and so far as we can judge from appearances, we think the public right in being a little sceptical. At the same time we refrain from mak-

ing any observations in respect to any particular company which might injure its prospects, bearing in mind that appearances often deceive.

It seems, indeed, difficult to believe that parties, who do not find it convenient, or advisable to secure any better office than a small basement, whose furniture would scarcely bring fifty dollars at auction, can insure either life or property to the extent of tens of thousands of dollars. But those who act most suspiciously are entitled to a fair trial, before they are pronounced guilty of any attempt to defraud those who choose to pay them for their policies, even when they undertake to insure things never insured before.

We are assured that much more damage was done to American shipping by the recent cyclone on the coast of India than was at first supposed. We are informed that several New York vessels, laden with large and valuable cargoes, were totally wrecked; but most of them were insured wholly, or in part, by some of our best companies, who have already given their checks for large sums. Were we to mention the sums thus paid by the Columbian Marine Insurance and the Mercantile Mutual, of Wall street, we should seem to be indulging in the fabulous, and we should at the same time displease the principal officers of those companies, who literally prefer to do good by "stealth and blush to find it fame."

There are good fire companies to be found in all parts of the city; but if we are not very grossly misinformed, the really reliable marine companies are nearly, if not exclusively, confined to Wall street. From our own knowledge we do not know anything to the contrary, but rather think the information we have received is correct. Nay, from all appearances we should hardly think it safe to insure a ferry horse-boat in half the marine companies out of Wall street. Not that we can pretend to have much faith in all the marine companies in the latter. Thus, for example, the Sun Mutual may be a very excellent institution, and even have some distant resemblance to the great luminary whose name it bears; but we confess that if we had a ship insured in that quarter, and heard it was wrecked, we should have serious misgivings as to whether we should ever receive the amount of our policy. We should be afraid that the blame would be thrown on the captain, or the first or second mate; or, if anything of that kind would not do, on the shipbuilder, or the shipcarpenter. But we had almost forgotten that the Security Fire Insurance Company of Pine street, is now empowered to carry on the marine business also; and in order to do so the more effectually, it has increased its capital stock to \$1,000,000, making its total assets, \$1,462,643. This, therefore, may be regarded as an exception to the general character of the trans-Wall street marine companies.

Of the Wall street fire companies the record is different, so far as we are aware. We do not remember more than one in the whole street in

which the public seems to have much confidence, and even this one is partly out of Wall street, we mean the Morris Fire and Inland Insurance Company, the principal entrance to whose building is on Nassau street. For the rest we know no Wall street fire company equal to the Washington or Hope, of Broadway. True, it can boast a good and well-managed life company, one of the best in the country, namely the United States. For the sake of many a widow and orphan, would that the Washington Life or the Guardian Life were equal to it! The prestige of Broadway is well sustained, however, by life companies like the New York, the Equitable, the Knickerbocker, and the Globe. In our opinion the first mentioned would be one of the first in the world, were it not that its presiding officer is sometimes a little rash in arriving at conclusions—a failing, however, which Alexander was as much subject to as he, as we may see from the course sometimes pursued by that great conqueror, even towards his best friends, Aristotle and Parmenio. But if in our opinion the gentleman of the New York Life does not always reason like the Stagyrte on certain recondite subjects, we have not the less faith in his policy on this account, but cheerfully admit that the widow and orphan are entirely safe in his hands.

We know no young company whose prospects are so bright as those of the Globe Mutual Life. We have had the curiosity to compare its first efforts with those of twelve companies now become celebrated for their success, and found that any of them have not received as many premiums during the whole of the first year as the Globe has in the first five months, and that only one received half as many. Of the several new companies that have not yet commenced operations, the only one we know to be possessed of all the necessary resources is the Universal Life Insurance Company of this city, whose plan is as new in this country as itself, since “it purposes to devote itself chiefly,” as the directors announce, “to granting insurances upon the lives of invalids, or parties, who, for some specific or general objection on the score of health, have been refused admittance into the various existing life insurance companies.” This may seem a rash undertaking, but it has been tested in England by an experience of forty years, and found entirely successful. Among the members of the board of directors, whose names inspire full confidence, is that of Henry B. Hyde, Esq., Vice-President of the Equitable Life, one of the best managed and most prosperous life companies in this country.

The Home continues to be the “observed of all observers” among the fire companies. The worthy president has never forgiven us for presenting his photograph to our readers, comparing him to the illustrious Barnum, and criticising his contributions to the Sunday papers. This, however, will not prevent us from doing justice to his superior skill in that art of “quack, quack,” which makes his company superior to all others in the world, so far as words and their repetition *ad infinitum* can produce

that effect. In visiting prisons and lunatic asylums in all parts of the country for the purpose of learning what we could, we were sure to meet with the Home "statement" in some corner or another. We now have it on every page of the City Directory, and in every other place where the miracles of the quack doctors are blazoned forth. Not content with all this, the distinguished chief officer of that corporation get up maps, on which they also proclaim their enormous capital, their inexhaustible assets, &c., all ending, *ex more*, like the refrain of a song, with the inevitable "Chas. J. Martin, Prest.; A. F. Wilmarth, V.-Prest.; and John McGee, Secy." Now, if Mr. Barnum has ever gone further than this to puff his Museum, it is one of the many things of which we are ignorant.

MANHATTAN COLLEGE,

(Christian Brothers.)

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

This institution, incorporated and empowered to confer Degrees by the Regents of the University of the State of New York, offers many advantages to further the moral, intellectual, and physical development of students. The situation of the College is not surpassed in landscape, beauty, or salubrity, by that of any similar institution in the country. It occupies an elevated position on the east bank of the Hudson, beside the village of Manhattanville, about eight miles from New York city.

Although the regular preparatory schools of the college are the De La Salle Institute, 46 Second street, and Manhattan Academy, 127 West Thirty-second street, New York, another has been established at the college for the benefit of those who wish to send their children to the institution at an early age.

TERMS:

Board, Washing and Tuition per Session of ten months.....	\$300
Entrance Fee.....	10
Graduation Fee.....	10
Vacation at College.....	40

Music, German, Spanish, drawing, and use of apparatus in the study of chemistry and natural philosophy, charged extra. School books at current prices.

No student received for a shorter period than one term of 5 months—no deduction made when withdrawn during the term. The pocket-money of the students is deposited with the treasurer.

Payment of half Session of 5 months in advance.

Each student should be provided with four suits of clothes; a sufficient number of shirts, drawers, socks, handkerchiefs, towels and napkins; a knife, fork, spoon and goblet; combs, brushes, &c. All these can be had at the college, provided a sum sufficient to meet the expenses be placed in the hands of the treasurer.

The sessions commence on the first Monday in September, and end about the 3d of July.

A public examination of the students is held at the end of the session, and gentlemen are invited to examine them then, and also during the class hours of term time.

 For particulars see Catalogue.

COLLEGE

OF THE

HOLY CROSS,

WORCESTER, MASS.

This College was founded by the **RE. REV. BENEDICT JOSEPH FEWICK**, Bishop of Boston, in the year 1843, and by him given to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The location is remarkably healthy. Ninety six acres of land are attached to the College. It stands on Bogachong, or Hill of Pleasant Springs, within two miles of the city of Worcester, and commands an extensive view of the beautiful country around. The water is abundant and of the first quality, the play-grounds are spacious, and afford facilities for healthful amusements at all seasons.

After the usual course of Arithmetic and Book keeping, the Students, according to their proficiency and capacity, are placed in different classes of Mathematics.

There are three classes of French, in which the Students are distributed according to their abilities.

There are two semi annual examinations. If, at the first examination, any one can be found to have sufficiently improved, he is promoted to a higher class. Such promotion will be equivalent to the honors of the class left.

Candidates for the degree of *Bachelor of Arts*, are required to undergo an examination in Intellectual, Moral and Natural Philosophy, before the Faculty of the College. *They must, besides, have pursued the regular classical course.*

Careful attention is bestowed on the religious and moral training of the Students, who, even in hours of recreation, are under the special superintendence of Prefects or Disciplinarians.

Books, Papers, Periodicals, &c., are not allowed circulation among the Students without having been previously revised by one of the Faculty.

Whilst the moral and intellectual culture of the youths committed to our care is attended to with all assiduity, their physical development is by no means neglected. A Ball Alley and Gymnasium occupy a portion of the ordinary play-grounds; the numerous hills and lakes in the vicinity afford, during the winter months, every opportunity for skating and coasting. The Blackstone River, which runs within a few hundred yards of the College, offers safe and delightful bathing places. The Farm attached presents ample range for the indulgence of Foot Ball and Cricket games, at their proper seasons. These innocent amusements, added to the healthfulness of the climate and location, work wonders in our Students, many of whom enter with pale cheeks and sickly frames, but invariably depart in buoyant spirits and flushed with health.

Each Student must be supplied, with, at least, two suits of daily wear, and one for Sundays: six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six pocket-handkerchiefs, six towels, two or three cravats, &c., two or three pairs of boots or shoes, an overcoat or cloak. Each Student must be provided with a silver tablespoon, marked with his name.

Reports will be sent to Parents or Guardians, to inform them of the application, conduct, and progress of their Sons or Wards. Also, regular accounts, in advance, for Board and Tuition. It is earnestly requested that immediate remittances be made, to the full amount.

The Collegiate year commences on the first Monday of September, but Students are received at any period of the year. Applicants from other Institutions will not be received without testimonials as to character and conduct, from the principal of the Institution which they last attended.

The object of the Institution is to prepare youths for a *Professional* or for a *Commercial* state.

TERMS:

For board, tuition, washing, and mending linen and stockings, per annum (of ten months), payable half-yearly in advance.....	\$200 00
For Physician's Fee, per annum.....	5 00
Fuel for the winter.....	8 00
Modern Languages and Music at the Professors' charges.	
For further particulars, address	

JAMES CLARK, S. J., President.

Broad Street Academy,

337 SOUTH BROAD STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

A COLLEGIATE AND MILITARY DAY SCHOOL.

A peculiar feature of this school is, that while all the branches of a sound general education, physical as well as moral, are comprised in its course, none of the pupils are excluded from a full participation in all its advantages. The ancient and modern languages, besides singing, drawing, drilling, gymnastics, and swimming, are not only thoroughly taught,

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE,

but all the pupils, without exception, are COMPELLED to learn them according to their ability.

For full information see new Catalogue, for which apply to

EDWARD ROTH, A. M.

Principal.

LAW SCHOOL

OF THE

University of Albany.

This School has now THREE TERMS A YEAR. THE FIRST commences on the FIRST TUESDAY of September, the SECOND on the LAST TUESDAY of November, and the THIRD on the FIRST TUESDAY of March, each term continuing twelve weeks.

Three successive terms constitute the entire course, and entitle the student to become a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Each term is independent and complete as to the instruction embraced in it. The method of teaching is by lecture, examination, and practice in the Moot Courts. Two lectures are given each day except Saturdays, and two Moot Courts held each week, at which causes are first argued by the previously appointed disputants, then discussed and decided by the class, followed by the views of the presiding Professor. The law is taught both as a Science and an Art.

The immense *Law Library of the State* is open to the students, under proper regulations, and all the terms of the *Supreme Court* and the *Court of Appeals*, the highest Courts of this State, are held in the City of Albany.

The Fee for a single term is \$40, for two terms, \$70, and for three, \$100, each payable in advance. The Professors, and leading topics upon which they lecture, are the following:

HON. IRA HARRIS, LL.D., Practice, Pleadings, Evidence.

HON. AMASA J. PARKER, LL.D., Real Estate, Criminal Law, Personal Rights.

AMOS DEAN, LL.D., Personal Property, Contract, Commercial Law.

Circulars obtained by addressing AMOS DEAN, Albany, N. Y.

HON. REUBEN H. WALWORTH, LL.D., *President*.

ORLANDO MEADS, LL.D., *Secretary*.

Georgetown College, D. C.

IN the year 1785, several gentlemen—the principal of whom was the Rev. JOHN CARROLL, afterward the first Archbishop of Baltimore—formed the design of establishing “An Academy at Georgetown, *Potomac River, Maryland.*” In 1789 the first house was built; in 1792 the schools commenced, and in 1798 it was designated as “The College of Georgetown, Potomac River, State of Maryland.” In May, 1815, Congress raised it to the rank of an University.

In May, 1815, “The Medical Department of Georgetown College” was opened in Washington city, D. C.

The College is situated on the northern bank of the Potomac, and commands a full view of Georgetown, Washington, the Potomac, and a great part of the District of Columbia. Its situation is peculiarly healthy.

The academic year commences on the first Monday of September, and ends in the first week of July. The collegiate course, including the preparatory classes, which last three years, occupies seven years, unless the proficiency of the student authorize an abbreviation of the term.

TERMS PER ANNUM:

For board, tuition, washing, etc., payable half-yearly	
in advance	\$325 00
Doctor's fee	10 00

For further information apply to the President,

JOHN EARLY, S. J.

University of the City of New York.

The usual exercises in the several Departments of this Institution will be resumed as follows, viz.:

IN THE

SCHOOL OF ART,

On the 5th September, at the Studio of

PROFESSOR CUMMINGS,

58 East Thirteenth st.

IN THE

PREPARATORY OR GRAMMAR SCHOOL,

SEPTEMBER 12th.

In the Department of Science and Letters,

SEPTEMBER 21st.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF LAW,

OCTOBER 3d.

IN THE

COLLEGE OF MEDICINE,

17th OCTOBER.

At the College, East Fourteenth street.

IN THE DEPARTMENT OF

ANALYTICAL & PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY,

Medical College, East Fourteenth st., Sept. 21st.

IN DEPARTMENT OF CIVIL ENGINEERING,

SEPTEMBER 21st.

Applicants for admission to any Department can obtain all necessary information at the University, Washington square, East.

Examinations for entrance to the Freshman, etc., will take place on the 20th September, in the Council Room, at half-past nine, A. M.

ISAAC FERRIS, Chancellor.

University of the city of New York, }
August, 1864.

The Ferris Female Institute,

135 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK.

MRS. MATTHEW S. PARKS AND MISS CHARLOTTE F. FERRIS, PRINCIPALS.

This institution aims to secure to Young Ladies a thorough training in all that belongs to a useful education, beginning with the elements, and closing with the higher philosophical, moral, and mathematical studies of a College course, with the Modern Languages, as usually taught.

The Principals, who are instructors, are aided by a corps of carefully selected and experienced teachers.

The following gentlemen have delivered Lectures in the Graduating Department ;

Rev. Dr. FERRIS, Chancellor of the University, on the EVIDENCES OF REVEALED RELIGION.

Prof. HENRY DRAPER, M. D., on PHYSIOLOGY.

Rev. H. B. SMITH, D. D., on *Æthetics*, on MENTAL SCIENCE, and on THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

Prof. JOHN C. DRAPER, M. D., on NATURAL HISTORY and on CHEMISTRY.

The following gentlemen compose the Committee of Councillors :

Rev. ISAAC FERRIS, D. D., LL. D., *President*.

THOS. WILLIAMS, Esq.

JOHN J. CISCO, Esq.

SAM'L M. VALENTINE, M. D.

EZRA A. HOYT, Esq.

JOS. T. EVANS, M. D.

JACOB VANDERPOEL, Esq.

RICHARD D. LATHROP, Esq.

EUGENE A. BREWSTER,

The next academic year will commence on the 13th September next. Circulars may be obtained at the Institute.

A small number of Boarders can be accommodated in the family of Mrs. Parks.

OFFICE OF THE
COLUMBIAN (MARINE) INSURANCE COMPANY.
 CORNER OF WALL AND NASSAU STS.

NEW YORK, *January 29, 1864.*

STATEMENT of the affairs of the Company for the sixth fiscal year, ending December 31, 1863 :

Premiums on unexpired risks, December 31, 1862,	\$249,998 17	
Premiums received from that date to December 31, 1863	3,002,258 59	
Total Amount of Premiums	\$3,252,256 76	
Premiums marked off, as earned during the year (less Return Premiums), and Interest received on Investments	\$2,362,842 02	
Losses paid during the year	\$1,021,150 50	
Re-insurances, Expenses, State and Government Taxes	204,628 19	
		1,225,778 69
Excess of Earned Premiums over Losses, &c.	\$1,137,063 83	
Add Undivided Balance of December 31, 1862..	117 68	
		1,137,181 01
Reserve for Estimate Claims unadjusted and other contingencies.		441,206 49

In accordance with the provisions of the Charter of the Company, the Board of Directors have resolved to apply the profits of the year as follows :

Profits to be divided	\$695,974 52	
Cash Dividend to Dealers holding Certificates of Return, on Premiums earned during the year and paid, payable on and after February 10, 1864. . .	269,614 80	
		426,359 72
Deduct Dividend already paid to Stockholders, being accrued interest (free of Government Tax) on Cash Capital		57,895 20
		\$368,464 52
Deduct Interest on Scrip issue of 1862, payable (free of Government Tax) on and after March 10, 1864, being 6 PER CENT. on amount of such issue		1,474 20
		\$366,717 32
Of this residue THIRTY PER CENT. will be paid in Cash to Stockholders, on and after March 10, 1864 (free of Government Tax), as follows : on OLD STOCK, 12 PER CENT. , and on NEW STOCK, 10 PER CENT.		110,000 00
		\$256,717 32
There will also be a SCRIP DIVIDEND payable (free of Government Tax) on and after June 1, 1864, on the Cash Capital as follows : on OLD STOCK, 7 PER CENT. , and on NEW STOCK, 5 PER CENT. , making the total Dividend for the year, paid to Stockholders, equal to 26 PER CENT.		
Payable, in Cash, on and after March 10, 1864, (free of Government Tax,) to Makers of Security Notes, being 4 PER CENT. on amount of such notes		1,313 50
		\$255,403 82

Payable in Scrip (free of Government Tax), on and after June 1, 1864, to Dealers on Earned Premiums on Risks terminating without loss (estimated at \$1,700,000), 15 PER CENT.....	\$255,000 00
Undivided balance.....	\$403 82

THE COMPANY HAVE THE FOLLOWING ASSETS :

United States, New York City, and other Stocks.....	\$330,375 00
Accrued Interest, Gold at market value, Salvages and other Securities.....	714,992 61
Cash in Banks and Loans on demand.....	651,517 81
Bills Receivable and Premium Notes.....	1,413,679 94
Scrip of Insurance Companies, Balances due from Agents, and Sundry Claims due the Company.....	30,374 44
Total amount of Assets.....	\$3,140,930 80

TO THE PRESIDENT AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE COLUMBIAN INSURANCE CO. :

We hereby certify that we have compared the above Statement with the Balance Sheet of the Company, and the Balance Sheet with its Books, and found them to conform.

We have also examined the Cash Bank Balance, Securities, Bills Receivable, and other Assets, and found them to conform accurately with the above statement made by the Company.

January 29, 1864.

EDWARD ROWE,
JOSEPH MORRISON,
ALBERT G. LEE, } Committee.
DAN'L W. TELLER, }

ON AND AFTER 1st FEBRUARY, 1864, Dealers with this Company will be allowed the option (to be signified at the time of application for insurance) of receiving in lieu of scrip, at the end of each year, RETURNS IN CASH (guaranteed by certificate) of premiums paid and earned during the year, whether loss accrues or not, upon all new risks under the NEW YORK FORM OF POLICY, as follows :

1st. Upon all VOYAGE Risks upon CARGO, a return of TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

2d. Upon VOYAGE Risks upon FREIGHT, a return of TWENTY PER CENT.

3d. Upon TIME Risks upon FREIGHT, and upon VOYAGE and TIME Risks upon Hulls, a return of TEN PER CENT.

Such privileges, however, being confined to persons and firms, the aggregate of whose premiums upon such policies earned and paid during the year, shall amount to the sum of One Hundred Dollars.

DIRECTORS :

Edward Rowe,	Albert G. Lee,	Dan'l W. Teller,	Joseph Morrison,
Daniel W. Lord,	George P. Deshon,	John D. Bates, Jr.,	Wm. H. Popham,
George Miln,	O. L. Nims,	Charles Hickox,	B. C. Morris, Jr.,
John Atkinson,	M. F. Merick,	Robert Bowne,	Ezra Nye,
Thos. A.C. Cochrane,	Wm. B. Ogden,	Lawrence Myers,	Henry J. Cammann,
Wm. H. Halsey,	John Armstrong,	S. N. Derrick,	Thomas Lord,
Thos. Barron,	B. C. Morris,	Moses Merick,	Robert S. Holt,
Roland G. Mitchell,	Andrew J. Rich,	David J. Ely,	J. B. Griffin.

B. C. MORRIS, President,
THOS. LORD, Vice-President.

WM. M. WHITNEY, 2d Vice-President and Secretary.

OFFICE

OF THE

Mercantile Mutual Insurance Co.,

NO. 35 WALL STREET.

New York, January 14, 1864.

The following statement of the affairs of the Company on the 31st December, 1863, is submitted in accordance with the provisions of the Charter :

Premiums not marked off December 31, 1863.....	\$212,118 80
Premiums on Policies issued from December 31, 1862, to December 31, 1863.....	1,141,884 79

Total Premiums **\$1,354,003 59**

Premiums marked off as earned December 31, 1863.....	\$1,163,741 64
Less Returns of Premium.....	85,970 60

Net Earned Premiums..... **\$1,077,771 04**

PAID DURING THE SAME PERIOD :

Marine and Inland Losses (including losses by risk of war and estimate of unadjusted losses).....	\$729,061 46
Re-Insurance, expenses, and bad debts, less returns on investments.....	139,902 19
Interest paid to Stockholders for July Dividend, together with interest on Stock, payable in January, 1864, and on outstanding Scrip, payable in February, 1864.....	76,502 60

Earnings to be Divided..... **\$1,354,003 59**

The Company had, on the 31st December, 1863, the following Assets:

United States, State, City, and other Securities.....	\$327,480 00
Loans on Stocks and other Securities.....	131,190 00
Bond and Mortgage.....	4,000 00
Cash on hand and in Bank, including Gold Coin at market value.....	99,162 73
Cash in hands of Foreign Bankers.....	81,112 70
Bills Receivable and uncollected Premiums.....	625,927 12
Salvages and sundry Claims due the Company, and Scrip.....	156,089 28
Interest accrued and not collected.....	8,345 72

Total Assets..... **\$1,431,307 55**

The Board of Trustees have resolved to pay an interest of *Six per cent.* on the outstanding certificates of Profits, to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Monday, the 8th of February next.

They have also declared a dividend of *Five per cent.* to the Stockholders, payable in cash, on and after Monday, the 8th of February next.

The Trustees have also declared a dividend of *Twelve per cent.* on the net earned Premiums, entitled thereto, for the year ending 31st December, 1863, to be issued in Scrip on and after Monday, the 4th of April next.

TRUSTEES:

Joseph Walker,	Amron L. Reid,	Cornelius Grinnell,	Henry R. Kunhardt,
James Free and,	Edwood Walter,	E. E. Morgan,	John S. Williams,
Samuel Willets,	C. Golden Murray,	Her. A. Schleicher,	William Nason, Jr.,
Robert L. Taylor,	E. Haydock White,	William Boyd,	Charles Dimon,
William T. Frost,	N. L. McCready,	James D. Fish,	A. William Heye,
William Watt,	Daniel T. Willets,	George W. Hennings,	Harold Dolner,
Henry Kyre,	L. Edgerton,	Francis Hathaway,	Paul N. Spofford.

C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

ELWOOD WALTER, President,
CHARLES NEWCOMB, Vice-President,

KNICKERBOCKER
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
OFFICE No. 161 BROADWAY.
PURELY MUTUAL.

To parties seeking Life Insurance this Company offers superior inducements. Its per cent. of Assets to Liabilities, according to the reports of the Insurance Commissioners of New York and Massachusetts, is, exclusive of capital, **\$136.15**, being greater than that of any other New York Company.

Dividends are paid in cash, or added to the policy, as the assured may elect, and a note will be taken for a portion of the Annual Premium if desired.

Policies issued upon all the various plans at the established rates of all first class Companies.

EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES,
No. 92 Broadway, New York.
ASSETS, \$500,000.

All the Profits are divided among the Policy-holders.

The success of this Society has not been equaled by that of any Life Company ever organized, either in this country or Europe. Its Cash Premium Receipts are larger than those of any Life Insurance Company conducted on the Cash Plan in this country, with only one exception.

NOTE.—Many companies distribute a large portion of their earnings among their Stock holders, thus diverting a very large amount from the policy-holders. The EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY divides its **WHOLE PROFITS, pro rata**, among the ASSURED—legal interest only being paid upon its capital, which, by investment, reproduces nearly the same amount. The Society thus offers all the advantages of a PURELY MUTUAL and of a STOCK COMPANY. The ASSURED have **ALL THE PROFITS**; there is a guaranty of a PERPETUAL CAPITAL STOCK; and its Directors have DIRECT PECUNIARY INTEREST in managing its affairs with PRUDENCE and ECONOMY.

OFFICERS.

EDW. W. LAMBERT, M. D. *Medical Examiner*

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, *President.*

WILLARD PARKER, M. D. *Consulting Physician.*

HENRY B. HYDE, *Vice-President.*

GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, *Actuary.*

HENRY DAY, *Attorney.*


DANIEL LORD, *Counsel.*

Physician attends at the office from 12 to 1 o'clock. Medical examination may be made at his office, 330 Sixth avenue. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 6 to 8 o'clock, P. M.

Office—No. 92 Broadway, New York.

Globe Mutual Life Insurance
COMPANY,
 160 FULTON STREET,
 CORNER BROADWAY,
 NEW YORK.

THIS COMPANY
OFFERS NEW AND IMPORTANT INDUCEMENTS.

 Premiums are not forfeited in case of Policies being discontinued —after three years. Paid up Policies are issued for whole amount of Premiums received.

This Feature is Original with this Company.

DIVIDENDS MAY BE APPLIED TO INCREASE THE AMOUNT INSURED,
 OR TO REDUCE FUTURE PREMIUMS.

TRUSTEES.

LORING ANDREWS, of Loring Andrews & Son,
 72 Gold street.
 JOHN VANNEST, of Vannest & Hayden, 79
 Beekman street.
 JOHN K. PRUYN, President of Central Bank,
 Brooklyn.
 WILLIAM HARSELL, corner Maiden lane and
 Water street.
 SILAS B. DUTCHER, Dutcher and Ellerby, 63
 Pearl street.
 PLINY FREEMAN, President.

HENRY C. FREEMAN, Secretary.
 CHARLES KNEELAND, of Bogert and Kneeland, 49 William street.
 JOHN BUTTERFIELD, of Wells, Butterfield &
 Co., American Express Company.
 SAMUEL R. PLATT, of Adriaance & Platt, 165
 Greenwich street.
 GEORGE LORILLARD, New York.
 JOHN MAIRS, Manufacturer, Brooklyn.
 B. G. BLOSS, Vice-President.

PLINY FREEMAN, President.
B. G. BLOSS, Vice-President.

H. C. FREEMAN, Secretary.

M. FRELIGH, M. D., Medical Examiner.

This Company is establishing Agencies throughout the Country—parties desirous of taking Agencies will please communicate with the home office.

UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
No. 40 WALL STREET.

JOSEPH B. COLLINS, PRESIDENT.

Assets Exceed One Million of Dollars.

Profits Divided Every Three Years.

N. G. DEGROOT, Actuary.

JOHN EADIE, Secretary.

JAMES W. G. CLEMENTS, M.D., Medical Examiner (Residence, 19 Amity Street), at the Office daily from 12 to 1 o'clock, P. M.

WILLIAM DETMOLD, M.D., Consulting Physician.

J. B. GATES, General Agent, and JAMES STEWART, HENRY PERRY, ALBERT O. WILLCOX, A. WHITNEY, HIRAM P. CROZIER, GRENVILLE R. BENSON, CHARLES NORTHSHIELD, and ALFRED PINNEY, Local Agents, in the City of New York and vicinity.

SECURITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 31 PINE STREET, NEW YORK.

Cash Capital.....	\$500,000 00
Surplus, August 1, 1861.....	100,269 20

\$600,269 20

Losses unadjusted, \$3,200; no other liabilities. Policy-holders receive 75 per cent. of net profits. Cheapest and safest form of insurance. First scrip dividend, Aug. 1, 1860, 27 per cent.

DIRECTORS:

Joseph Walker,
Wm. F. Mott,
John Halsey,
Edward Wood,
Robert L. Case,
Wm. Dennistoun,
Edward Merritt,
Henry Barrow,
George B. Grinnell,
Jos. Lawrence,
Richard P. Bruff,
L. B. Wyman,

Edward Willets,
F. T. Walker,
John R. Willis,
Edward Haight,
S. C. Paxson,
John W. Graydon,
Wm H. Hussey,
A. P. Francis,
D. Cromwell, Jr.,
Thomas J. Owen,
Edward Cromwell,
S. D. Babcock,

Robert Bowne,
Jonathan Odell,
R. L. Murray,
Wm. Allen Butler,
George H. Beyer,
E. W. Corlies,
S. T. Valentine,
John Allen,
John W. Mason,
Thos. W. Birdsall,
R. B. Minturn, Jr.,
Wm. Graydon.

JOSEPH WALKER, *President*.
THOMAS W. BIRDSALL, *Vice-President*.R. L. HAYDOCK, *Secretary*.

EXCELSIOR FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 130 BROADWAY, N. Y.

CASH CAPITAL,	\$200,000.
SURPLUS, May 1st 1864,	70,625.
LIABILITIES, including Re-insurance,	19,500.

DIRECTORS.

John Garcia,
Joannes Gourd,
Waldo Hutchins,
S. P. Gilbert,
William Ferdon,
Bartolomeo Blanco,
Gustave Reynaud, Jr.,
Charles J. Morlot,
James M. Lewis,
Howard C. Cady,

John R. Faure,
Elias Ponvert,
Ramsay Crooks,
Jules Rillit,
Charles Sagory,
Henry G. Eilshemius,
C. C. Pinckney,
Jos. B. Young,
O. Pacalin,
Charles S. Pell,

Samuel M. Craft, *Secretary*.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

Scrip Dividend for 1861—60 per cent.

Scrip Dividend for 1862—60 per cent.

Scrip Dividend for 1863—60 per cent.

STATEMENT OF THE

WASHINGTON INSURANCE COMPANY.

Cash Capital, - - - - \$400,000

Assets, February 1st, 1864 :

U. S. Bonds (market value) - - -	\$253,590 00
Bonds and Mortgages, - - -	132,445 50
Demand Loans - - -	104,760 00
Cash on hand and in the hands of Agents, - - -	14,022 55
Real Estate, - - -	35,048 45
Miscellaneous - - -	45,269 95

Unsettled Claims, - - - - \$585,136 45
2,326 00

Capital and Surplus, - - - - \$582,810 45

A Dividend of (8) Eight per cent. is this day declared, payable on demand, in cash, to Stockholders.

Also an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding scrip, payable 15th instant.

ALSO,

A Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the earned premiums of policies entitled to participate in the profits of the year ending 31st January, 1864. The scrip will be ready for delivery on and after 15th March prox.

GEO. C. SATTERLEE, *President*,

H. WESTON, *Vice-President*.

WM. K. LOTHROP, *Secretary*.

WM. A. SCOTT, *Ass't Secretary*.

NEW YORK, February 2, 1864.

HOPE
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 92 Broadway, New York.

CASH CAPITAL, - - \$200,000.

NET SURPLUS, July 1, 1864, \$67,287.02.

This Company issues Policies of Insurance on the most favorable terms.

THOMAS GREENLEAF, *Secretary.*

JACOB REESE, *President.*

CHARLES D. HARTSHORNE, *Assistant Secretary.*

New England Fire Insurance Company,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Cash Capital \$200,000, with a surplus.

Assets, January 1st, 1864.

	MARKET VAL.	
U. S. Five-Twenties.....	\$10,137 50	
Connecticut 6 per cent. Bonds.....	3,340 00	
		\$13,437 50
100 Shares American Exchange Bank Stock, New York.....	\$10 900 00	
60 " Manufacturers' and Merchants' Bank Stock, New York.....	500 000 00	
50 " Bank of Commerce Stock, Boston.....	5 050 00	
50 " Merchants' Bank " ".....	5 000 00	
100 " Aetna Bank " Hartford.....	10 500 00	
200 " Mercantile Bank " ".....	17 000 00	
50 " Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bank Stock.....	3 300 00	
10 " Rockville Bank Stock, Rockville.....	1 500 00	
		58 250 00
Real Estate Loans, first liens.....	\$104 197 88	
Bank Stock Loans.....	11 020 00	
		115,217 88
Cash in hand and on deposit.....	\$10 689 35	
Cash in hands of Agents and in transit.....	7 282 13	
		17,971 48
Bills Receivable.....	\$1 020 88	
Accrued interest, (not due).....	3 105 48	
Other Securities.....	6 883 52	
		11,009 88
Total Assets, January 1st, 1864.....		\$215,885 74

R. A. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

GEO. D. JEWITT, Pres.

ITHAMAR CONKEY, Agent, 139 Broadway, N.Y.

NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.



The Camden and Amboy, and Philadelphia
and Trenton Railroad Co.'s Lines.

FROM PHILADELPHIA TO NEW YORK,

AND WAY PLACES,

FROM WALNUT STREET WHARF.

LEAVE AS FOLLOWS, VIZ :

At 6 and 8, A. M., 12, M., and 1, 2, 6, and 7.45, P. M.

FROM KENSINGTON DEPOT,

At 1.50 and 11.15, A. M., and 4.30 and 6.45, P. M.

Lines from New York for Philadelphia.

Leave from foot of Cortlandt st. at 12, M., and 4, P. M., via Jersey City and Camden. At 7 and 10, A. M., 6, P. M., and 12 (night), via Jersey City and Kensington.

From foot of Barclay st. at 6, A. M., and 2, P. M., via Amboy and Camden.

From Pier No. 1, North River, at 12, M., 4 and 8, P. M. (Freight and Passenger), Amboy and Camden.

New York and Washington.

Leave New York, foot of Cortlandt st., at 8 and 10, A. M., and 7.30, P. M., and 12, night.

Leave Washington at 7 and 10.45, A. M., and 5 and 7.30, P. M.

WM. H. GATZMER, Agent.

Direct Railroad Route

BETWEEN

NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON

VIA

Camden and Amboy and New Jersey Railroad,

PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON, & BALTIMORE R.R.,

AND

Washington Branch Railroad.

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York 8 A. M., 11.30 A. M., 7.30 P. M., and 12 P. M.
Leave Philadelphia 5 A. M., 12 M., 3.50 P. M., and 10.30 P. M.
Leave Baltimore 3.45 A. M., 4.40 A. M., 9.45 A. M., 4.40 P. M.,
8.30 P. M.

Arrive at Washington 5.25 A. M., 6.20 A. M., 11.25 A. M.,
6.20 P. M., 10.10 P. M.

TRAINS MOVING NORTH FROM WASHINGTON.

Leave Washington 7.30 A. M., 11.15 A. M., 4.30 P. M.,
6 P. M., and 8.30 P. M.

Leave Baltimore 9.45 A. M., 1.15 P. M., 6.40 P. M., 8.05 P. M.,
and 10.30 P. M.

Arrive at New York 4.42 A. M., 7.02 A. M., 6.22 P. M., 10.27 P. M.

S. M. FELTON, President,

P., W. and B. Railroad.

NOTE--We are informed that a change will be made on and after the
19th December, on the *Through Train between New York and Washington.*

ERIE RAILWAY.

The Great Broad Gauge Double Track Route
FROM NEW YORK

To all principal points South, Southwest, West,
and Northwest.

THE SHORTEST ROUTE

BY 22 MILES, TO

DUNKIRK OR BUFFALO.

Running through without change of Cars.

An advantage possessed by no other Line.

Baggage Checked through, and Rates of Fare always as low

AS BY ANY OTHER ROUTE.

Ask for Tickets via **ERIE RAILWAY,**

Which can be procured at the

Company's Office, 240 Broadway,

And depots foot of Chambers street, and Long Dock, Jersey City.

CHARLES MINOT,

Gen'l Sup't.

WM. R. BARR,

Gen'l Passenger Agent.

KINSLEY & CO.'S EASTERN & SOUTHERN EXPRESS.

BANK NOTES, SPECIE, MERCHANDISE, and Parcels
of every description, forwarded East and South with dispatch.
Notes, Drafts, and Bills collected, and prompt returns.

PARCELS FOR SOLDIERS

At Washington, Alexandria, Falmouth, Newport News, Fortress
Monroe, Norfolk,

And all places occupied by Union forces, forwarded daily,

BY STEAMER EVERY WEEK,

FOR

Newbern, Port Royal, Hilton Head, &c.

72 Broadway, N. Y.

11 State Street, Boston,

341 Chestnut Street, Phila.

SEMI-MONTHLY
STEAM COMMUNICATION
WITH
NEW ORLEANS & HAVANA.

OUR REGULAR LINE

FOR

NEW ORLEANS DIRECT


Is now fully re-established.


Each vessel carries the United States Mail. An idea may be formed of the character of the rest from that of the *COLUMBIA*, D. B. Burton, Commander, which has just sailed; for there is no steamer more popular with the traveling public.

Passengers going by this line will avoid the rigid quarantine imposed in New Orleans on vessels which touch at Havana on their way out.

OUR STEAMERS FOR HAVANA

sail at about the same intervals. There is no safer vessel than the new side-wheel steamship *EAGLE*, 2,000 tons burthen, R. Adams, U. S. N., Commander. Her superior sailing qualities are well known; and she is completely armed with rifled cannon, and manned with United States seamen.

 Timely notice is given in the daily papers of the days of sailing of the vessels on each line.

 Passengers must procure their passports before securing passage.

 No bills of lading signed on the day of sailing.

N. B.—All letters must pass through the Post-office.

For Freight or Passage, apply to

SPOFFORD, TILESTON & CO.,
29 BROADWAY

AUSTIN BALDWIN & CO.,

Shippers and Forwarders,

DEALERS IN FOREIGN EXCHANGE, AND GENERAL EUROPEAN AGENCY,

PROPRIETORS OF THE

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN EXPRESS,

connection with the "Globe Parcel Express" of Great Britain,
and "Overland Express" to India and China.

No. 72 Broadway, New York.

PRINCIPAL AGENCIES.

WHEATLEY, STARR & CO.	150 Cheapside, LONDON.
STAVELEY & STARR,	9 Capel street, LIVERPOOL.
LHERBETTE, KANE & CO.,	21 Rue Corneille, HAVRE.
LHERBETTE, KANE & CO.,	8 Place de la Bourse, PARIS.
JAMES R. McDONALD & CO.,	HAMBURG.
KONITZKY & THIERMANN,	BOREMEN.
AUGUSTE ANDRE,	ANTWERP.
JOHN PIDDINGTON,	BRUSSELS.
W. & J. BUTLER,	GALWAY.
J. H. WOLFF & CO.,	SOUTHAMPTON.
STONE & TOWNSER, AGTS.,	28 State street, BOSTON.
H. L. LEAF, AGT.,	320 Chestnut street, PHILADELPHIA.
JOHN Q. A. HERRING, AGT.,	164 Baltimore street, BALTIMORE.

TRAVEL.

FOR BOSTON AND THE WHITE MOUNTAINS DAILY.

NORWICH AND WORCESTER LINE.

The new and magnificent Steamer

CITY OF BOSTON,

WM. WILLCOX, Commander,

Will leave Pier No. 39, foot of Vestry street, North River, every

TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY.

The new and magnificent Steamer

CITY OF NEW YORK,

THOMAS G. JEWETT, Commander,

EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY,
at 5 o'clock, P. M.

Baggage checked through the entire route. Freight taken at the lowest rates.
For further information, inquire of

E. S. MARTIN, Agent, Pier 39, North River.

These are the only Steamers having water-tight compartments through the Sound.

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OF

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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Once more the editor returns his sincere thanks to the daily and weekly press for the cheering words with which it has received every number, from the first to the last issued. Among the more intelligent and respectable class of American journals we do not know of a single one that has spoken of our journal in any other terms than those of approbation and encouragement; and never were kind words more disinterestedly spoken. The editor is also indebted to several of the ablest journals of Great Britain, France, and British America, for very flattering estimates of his labors.

From a large number of reviews and notices by leading journals, foreign and domestic, the following brief extracts are selected:

Mr. Sears published his first number, and the public at once saw that a youthful Hercules had entered the field as a Quarterly Reviewer. The succeeding tri-monthly issues of the *National Quarterly* have fully maintained the reputation which was thus won at the first grasp. This Review certainly stands now at the head of American critical literature, and is so esteemed in Europe. In its political articles it has been consistently and thoroughly loyal—not indulging

in showy and verbose declamation, but giving logical reasons for its faith. It has fearlessly exposed charlatanism and quackery—whether in science, literature, insurance companies, phrenology, or medicine. * * * Enumerates the vast quantities of nostrums and their deleterious effects; exposes the book-making processes of their vendors anatomizes their advertisements and treatises; examines their testimonials; exposes the outrages upon public decency which some journals publish because quacks pay for them; and generally dissects the system.—*Philadelphia Press*.

The University of New York, has conferred upon Mr. E. I. SEARS, A. M., the degree of LL. D. This title is well bestowed, and in this case reflects credit on the institution.—*New York Home Journal*.

The University of the city of New York, which some two years ago equally honored itself and acknowledged the eminent merit of a very able writer and sound scholar, by conferring the degree of Master of Arts upon Edward I. Sears, Esq., editor and proprietor of the *National Quarterly Review* has still further carried out its purpose by presenting him with the degree of Doctor of Laws.—*Philadelphia Press*.

The University of the city of New York has conferred the degree of LL. D. on E. I. SEARS, Esq., the learned and accomplished editor of the *National Quarterly Review*. A compliment well deserved by profound erudition and successful labor in the field of literature.—*Boston Post*.

In the article on "Quack Doctors" a number of names well known to the public are rather roughly handled. The article on Brazil contains a large amount of valuable information relative to a country which must, in time, become far more closely connected with our own than at present.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

But the one that will most attract attention this month is that upon Quack Doctors and their Performances. These men have, like the seven plagues of Egypt, literally infested the land; and they infest it now. A spear of an Ithuriel is necessary to shatter their whitened sepulchres, and let the pure air in upon them, and cleanse them. The author takes them up and handles them as they deserve, and comes to the conclusion that they have slain more of the Saxon race than war, pestilence, and famine for the past few years. He tells us one thing that we are ashamed to know to be a fact, and that is, that some of them have changed their headquarters of humbugging from London to New York, because they find the Americans a more gullible people than Englishmen. We hope Mr. Sears will continue this battle and clear out the Augean stable.—*Boston Post*.

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In our literary history there is no parallel to the rapid progress made by the *National Quarterly* in public estimation, and this fact is in itself a refutation of the oft-repeated assertion, that a first class Review would never succeed in the United States. Mr. Sears has disproved this assertion, and we are glad to perceive, from the extracted notices from foreign as well as domestic journals, that his varied, profound, graceful and scholarly review is properly estimated by the American and European press.—*Metropolitan Record*.

* * It is creditable to our transatlantic friends to sustain a journal which, like the *National Quarterly*, possesses the courage to unmask false pretensions, and both the ability and disposition to improve the public taste. * * —*Edinburgh Scotsman*.

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* * Scholarship, directness in treatment and method, and clearness of style, mark every page of this valuable journal. It is as readable as a novel and instructive as *Euclid*.—*New Yorker*.

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We have taken occasion more than once to speak of the ability with which this *Quarterly* is conducted, and have remarked its superiority in one thing over every other secular work of the kind in the English language. That one thing is its *candor*, which is manifested in its *freedom from prejudice of all sorts*, and its disposition to respect and promulgate truth, no matter whose prepossessions may be shocked thereby. It does not wed itself to a theory, religious, historical or other, and then set to work to bend its arguments to suit its formulary, but as every Review should, gives free play to everything that serves to establish facts on their true basis, and eradicate the misconceptions of its readers on points which early training or other causes may have given root to.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror*.

We relish the incisive discussions, which are a prominent feature in the *Quarterly*, of the "sensation novels," and the very dirty accompanying phases of publishers' and critics' operations, and its energetic exposure of sundry impudent translations of French novels. The critica department is unusually full and careful, especially upon educational books. * * Its critical estimates of moral and literary merits and demerits are honest, clear, and almost always trustworthy, often accurate and original.—*New York Independent*.

We yesterday received the March number of this able and interesting periodical, and find it the equal to its predecessors—which is as high an encomium as we can pronounce. We have carefully perused every number of this work, since its commencement, and find it to equal in interest any of the foreign, and far superior to any other American Quarterly. It reminds us of that able and liberal publication, the *Westminster Review*; and we feel confident that it is destined to play as conspicuous a role in science and literature as its English contemporary.—*Nashville Union*.

* * The review of "Our Quack Doctors and their Performances" is a cleverly written and scathing *exposé* of the tricks by which medical imposters contrive to gull weak-minded and nervous people out of their money, and will create quite a fluttering among the confraternity.—*N. Y. Herald*.

* * Pour bien apprecier cet écrivain il faut le comparer à ses devanciers dans la littérature critique Américaine, et l'on verra quel pas immense qu'il ait fait. * * —*La Presse, Paris*.

The tone of this "Review" is hardly such as can be pleasing to Irishmen, and more especially to Catholic Irishmen. Yet there is sufficient attraction in the style in which its articles are written that cannot but be admired. * * Some other papers in the "Review" are worth reading, if it were only to study and trace the train of thought and style of reasoning which are to be found in them.—*Dublin Nation*.

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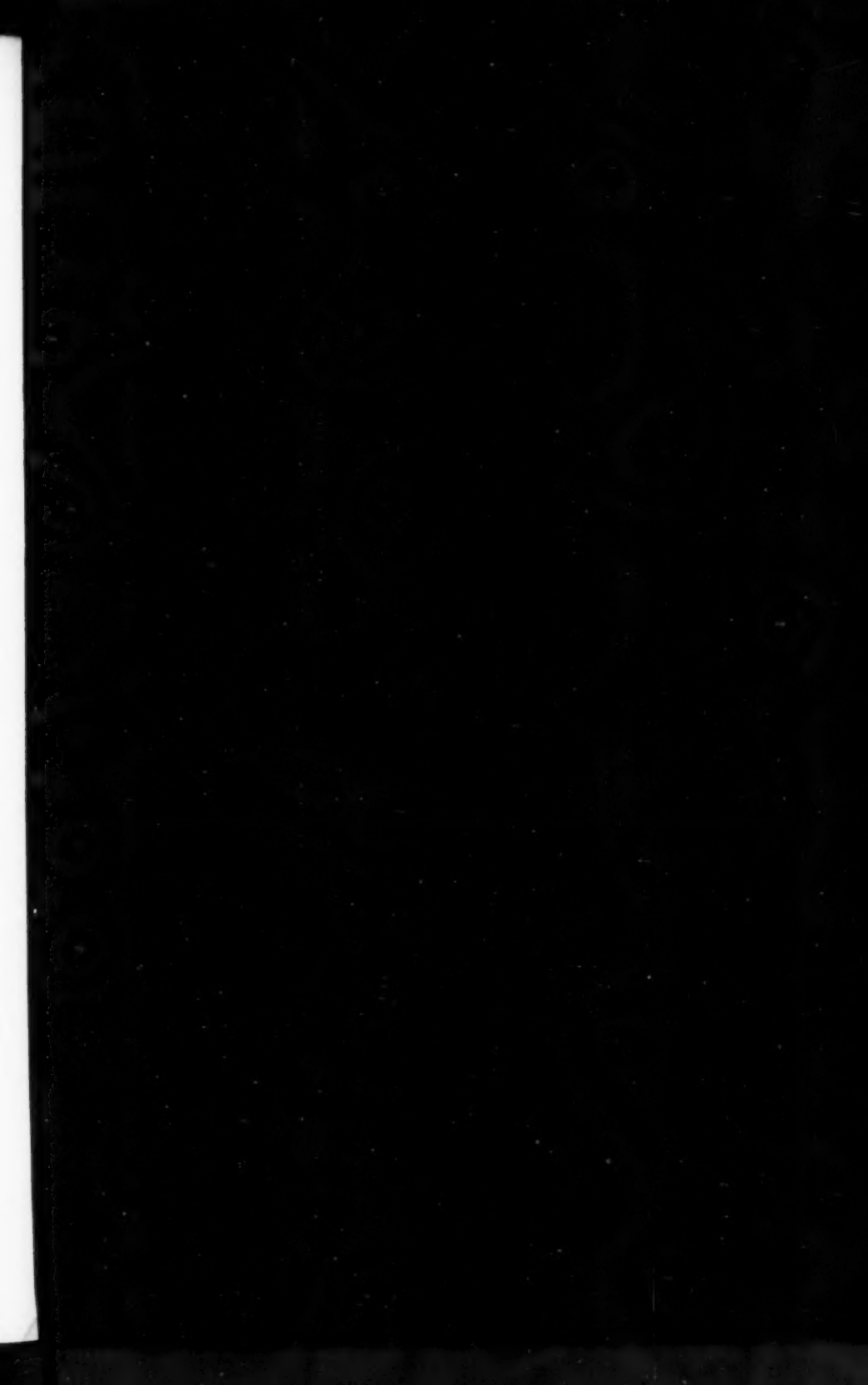
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